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BOMBARDING OF MUCKIE.

And landing of the Force to fire the Town

A

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,

AND VISITS TO

VARIOUS FOREIGN COUNTRIES,

IN THE

UNITED STATES FRIGATE COLUMBIA;

ATTENDED BY HER CONSORT

THE SLOOP OF WAR JOHN ADAMS,

AND COMMANDED BY

COMMODORE GEORGE C. READ.

ALSO INCLUDING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BOMBARDING AND FIRING OF THE TOWN OF MUCKIE, ON THE MALAY COAST, AND THE VISIT OF THE SHIPS TO CHINA DURING THE OPIUM DIFFICULTIES AT CANTON, AND CONFINEMENT OF THE FOREIGNERS IN THAT CITY.

BY FITCH W. TAYLOR,
Chaplain to the Squadron.

VOL. I.

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Commodore George C. Read.

Dear Sir:

The late East India Squadron, in its circuit of the world under your command, has done honor to our country and professional credit to yourself. No voyage of equal length in distance and in time can be made, without encountering many hazards and circumstances of frequent difficulty. These have been met by yourself—the cruise successfully completed—and the purposes of the government accomplished. Though it has not been my design to enter into all the details of the cruise of the East India Squadron, its action will be found sufficiently developed in the succeeding pages for the general reader. But it is as an acknowledgment of the invariable courtesy, which I have received from yourself during the voyage which has originated the following pages, that I beg you to accept these volumes, with the assurances of my great respect and esteem.

Fitch W. Taylor.

New-York.

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A

VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

SECTION I.

The eve before sailing. View of the two ships from shore. A bright omen. Author's adieus. The Lieutenant and miniature of his boy. An officer's farewell to his wife. Social sacrifices on the part of the officers of the Navy. The ships in the Roads. Lines to Mrs. R. The sailing of the ships from the Roads. Ships at sea.

I SHALL never forget the sunset scene of the last evening I spent on shore. The sky had been lowering with April showers, and the sun stood yet on his declining course behind the fleecy clouds, but, occasionally, broke forth again through the opening vistas of their dark layers, as if to assure us that life, even the most shaded, has its smiles as well as tears. The mild air, at this hour, touched the cheek as blandly as rests the head of lady on the down of velvet; and since the slight peals of thunder, which had rolled far off and high above the city, the clouds had parted; and now, here and there, the blue distance beyond them was seen, in its deepness and beauty.

I went to call upon my friends. It was the last evening I could hope to meet them, before our ships would take their long course to distant seas. Besides, I had been thinking of other friends, and dearer kindred, whom I had already left to the chances of a world of change, until another three years, perhaps, should permit us again to meet.

It is at such a moment, when the reality nears us, we feel that there is sorrow in the parting of friends. Some foreboding thought, with its dark wing, will sail across the imagination, and leave the heart deeply sensible of the shadow it has cast. We may have much in our antici-

pations of onward pleasure; we may be looking forward to opportunities for observation, in our extended associations with men and things, and promise to ourselves improvement as we shall read foreign manners, and commune with foreign intellects, and compare foreign institutions and homes with the government and society and peaceful dwellings of our own native land; but, as we think that a few hours more, and each day, for months and years, we shall be receding yet further and still further from those we love, and, *perhaps*, meet them no more; it is then the heart, that can ever feel, wakes its deepest flowing sympathies. Such moments of deep feeling, doubtless, come over all who travel, on the eve of their leaving their native land. Before this hour, they may have been busy in their preparations; or, the time of their departure may have been unfixed, as to the day; and various things contributed to dissipate the thoughts, and to conceal, from the full perception of the mind, the reality of one's leaving, it may be for ever, those hearts to whom his is most devoted. But the calm hour that precedes his departure has now come. The moment is fixed, and he is to bid adieu, for years, to the objects he holds dearest of earth.

My own moveables had been sent on board the Columbia. We were to sail the next day. This evening I met the welcome of my friends. With two of them I walked to the edge of the stream, on the bosom of which the two ships were now so gently reposing, still half enveloped in the fog that weighed on the still surface of the stream. But it soon lifted, while we yet lingered on the green bank and heard the music beat the call, as the sun went down in its glory behind the pillars of the dark clouds, piled like Alps on Alps above each other, as the sunbeams threw upon their castellated peaks the last gleams of its departing and indescribable glories. Here we still lingered, to watch the tints of gold, and crimson, and emerald green, as they melted away into the dun of earliest twilight; when, as if by magic, the still lingering stratum of vapor, which hung around the two ships, rolled back, and left every cord of the beautiful frigate and her consort lined on the distant horizon beyond them;

while the crescent of the new moon, from the point where we were standing, seemed fixed, in its momentary rest, on the main-truck of the beautiful Columbia. Surely, if I could have ever believed in omens, I should have interpreted this as a bright one, as I carried on my thoughts to the lands whither that dark courser was soon to speed, and heard at the same moment the roll, as the few beats of the drum came over the water, only to render doubly more still the breathless silence of this enchanting scene.

We slowly paced our way back to the circle which we had left, and soon, my last land-adieu was spoken; and the next morning, at sunrise, I was on board our gallant ship. In another half-hour our anchors were aweigh, and we dropped, with a fair wind, down to the Roads, some fifteen miles from Norfolk, with the John Adams, our consort, following our motions.

While our new ship was gliding, like enchantment, through the waters from Norfolk to the Roads, to the delight of all the officers, who were solicitous to mark her first movements, and were trimming the yards, and directing as to the different sails, there was one officer, whose epaulet (usually worn when on duty) rested not upon his shoulder. He stood upon the horse-block, as the side-steps of the ship are called, his elbow resting upon the hammock-nettings, and sometimes his temples rested upon his hand. I know not what were his thoughts, but he had been unwell, and was yet off duty, and had now parted with a loved and lovely wife, and a cherished boy, who is his "only and beautiful." He did not long remain on deck, but returned to the ward-room; and there, soon after, he showed me, as I went below and found him contemplating it, a beautiful picture and striking resemblance of his child, which the mother had caused to be taken for the father, that it might go with him on the seas.

Another officer said to me last evening, as he was walking in Norfolk with some rapidity in the edge of the evening to say adieu to his wife before he went on board, "Death were a blessing to me rather than this farewell!"

There is much in the world which casts its mists, and

shadows, and darkness over its brightest views. But there are those feelings constantly being developed before us, which make us look with a kind and melting heart, if not with a melting eye, on those with whom we associate. And nowhere more than in the service of the navy are the social feelings called on to pour out those bitter currents, which flow when hearts that are bound together by the ties of hallowed love are severed. And surely, some consideration should be awarded to those men, who not only brave the seas, and dare pestiferous climes for the protection of our commerce and for the tranquillity and defence of our homes and nation, but also leave the sweets of their own domestic circles and the bosoms of attached friends for a home upon the wild wave, and the precarious course of the wanderers on the world's wide ocean.

Our ships, for one week, lay at anchor in Hampton Roads. There was a daily communication with Norfolk by the steamer, which ran from Old Point to the city. Many parting mementoes from friends were thus received by the gentlemen of the ward-room, during our week's stay; and an occasional visiter from town was found upon our decks. Among other acceptable attentions, to be acknowledged on my own part, was the reception of a fine loaf of plumb-cake, jars of pickles, and, daily, rich bouquets of flowers "to deck my tiny room," which were unsurpassed for their beauty and fragrance by any collection that could have been made, even from that island of flowers for which we were first to sail. And then, more acceptable than all, were letters, "to be opened when at sea."

Commodore Read's lady had spent the week on board the Columbia; and by her courteous, accomplished, and benevolent manners, won the high consideration and assured esteem of the officers of the ship. We were to sail, by light, on Sunday morning, for Rio de Janeiro, touching first at the island of Madeira, should the wind favor our wishes. On Saturday evening Mrs. R., who had been waited upon by Major M.'s family, then stationed at Old Point, accompanied them to the shore. The incident of her leaving on the eve of our sailing, under

the broad pennant of her husband, will render an apology unnecessary for the introduction of the following lines, addressed to her at such a moment, and with the felt interest they express:

TO MRS. R.

On the eve of the sailing of the East India Squadron, under the command of Commodore George C. Read.

Lady, calmly rides our bark
On the green wave of the bay,
But like a charger soon will take
Her fleet and distant way.
Proudly waves her pennant now
From main-truck to the breeze,
And soon in graceful curve she'll bow,
And course for Indian seas.

Music of the sea-surge oft
Hath met thy lady ear,
And firm as fearless men aloft
The sea-moan thou didst hear.
Beauty of the witching calm
Hath held thy gaze at sea,
As in its stilly ocean-sheen
The blue deep smiled for thee.

And song, they say, once could charm
The Nereids of the deep;
Then sure thy notes had spells for them
As ocean lulled to sleep.
Would that now that gifted hand
Upon our course might come,
And while we wept beneath its wand,
In tears we'd think of home:

Home! where oft a sister's tone,
In sweetest melody,
Hath on the heart its cadence thrown,
And broke it tearfully;—
Home! where truest hearts of love
For each their feelings mete,
And we but smile, or sigh, or move,
And kindred bosoms beat.

But, fair lady, not again
The wild wave thou dost dare,
Though with thy lord we plough the main,
And his broad pennant bear;

Still thy night-dreams and of day
Will paint their visions true,
And trace us to yon lands and sea,
Where suns first loom to view.

And O! thou wilt pray for him
Who guides our gallant fleet,
And never woman's prayer hath been
By heaven unanswered yet.
Then we'll trust us on our course,
And think of those who pray,
And as our thoughts on them repose,
For them a prayer we'll say.

But, adieu we now must speak,
And storms of ocean dare;
And on the crested billow's peak
Is home that we must share;
But for thee we've asked a sky
Calm as the breath of even,
And bright as gleams the loveliest ray
On home, in smiles, from heaven.

On the 6th of May, 1838, at daybreak, all hands were piped to unmoor ship, and a bright sun let fall his earliest beam on our white sails, as we were standing by the long granite line of threatening fortification at Old Point. Another hour and we had passed Cape Henry, and with a fair breeze stood on our course upon the blue deep, while the John Adams came on in our wake, as a thing of animation, graceful as she was fleet, and like a nettled steed, unwilling to be parted from his associate, she put forth her strength and regained the side of her companion.

Beautiful ships! how are ye now the objects of the thoughts, and the prayers, and the tears, of tender hearts and floating eyes, from whom ye are now bearing the choicest of their earthly treasures above the fickle wave to foreign climes, through dangers known and unknown, with the chances that ye yourselves may be dashed upon the rock and the coral reef, or wrecked in storm and hurricane, as a sacrifice to the yet uncompleted millions, who are to find their burial in the insatiable bosom of the eternal ocean! But ye list not while we would tell ye, that there are mothers' prayers that attend you, that there

are sighs of sisters, whose young hearts have yet known no deeper love than that for brothers; and tears, and sighs, and prayers of others, whose hearts in their devotion and companionship, they say, are yet dearer than the love of mother and sister, follow you. Be gentle then, beautiful ships, be gentle with the choice band, who have trusted you for their long course of ocean, and bear back to the renewed gush of love, the bosoms who have confided in your stanch and faithful properties, to bear them safe and true in their circuit of the world.

I had now placed myself on the side-steps of the frigate, and gazed for the last time, I could not tell for how long a period it would be, on the land of my home fast receding in the distance. The heart has its private musings at such a moment, and communes too sacredly with itself for development to the eye of an unsympathizing world. But there were friends who had more than one sigh, as the distant shore sunk lower, and lower still, in the dim, dim distance.

The blue surge, in its sea-roll, now quite concealed the land of our western homes, as our ships, heartless rovers of the deep, stood on their foaming course to the east. I sought the retirement of my state-room, for the melancholy pleasure of perusing the letters addressed to me on board "The Frigate Columbia, at Sea."

SECTION II.

Sailors' debts paid with the main-top-sail. Broad pennant saluted. System of signals. How to shoot an Indian. An acting appointment. Religious service at sea. Marine hymn. Dinner party at sea. Parting with the John Adams. The middle watch. Speaking a ship. Phosphorescent track of the Columbia at night. Music. Sunset. A seaman falling from aloft. Burial at sea. Its effect on a young Midshipman. A ship short of provisions, supplied. The John Adams again in company. The high peaks of Madeira descried. Distant view of the island on the eve of the squadron's arrival.

"THANK heaven!" said a messmate, as the capes were disappearing, "our debts are all paid, at least, for two

years to come." "Yes," added another, "paid with our *main-top-sail.*" True it is, our sails are bearing us fast alike from creditor and debtor, from enemy, friend, and home.

As the broad blue pennant was run up, after we had left the last point of land low in the west, the John Adams fired a salute. The Commodore, by signals, directed our consort to take her position on our larboard quarter. As she came down to us, she exhibited a beautiful movement, gracefully gliding on her course, bowing, and courtesying, and coquetting, like a beauty aware of her charms, and knowing herself the object of admiration. She luffed up, as she laid her bows obliquely across our wake. Our first Lieutenant, with the trumpet in his hand, stood upon the tafferel of the ship, and as the Adams reached her nearest point, he spoke through the sounding tube:

"The Commodore will send a boat aboard of you, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the sententious response of the officer, from the deck of the Adams. The two ships came so nearly together, that the officers recognised each other, and touched their caps in acknowledgment of each other's courtesy.

It is not an uninteresting sight to witness two ships, while tossed on the surges of the ocean, and beyond speaking distance, conversing with each other by means of signals.

Every nation has its private signals. In war and in peace, the signal book is held sacred, and the signals are supposed to be known only to the commander of each vessel. In case of war, if a national vessel happen to be captured, the signal book is at once thrown overboard, before the victor can gain possession of it. Otherwise he might decoy into his power, by a knowledge of these private signs, other ships of the nation with which he is at war.

The system of signals has never yet been brought to any great perfection, in practice, by any maritime power Since the introduction of numbers into telegraphic lan guage, however, the communication by signals has been extended and facilitated; and it has created a language that may be made use of as a more general means of

communication between ships at sea, and from ships with the shore.

Ten separate flags, with different devices in figure and colors, are used, as. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0; the number of each being known by its device. The flags are read from the top downwards. Thus, if it is desired to make the number 15 to a distant ship, which however is sufficiently near to make out, with her glass, the emblems by which the numbers of the signal are known, the two flags which stand for No. 1 and No. 5 are set, at the gaff or other part of the ship, where the signal can most readily be made out by the distant vessel. If the No. 152 is to be communicated, the flag representing No. 2 will be set beneath the two flags already mentioned.

The signal book contains numbers from one to one thousand, more or less, and opposite each number is some nautical phrase, sentence, name of place, latitude, longitude, or other expressions, and sufficiently numerous and varied for most purposes. Therefore, when the number is made out by the distant vessel, a reference to the signal book will give the expression opposite to it, which it is the wish of one party to communicate to the other. Suppose, then, No. 15 of the signal book has opposite to it the word "yes;" No. 16, the words "if wind and weather permit;" No. 17, "Sunday;" No. 18, "2 o'clock;" No. 19, "Will you dine with us?" With these numbers we may illustrate the subject by a case which has already occurred on board our ship. The Commodore, desiring to invite the Commander of the John Adams to take dinner with him, directs the flag-officer to have the signal No. 19 made, which is done by setting the two flags which stand for the numbers one and nine. This being read on board the Adams, an answering pennant, which means, "We have made out the number," is run up and again hauled down. The number of the first signal having been read, the second or No. 18, in like manner with the first, is made by the two flags representing one and eight. This answered, as being understood on board the other vessel, No. 17 is made by the flags No. 1 and No. 7. No further signals following from the Columbia, the Commander of the Adams, by referring to the signal book, finds it to read,

"No. 19. Will you dine with us?"
"No. 18. Sunday."
"No. 17. 2 o'clock."

The Commander of the Adams, accepting the invitation, replies by making the numbers 16 and 15, which will read, "Yes, if wind and weather permit."

Signals, in the night-time, are often made by lights of different colors, and by adjusting them in different positions, at various angles; by rockets and by fires.

The signal book of the navy has attached to it a heavy piece of lead, which would immediately sink it if thrown overboard.

I quote, at random, the following numbers from the "American Signal Book," which is generally used in the American merchant service:

"219. What are you about?"
"313. A mutiny on board."
"716. If we have not immediate assistance."
"962. All's lost."
"718. We will send assistance."
"188. Heave all aback."
"332. Mutiny is quelled."
"40. All's well."
"327. Adieu."

"I tell you what," says Lieutenant W. (the subject of shooting the aborigines of our land being under discussion,) if you would kill an Indian, you must proceed somewhat after the manner of cooking a dolphin." "How is that?" "Why, catch him first."

It is not unusual for the young gentlemen of the ship to avail themselves of any innocent occasion for creating a smile at the expense of one of their messmates. As we left the Roads without the usual number of Lieutenants, it was presumed that some of the passed Midshipmen would receive acting appointments. By consequence, these young gentlemen were on tiptoe expectation for the announcement of their acceptable good fortune. One of the Lieutenants, a young gentleman of wit and worth, caught a pen at my desk, and scribbled an acting appointment for one of these expectants, for whom there was no doubt but that an acting appointment had been made out by the Com-

modore, who yet, for the present, retained the paper. Having finished the fictitious appointment, it was regularly enclosed within the official fawn-colored envelope, and conveyed to the Master (who is a passed Midshipman) by the orderly, who generally bears the particularly official messages from the Commodore. The orderly knocked at the door of the Master, who was in his room, busily making out the reckonings of the day's sailing. "Come in, sir," echoed a voice from within, while the Lieutenant and some others were standing at a distance without to witness the effect. The Master's door was opened. The fawn-colored envelope acted like a spell. The Master dropped his figuring utensils, and hopped into "the country" of the ward-room, as its open space is called, holding up his fawn-colored envelope and exclaiming in abundant exultation, in the possession of an acting Lieutenancy, "I writes no more of these Master's figurations, gentlemen," shaking the fawn-colored, with three significant configurations above his head, and at the same time opening the seal, read as follows:

"U. S. Frigate Columbia, May 1st, 1838.

"SIR,—You are hereby appointed acting *Jemmy Ducks* of this ship until it shall please the Hon. the Secretary of the Navy, to confirm the appointment.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"'CORINTHIAN TOM,'

"Commander in chief of all the U. S. poultry in the China seas.

"To —— &c. &c."

The joke went off with a round peal of laughter from Corinthian Tom; and the same evening the acceptable appointments were distributed to the young gentlemen, *so worthily deserving them*, in view of the arduous duties which lay before them on a long and critical voyage.

"What olden poet," it was asked at the mess-table today, while an antique chicken was under both discussion and dissection, "does one think of when masticating the drumstick of a tough one?" "I have it," said another, as he gave the experimental answer, with a delicate morsel of the antique gentleman between his teeth. "Chauser," was the reply, as the chewer took breath, to save him from premature exhaustion.

If these are trifles, they yet show that trifles are not always excluded from shipboard, any more than from the society of triflers on land. And they further show that men, thrown together within the narrow compass of a ward-room, with dispositions and tastes perhaps alike in no two instances, can yet make themselves agreeable and become true and lasting friends.

The weather being fair on Sunday, we had divine service on the upper deck. Such a service on board a man-of-war is characteristic and interesting.

At half-past ten o'clock, the decks of the ship having been cleared, as usual, and the men having been inspected at their quarters, they are piped, on Sunday morning, in their best dresses, to muster.

A frigate's company, in all, generally consists of five hundred persons. At the call to muster, the men take their position on the quarter-deck. In warm weather, they are generally dressed in white duck trousers, white shirts, with blue collars and bosoms. The broad blue collar is turned down, with a star upon each corner, and the blue bosom exposes three stripes of narrow white tape, edging the inserted blue. A black silk neck-cloth, beneath the over-turned collar, is knotted on the bosom, or tied with a piece of white tape, leaving the neck open and exposed. A blue jacket, unbuttoned, polished shoes, with tarpaulin hat, or a lighter straw one in warm weather, complete the uniform and characteristic dress of an American seaman. The whole appearance of the sailors on this day is expected to be such as to pass the particular examination by the officers—an inspection which they invariably go through on this day, after the religious services are over—their names being called, one by one, as they pass from their positions in review directly before the officers, who still retain their places until the muster-roll is finished. Should the shoes of any one of the men be found unpolished, or any portion of the dress be characteristic of negligence, the man is directed to stop at the mainmast. It is known that such an offence incurs a penalty of half a dozen lashes at the gangway, and most frequently it is inflicted. This tends to render the appearance of the whole crew strikingly neat on the Sabbath, in their uniform sailor-dresses.

AMERICAN TAR.

And this requisite, as to particularity in dress, extends to the officers, who are expected to appear in their uniform, and with as great a care to neatness as is required of the men.

The sailors thus placed upon the quarter-deck, the marines, about sixty in number, are next drawn up, in double file, in full dress, on the larboard side of the ship, with the right of the division resting near the sailors on the quarter-deck, and stand, with their polished guns, at rest.

On the starboard side, opposite the marines, is the position of the officers of the ship; and between them, with the officers on his left, and the marines on his right, and the sailors directly in front, on the quarter-deck, the Chaplain takes his position at the capstan, both as his desk and pulpit. The capstan in itself is an object of ornament on board a frigate, standing abaft the mainmast, and is generally inlaid with different devices of stars and other figures of brass, and always kept brightly polished. Over the top of the capstan, which is some four feet in diameter, a flag is thrown, in preparation for the expected service, and the platform on which the chaplain stands is also covered with bunting. When the chaplain is in his position, the commanding officer stands near his left, with the other officers but a small distance still further at the left of the chief officer.

The deck is generally in this attitude when the Chaplain ascends the hatchway from his room, and takes his position at the capstan. The Commodore taking a book from the number, which are upon the capstan and before the Chaplain the others are distributed among the officers; when the Chaplain begins the religious services according to the ritual of the Episcopal church.

Surely no one can, for the first time, contemplate such a scene on the deck of a man-of-war, without interest—nearly five hundred souls, their persons attired in their neatest dresses, often deemed a rough people, but now exhibiting a beautiful aspect of propriety and neatness, and profoundest stillness, gathered for solemn worship on the decks of a majestic frigate, bounding yet fleetly on her way of ocean, yet, as if conscious of the solemn hour and the solemn scene upon her deck, scarcely once careening or pitching so perceptibly as to inconvenience

the worshippers. Around spreads the far blue deep, and above the fair blue sky; and God is seen in the majesty and the beauty of both. The Chaplain commences the profound worship of the Eternal—it is continued—it ends.

The service on these occasions is generally and properly abbreviated, and the sermon, it is expected, will be comparatively brief, as the officers and crew are standing throughout the service, uncovered, but beneath a spread awning, shading the entire deck when the weather is warm.

Our services to-day, with little variations to meet the circumstances of the ship, now but eight days at sea, were conducted after the manner described.

MARINE HYMN.

O God, the suns were made by thee,
And stars that arch the deep blue sea;
We course the waves beneath their light,
And trace thy hand by day and night.

We hear the roar of ocean-surge,
And know, for thee, the gale will urge;
And on the sea when rests the calm,
The stilly breeze sleeps in thy palm.

And when our ships ride on the deep,
And waters only round us sweep,
The heart then feels thy throne is high,
And on the sailor rests thine eye.

Then hear our worship, O our God,
Who gemmed the heavens and seas laid broad;
Before thee now our hearts we lay,
And in our sea-home temple, pray.

The day was fine. The John Adams was seen on our larboard quarter, nearly within the sound of the Chaplain's voice. The sermon was delivered without interruption, save now and then a single flap of the wing of a sail was heard, and once, a suppressed order from the officer of the deck to the captain of the mizen-top.

Captain Wyman, of the John Adams, was invited on board the Columbia, the succeeding day, to dine, together with the Commodore, with the ward-room mess.

It would be interesting to a landsman, to see one of the boats of a man-of-war, with all the confidence of

security, passing from one ship to another, in mid ocean Our ships, however, in this instance, are within a mile of each other, and the invitation to the commander of the Adams, was given by signal. Nor less a matter of surprise, perhaps, would it appear to some of our friends, could they peep into our spacious ward-room, and mark the degree of neatness and taste with which a table is arranged for a dinner-patry, on board our frigate. The manner of serving up a dinner in the ward-room, would in no way do discredit to a dining-hall on shore. The polished covers, the pure French china, the silver forks, the napkins and the damask table-cloths, covering a well-polished mahogany table, all show no inconsiderable degree of elegance; and under the management of Dr. H., our tasteful caterer, presented, on this occasion, an appearance that would be respectable in any private parlor. And then the different dishes, got up by French cooks, (heaven bless the French genius, when variety is desired,) are quite sufficient to satisfy the taste as well as the appetite. And fruits are always kept by the mess, and pastries are made per order of the caterer. In truth, one would hardly remember that he was not in the private dining-hall of a friend, if one happened to have his friends around him, the motion of the frigate not being sufficient to create any inconvenience, as may be supposed, so far as the present occasion was concerned, as the tables were unlashed, and no article of the dishes moved from their position, otherwise than they would have been from the table of an unrocked dwelling of one's land-home.

After a beautiful sunset last evening, May 14th, the sun clouded in, and the rain descended, at times, in torrents. It was so thick, that nothing could be seen five lengths of the frigate, ahead of her. The weather, as usual in the Gulf Stream, has been more or less rainy, but more favorable than is generally found to attend a passage across it.

At a half-hour by sun, a signal was made to the John Adams, for tacking ship. The Columbia changed her course gracefully, as the Adams still stood on her way, apparently directly by us, lining her beautiful form in distinct relief on the glorious sky, then illumined by the

golden sunset behind her. But soon, when on our larboard quarter, she came up into the wind, and tacked with grace; and the two coursers together, stood again on their equal and parallel track. We were still together during the middle-watch. But, this morning, the Adams is not to be seen. She can be descried nowhere upon the ocean, and probably will take good care not to get into our company again, if she can avoid it, until we shall reach Madeira. It is generally deemed a pardonable offence, for one vessel sailing in company with another, and having a common rendezvous, to make her escape, if a plausible excuse can be rendered to the flag-ship.

The mists and squalls of last night, were quite too good an opportunity for the Adams not to get out of sight. And doubtless they are in high glee this morning, at their good fortune, in being at liberty to trace their own way, without following the motions, in making and shortening sail, in mimic suit of the Columbia, to whose movements she has to accommodate herself. "By heavens," says an interesting small gentleman, on board the Adams, as he takes his seat at the mess-table this morning, "I managed it, gentlemen, last night, any how, ay?" with a small flourish or two of his finger, as he edges a little nearer the table, to commence a very short description of the movement and other things.

The John Adams had orders to stand for Madeira, if we parted company; and having watered and taken in all necessary supplies, to stand on her way again, for Rio de Janeiro, unless the Columbia should be at Funchal, the capital of the island of Madeira, at the time of her reaching there.

As I sought the deck, to-night, I saluted the officer of the watch, by touching my hat, as the usual ceremony of respect to the deck-officer, adding,

> "O Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
> There's danger on the deep;
> I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
> I do not dare to sleep."

"Come," said the Lieutenant, "at the middle-watch, that is the hour we have for gentle memories."

It was a lovely night, and not such as the poetry quoted would lead one to suppose, but such as might awaken poetry in sentiment, in one who yet might never have made rhymes.

"And then," I said, "it is not with you, as the sailors say, that salt water washes away the recollections of home?"

"No," continued the officer of the deck. "Were I a young lady with a lover, I would command him to go to sea. I am sure his affections would be deepened in the long and deep memories which awake while he paces the deck in the hours of the middle-watch."

"And how is it with you, Doctor?" I asked, as the fleet surgeon joined our promenade. "Do you find that the briny mist washes away your soft musings of home, and wife, and the little ones?"

"Ah, sir," returned the surgeon, "I find it like a mordaunt of the chemist and the dyer, one ingredient of which is salt, and which they use to fix indelibly their colors. And yet I shut my eyes as much as possible to the visions which come up before me, in their every hue of love and home-associations."

"For myself," I added, "there was sufficient of the nausea about me, for four or five days, to make me think only of my uninteresting self; but I now cast my look over the waste of waters between me and those I love, and feast sadly but happily on the memories which winds and waves cannot bear from me."

The watches of the ship are divided into eight, each Lieutenant, in turn, keeping the deck during one watch. He is called, for the time being, the officer of the deck; and through him, all orders are issued, and to him the care of the sailing of the ship is committed. The watches at night are from 8 till 12, called the first watch; from 12 till 4, called the mid-watch; from 4 till 8, called the morning watch. During these hours, if the wind is fair, the Lieutenant has much time for thinking, as may be the train of his feelings, in happy or in sorrowful musings. And I can imagine how often the memories of home come up to the mind of the young Lieutenant, as he paces the deck, with the trumpet in his hand, alone; occasion-

ally casting up his eye to mark the trim of the sails, and issues, at one moment, an order to give a pull upon a brace, which serves to break in upon the train of his deepening memories. But he soon again renews his monotonous step, and the gentle recollections come over him, which transport him to those he loves, while he almost thinks himself in their embraces, in happy commune, until a sudden sigh comes from some sudden consciousness that it is but a dream ; and he wakes to the reality, that he is yet stemming on his long course, still away and away from the land of his home, the young companion of his bosom, and friends less near than she, but still dear in his delightful and welcome loves.

On the morning of the 18th, a barque from Havre, bound to Baltimore, came down upon us, with most of her sails set, as we bore a little out of our course to meet her, that we might forward letters to our friends in the United States. A letter bag was soon prepared, and a boat lowered. Lieut. Turner and Mid. Sincler boarded the barque, as she lay off from us, with her sails aback, exhibiting a fine model of an American ship.

It was a beautiful sight as the two ships lay aback, and a moment lingered on their separate courses, while the frigate's boat bounded on the surge, to bear our tokens of remembrances to friends and to communicate with a ship from a foreign land.

As soon as our boat had left the barque, on her return to the frigate, a fog came up suddenly over the ocean, with a change of the wind to the west. The barque filled away, and in a few moments was lost in the mists that swept over the sea ; and had our boat been delayed fifteen minutes longer, she might have been shut in by the fog ; while, however, in this instance, there would have been no danger, as she was within the hearing of our ship's bell. The scene was an interesting exhibition, recalling to the mind occurrences which often take place at sea when a boat has been despatched from the ship. The instances are many of a fog unexpectedly overtaking a boat, when, in the absence of a compass, the course becomes unknown. In such a case, the ship, having the bearing of the point from which the boat is expected,

stands for her accordingly, and in most cases, by the discharge of guns and the sounding of the bell, the boat is recovered.

To-night, now after ten o'clock, our frigate presents a magnificent exhibition, while cutting her *way of light* through the dark ocean. Clouds hang thick above us, veiling star and moon from the sight; and the fresh breeze drives our gallant vessel twelve knots the hour on her course. She leaves in her wake a stream of light, which blazes forth in its mellow and spreading trail, like the tail of a comet lined on the blue heavens; and before her the phosphorescent billow curves around her bow a mighty crest of ever rolling and flashing light. Beyond us, the illumined peaks of the waves, as they break, sail down in their silver sheets, to mingle their sheen of phosphorescence in the flood of glory, which the ship carries before her. How grand! how beautiful! I went far out upon the bowsprit to get a fairer view of her stem, buried, as it is, in its halo of glory, and throwing up its cascades of corruscating light. What is she like as she careers on her way, a giant in her prowess, and yet, in her graceful make, a fit personification of the genius of America? And she is the genius of our own, our native land. Her name, too, is Columbia, and she is driving onward, to bear proud credentials of her origin and of the glory of the land she owns, to far and wilder nations, and older but not prouder dominions and people than the land from which she sails. God speed thee, good ship. Thou art freighted with some choice spirits, and with honorable designs. Thy way, to-night, is one of light and glory. May it be brightly ominous of thy good reception; and emblem forth thine honorable offices and untarnished bearing, while on thy mission of courtesy and reciprocated good will of the younger West to the olden East.

The Mahonese, Mr. C., has occasionally favored us with music, playing on the guitar, and accompanied to-night by one of the ward-room officers, on the flute. Our First Lieutenant sang a sweet little air, with taste and feeling. How it comes over the soul, that sweet strain of symphony! *Music*, I love thee ever! Thou art to me an inspirer—a soother—and yet thou sometimes

breakest my heart, and I weep! Oh, are they not happy thoughts which thou awakest, as thou bearest me over the vast waters to those I love—as I seem anew to hear the dulcet strains, which the voices of loved ones have poured upon my ear in days that are gone! I find myself more and more susceptible to the influence of sweet harmonies. And yet, it is sometimes difficult to analyze the spell of enchantment which comes over me. But it intoxicates like the *papaver* of the opium-eater. Still I wish to pour out these feelings in lonely commune with myself. They are all too hallowed emotions for the sympathy of others. Sweet music, I will love thee ever, for thy power is always kind. Thou takest me anew along the woodland acclivities and deep ravines, and shaded and meadow-plains of my own grounds. Thou recallest the moon-lit nights, when I have paced the avenues with a sister leaning on my arm, and we have paused and gazed together on the bright bosom of the river, sleeping in its flood of moonbeams. And thou tellest me when together we have sat on the embowered bench, and not a bird was awake, and moist eve had perfumed the balmy air, and for me the guitar was struck—was struck *for me*—and we loved more kindly, and our hearts were more blessed. And when, further off, sweet music hath awakened, I have leaned upon my elbow, and gazed from the lattice of my country home, and contemplated the deep shade beneath the fruit-trees and the forest clusters, and read the bright stars above when seen through the shady vistas, and when the romance of nature was weaving her mystic and fairy and enchanted visions of days yet to come, when all would be well—when all would be happy—when all would be bliss. Ah! those days I hoped for, where are ye? But it was happiness thus to muse—thus to despond—thus to hope—thus, in imagination, to realize in fancied possession, more than the growing reality. Music, I will love thee ever!

The monotony of ship-board would be fatiguing, were there not various things at sea to relieve the prevailing sameness. The sunset scenes are often magnificent, and various as are the courses of the evening clouds, and the latitude and longitude through which we sail. The sunset

scene to-night, in longitude 32° 48′ W., would be indescribable, if the description were expected to meet the reality. But there is such a thing as employing general terms to awaken the beautiful in emotion, which, if sufficiently distinct in the picture they define, will convey to another's bosom some of the delightful emotions one's self has felt, when gazing at an object addressed to our perceptions, of the glorious, the beautiful, and the sublime. Such was the sunset scene of this evening. Its beauty consisted in the different layers of clouds, horizontally placed one above the other, some extending further, some not so far—broken here and united there—while intervening strata of the deeper back-ground were seen to divide these several layers, and varying in its hue, from the palest light to the faintest blue ; and then to the lightest, brightest, and deepest green, so as to present the back expanse, in its various changes, now like an ocean of emerald-green water, unrippled, and throwing back its flood of mellowed and green light, while the island-clouds, with their edges fringed with light, became less bright and more dark in their colors as the eye receded from their scalloped and illumined edges to their centres. And then, far up and far off, as the sun just now entered a broken bank of clouds, were seen other piles of the airy voyagers in their various hues of light, and dark, and dun, yet everywhere in their velvet mellowness, soft as a

"Sunbeam gone astray,"
or,
"Plume in crest of knight ;"
or,
"Cloud in sombre gray,"
seen
"Far and low at night."

But when you combined the whole picture—the golden cloud-islands in the emerald-green sea—and the straggling islands, which shone in their more solitary and brilliant and lighter beauty, higher up and further off, it was then, indeed, you felt the calm emotion of the beautiful gather through all your bosom, as you gazed in happy and gentle and lonely musing. But scarcely an interval had

passed, when all this beautiful was illumined with intensely more brilliant hues, as the full orb fell quite beneath the horizon ; and the soft and mellow scene glowed in the vivid colors of new floods of glory, thrown on this emerald-green ocean of a thousand golden isles. You gazed on it a happy and entranced beholder. The beautiful now had changed to the sublime. And as you let your thoughts lead on in their involuntary train of association, you mused with admiration and worship, as you thought in silence on the attributes of the Eternal, veiled in his pavilion of glory.

A moment since, one bell, first watch, a man fell from the main-top-gallant yard. He was heard to cry, "O my God!" as he passed the maintop ; and the next moment he struck, head foremost, upon the first cutter, stowed amidships alongside the launch, and bounded into the gangway. The surgeon was called, and when he reached the spot the poor tar had ceased to breathe. His skull was fractured, and in a moment, without having spoken, after striking the deck, he passed from full strength and active life to the motionless corpse and the solemn stillness of death.

The dangers and the toils of seamen are great and severe, and thanks seldom greet them. I was on deck a few moments after this melancholy incident had occurred. It was dark, and the men were still furling sails. I stood by the after hatchway, and heard more than one sigh from those rough men as they passed me while still pulling upon the halliards. A squall appeared to be gathering in the west, and the men were furling the top-gallant-sails at the time this unfortunate man fell.

After quarters, the succeeding morning, "all hands" were piped "to bury the dead." The sailor, who fell last night from the main-top-gallant yard, was to be given to the deep. He had been laid out, as usual in such cases, by his messmates, on the half-deck, with the flag of his nation thrown over him His messmates were his watchers during the night, and now, at the hour of his burial, they bore him to the leeward gangway of the frigate.

The launch and the first cutter, two large boats of the ship, upon one of which he had first struck, are stowed

amidships. Within these the clothes-bags of the crew are generally piled, rising high above the gunwale of the boats, and forming an elevation in the central part of the ship. Upon these a large number of the crew had now placed themselves, to witness the ceremony, new to many of them, while others were standing upon the deck adjacent to the gangway, from which the relics of the departed tar were to be given to the deep. The officers stood nearer the quarter-deck. In full view of these, nearly five hundred gazers, rested the plank upon the upper step of the gangway, on which the unconscious sleeper, sewed in his hammock, with thirty-two pound shots at his feet, was reposing, with the stars and stripes wreathing his rough bier, as his honorable pall. Six of his messmates, as his bearers, held the plank in its horizontal position, ready to launch their brother of the ocean into the blue sea. And nearest them, stood the Commodore. The chaplain advanced to his side, commencing the services, as all, uncovered and with the silence of the dead, listened to the affecting ritual: "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom may we seek for succour but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased. Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death!" The chaplain advanced yet nearer to the sad object that concentrated the solemn interest of the moment, and continued: "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother, we therefore commit his body to the deep!" And in the breathless stillness of the momentary pause, the solemn plunge was heard, which spoke louder than the thunder of ordnance to the heart, as the dead man was sinking to deeper and yet deeper fathoms, until the eloquent silence was again broken by the chaplain's voice, as he added, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming

in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

The services ended—the crew were again piped to their places—and then we were on our course again, to other lands. But no one would tell the story of him whom we had now left to drift in the low deep, and among the far-down currents of the recordless ocean. O! it is a solemn thing to die. It is a solemn thing to "lie down in the dust," in the bosom of our mother earth; but to sink down, and down, and down in the deeper, darker, desolate waters—this thrills even the bosom of the way-worn and brazen-featured mariner, as his thoughts for a moment are arrested, and he follows his messmate to the deeps below!

But, all willingly turn from the scene, and again we stand on our way; and our ship seems little less unconscious than ourselves, that one of her inmates has been left, in mid-ocean—his name to be no more spoken—his memory to be unwept—his story for ever untold. But go on thy bounding course, thou glorious courser, still go on; and

> "God speed thee, good ship, on thy pathway of foam,
> The sea is thy country, the billow thy home."

The night succeeding the burial, young H. (a boy in years but a man in mind) was very singularly affected. I heard him scream aloud. His hammock being near the ward-room, two of the gentlemen rushed to quiet him. For a moment, he seemed quite beside himself. "Don't you know me," asked Mr. M'C. "Yes, sir," said young H. "Yes, sir—*Mr. Mahogany;*" and then screamed yet louder, "A man overboard—throw me a rope—throw me a rope!" This little incident is not unworthy of narrating, in connection with the burial of the morning, which must have left such an impression on the mind of the youthful midshipman, as to produce the singular phenomenon of his dream. The lost sailor belonged to the Commodore's

gig ; and young H. generally went with the boat, and thus particularly knew the man, as one of his boat's picked crew.

A few moments after we had buried the dead, a brig came down upon our starboard bow. We spoke her, and learned that she was from Palermo, fifty days out, and short of provisions. She lay to for our letter-bag, and the Captain desired us to send him a barrel of beef, and a bag of bread, if we could spare it. It was sent, to the full amount the Captain desired, and his receipt taken, as the only ackowledgment of the favor.

This incident shows the beautiful utility of our navy, as the strong and encouraging arm of a protecting government. It is one of the specific duties of our government ships, to relieve, without charge, our merchant vessels. A receipt, mentioning the name of the owners of the vessel relieved, is taken, to prevent imposition. This receipt is forwarded to the Department at Washington, and if the vessels of the same owners should be found frequently to have sought such aid, the Government would charge them for the stores their vessels had received, otherwise not.

Here, then, was one of our own countrymen on the wide ocean, fifty days from land, with a three weeks' run yet to make, and perhaps, by accident unforeseen, twice that time, short of provisions and out of bread. Our noble frigate, standing on her course, is espied by the distressed merchantman, who has been to distant lands and tempted perilous seas for our luxury and pleasure. With glowing feelings he sees the distant object, first looming to his view, her royals only seen in the horizon, rising higher and higher, until top-gallant-sails and top-sails and courses appear ; and at last, a noble ship, with all her sails set, comes nearer and nearer ; when, at last, she is made out to be one of our own majestic frigates, powerful to defend, courteous to compliment, generous to relieve. The merchantman gazes with renewed pride on the gallant warship, and feels that there is majesty, might, and magnanimity in the arm that protects him ; and with still greater love, he thinks on the land of his home.

Such, doubtless, were the feelings of the trader, whom

we met and relieved. He was unbounded in his enthusiasm, when speaking of the beauty of our frigate, as he gazed upon her, while the two vessels were aback, and for a moment resting on their different ways, for the purposes of friendship and mercy. The Captain was but one of the hardy men who fill the seas from the east, but he could see, and could feel the beauties and sublimities of the scene, and go on his way, yet more and more loving his country and western home.

This morning, May 26th, a large ship loomed up in the horizon, at the northwest of us; and ere long, our suspicions were confirmed. It proved to be the John Adams, our consort, who parted with us some two weeks since; and now she has come down, in answer to our signals, and taken her former position on our larboard quarter. The incident is a beautiful illustration of the accuracy of nautical science. Here we again meet on the ocean, after having been lost to each other for fourteen days, and just at the moment when we are expecting to make the high lands of Madeira.

At the present hour it is squally, and we are now shortening sail, and probably shall not venture to near the land, after dark, unless we make it before sunset. The sea, at this moment, is high, and a sail, not far off, to the windward of us, standing on an opposite course to ourselves, is taking in her royals and reefing. We are rolling more than we have before done since we weighed our anchors in Hampton Roads, twenty days since. We hope to lie at moorings, in Funchal Bay, to-morrow; and then, *beautiful Madeira* will be the agreeable object of our visit and observation, after a passage of twenty-one days.

Off the High Peaks of Madeira, May 26th, P. M.

Never did the call to quarters roll its beat more sweetly through our ship, than at this soft hour of evening. I have been gazing at the wedge-shaped bluff of the west end of the island of Madeira, now wrapped in fog, which, however, at this moment, is lifting sufficiently for the curved outline of the island to trace itself visibly on the misty back-ground of the horizon. And there it stands,

the island of Madeira, famed and far-known, in mid-ocean, raising its huge and sable elevations, at this hour, like some dark monster of the deep, in his unconcern and deep repose; with its far-up and shaded sides lost in the mists, which now wreath their mystic sheet around its elevated peaks.

As we glide nearer in towards its abrupt shores and along its deep-green sides, we discover here and there a hamlet; while far above the mists, which curl around the highest acclivities, and sail along the midway elevations, the denser clouds are seen to roll back, and leave to our view a deep-blue sky, such as they say arches above the land of Italy.

The John Adams is standing in behind us. The blue deep, far out, is restless, and the heavy swell heaves the careening ships at this moment, more furiously than at any other time since we have been coursing our way to this island of vines and flowers. Long slopes of verdure, and deep and green ravines, reach our view as we gaze; and the imagination easily embowers the hill-sides in orange groves, and citron trees, and pomegranates, and bananas, and figs, and the trellised grape. But more in description when we shall have gained a nearer view, on a fairer evening and a brighter day.

"All hands to reef topsails, ahoy!" sounds through the ship. It is deemed too late for us to run into the bay of Funchal, the capital of Madeira; and the purpose of the Commodore is, to stand off and on, under reefed topsails, during the night, and to anchor in Funchal bay early in the morning.

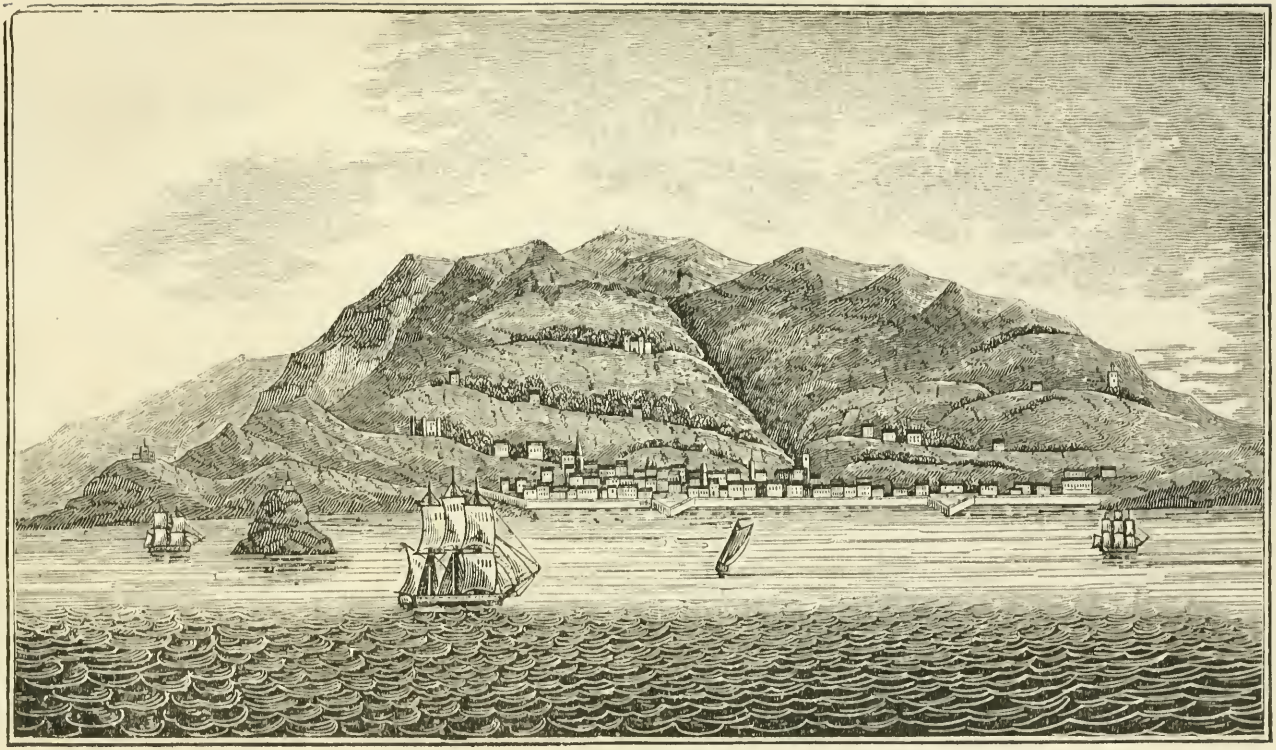
The island now lies some four miles in the distance. The sun has just gone down; and the dark island, wreathed in its vapor-sheet, exhibits an interesting scene of the mystic and the sublime. The outlines of the dark pile are distinctly marked on the horizon, rising some eight thousand feet from the bosom of the deep, and now crowned with masses of cumuli-clouds, with their round caps tinged with the purest pink and darker crimson, as the rays of the fallen sun send far up, in their slant, their beams in profusion and glory; while the lower layers of the clouds, on which these illumined cones are resting,

sleep in their solemn gray and dun. At the southwest of us, the lashed sea is still raging; but the clouds above its dark bosom rest peacefully in their hundred evening hues, which the sun, in atonement for his day's absence, now loans to these airy voyagers.

But, it was as we tacked ships, to stand off from the land, amid this exhibition of the mystic in our north, and beauty in our west, that an omen gleamed above us, fair and bright as the one which shone in the heavens, on the eve of our departure from our first anchorage-ground, in our western land. Directly above our main, in the zenith of his glory,

"The bright Arcturus, fairest of the stars,"

looked benignantly from out his azure hall upon us. The sky, over our heads, was blue, deep, and clear; and no other brilliant was seen in the high heavens; while the moon, in her path of peerless loveliness, this night, was throwing the soft beams of her first quarter over our right shoulders. The air was balmy to the cheek; and we were happy as we paced the deck, and talked of things associated with the Madeiras, and friends, and home.



MADEIRA.

SECTION III.

Madeira. Funchal, capital of Madeira. Quintas. Fortresses. Santa Clara convent. Shrubbery and vines. Olden associations. The influence of beautiful nature. Visit to the shore. Breakfast with the American Consul. Invitation to visit Santa Clara convent. Ride to the Nossa Senhora do Monte, or the Church of our Lady of the Mount. Visit Mr. Blandy's Quinta. Avenues of geraniums and roses. View from the terrace-house. Miracles of our Lady of the Mount. Portuguese seamen pledge their top-sail to this patron saint to propitiate her favor in danger. Priest and his present of eggs. The Catholic system. A pile of human bones. Portuguese bury in their churches. New cemetery. Visit to Santa Clara convent. English burial ground. Portuguese funeral. The daughter of the deceased visiting England. Ride to the Curral. Scenes on the road. Peasantry. The grounds of Count Carvalhal. Ramble through the grounds of Palmyra. Mr. and Miss O. Miss O.'s opinion of Abbot's Works. The Til. Moving by torch-light through the streets at night. Palanquin. Easy manners of the Portuguese. English yatch commanded by a lady. Legend of the Madeiras. Cultivation of the grape and process of making wine. Tinto. Malmsey. Quantity of wine produced. Last eve on shore, and good-night to Madeira.

We have come to anchor, in full view of one of nature's most beautiful landscapes. Funchal, the capital of Madeira, is about two miles from our frigate; and the southern exposure of the island lies, in its enchantment, before us. Think of a fairy isle, raising its high peaks abruptly 8,000 feet above the bosom of the blue deep, and tracing its waved outline indistinctly among the mystic and dark clouds, which hang, like spirit-shapes, on its high and misty cones; while, everywhere else, around and further yet above the cloud-capt peaks, the sky is blue and clear; and the soft breeze and the mimic gale from the sea strike balmy, like an eastern atmosphere, upon the cheek. And then, think of the elevated acclivities, and deep ravine, broken into thousand crests, throwing their every-shaped shadows over their own mountainous and cragged and unique landscape; and every peak, and every slope, and every ravine, covered with vineyard and garden, and ever-green tree and shrub and flower, varying from the palest gold of harvest time to the deepest and prevailing verdure of the freshest meadow; and then the villas, or country residences of the English mer-

chants and the wealthier Portuguese, which are here called *quintas*, of all dimensions, with red-tiled tops, and piazza and balcony and corridors for promenade and look-outs, and trellised terraces for the embowering vines; and then, the antique cathedral and the ancient fortress, and the sacred convent; and then, the mountain, capped with an eternal cloud, and the far-surrounding ocean, in eternal blue, and you will have some of the outlines, which go to make up one of the most glowing pictures of the beautiful I ever saw. It is almost perfect as a specimen of rural scenery of its kind. It only needs a few castles on some of the high peaks of the elevated positions, to render it quite so.

The houses of Funchal rise one above the other, from the edge of the sea, which tumbles its breakers, incessantly upon the narrow and dark-pebbled beach. The Loo fort is seen on the right of the city, constructed on the top of a rectangular rock of basalt, encrusted with the outer honey-comb layer of lava; and rises from out the sea a few yards from the main beach.

Another fortress is situated near the sea, and is still garrisoned. Between the two lie the pile of buildings, occupied by the Franciscan monks before their expulsion from the island, but now possessed as barracks for the Governor's guards. Further up, the convent of Santa Clara, with its dusky and rectangular walls, appears above city spire and city dwellings. Ascending still higher the steep acclivity, rising like an amphitheatre before you, the beautiful quintas of the English merchants and the Portuguese, are seen, every way, studding the elevated points, and lay before the enchanted eye embowered in nature's freshest green, amid shrubs, and orange trees, and figs, and citrons, and bananas, the coffee tree, and the pomegranate; with every other point, unoccupied by shrub and tree, covered with spacious areas of trellised vines, in their richest foliage, the whole together exhibiting one blended scene of rural loveliness, too distant to enable one to particularize the different kind of shrub, and tree, and flower, but delighting the beholder with the blended beauties of one of nature's own amphitheatres, where she has poured out, with the munificence of her

tropical hand, the gorgeous magnificence of a perennial green-house. And still above all this beauty of vine, and shrub, and tree, and folia of fig and orange and pomegranate, and the beautiful quintas, and the imposing turret, and fortress, and convent, stands in lovely and bold relief, the Nossa Senhora do Monte, or the Church of our Lady of the Mount. It is the highest building seen, and rivets the eye of the stranger. Its proportions are in keeping, and its two turrets, rising on either side of the front, give the picturesque edifice the loveliest appearance, as it rests, in its quiet repose, and high-up retirement. Its white walls are beautifully relieved by one extended curtain of green, which rises still further above its white walls to meet the clouds in their ever undulating volumes. And from the commanding front of this solitary building, you gaze on all this beauty below, in its blended grandeur and loveliness; on the vast ocean, from whose blue bosom the green isle awakes; and now upon our own sleeping war-ships, as they ride, in their security and distance, like mimic models of their own beautiful reality, on the edge of the broad expanse of the boundless main. But still further up from the nestling place of our Lady of the Mount, the green mountain steeps are coated in verdant shrub and tear grass, and flowering broom, and heath, and sweet balm, until the veil of the dark spirit of the mountain-heights, forbids the eye to penetrate her loftier and clouded home. Surely the Fairy-Queen poet dreamed not of a lovlier scene than this, wherever his vision was bearing him in the following lines:

> It was a chosen spot of blooming land,
> Amongst wide waves, set like a little nest,
> As if it had by nature's cunning hand
> Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
> And laid forth as example of the best.
> No daintie herb, or flower, that glows on ground,
> No arboreth with painted blossoms drest,
> And smiling sweet, but there it might be found,
> To bud out fair, and her sweet fragrance throw around.

And all this I gaze upon, as I stand, lost in delightful

reverie, on the deck of our own beautiful Columbia, sleeping calmly, and confident in her own prowess, on these waters, in full view of this enchanting landscape. And the eye tires not, as one's thoughts, in connection with the olden story of this sunny isle and summer beauty, come over the memory, in recollected legend or truer history. Here has been revolution on revolution. Here the prince to-day has been embarked, in an hour and in secret, for his distant exile. And here the priest has ridden, in his ghostly power, and with undisputed dictate, a superstitious and submissive people; and again, the people have aroused to a sense of their degradation and the imposition of the Franciscan hoards, and expelled them from their isle. And here the nun, for years the inmate of the cloister, and doomed no more to look abroad upon the world, save through a double grating or convent lattice, in the tide of revolutions has been set free, and walked again in liberty and light. But again the restrictions are placed upon her, and she is re-enclosed within the halls of her ancient home.

I indulged myself, for hours, in delightful contemplation of the beautiful scene before me, as seen from the quarter deck of our frigate. Nothing could more calmly sooth the heart, whatever may have been its musings of sadness or of joy, in retracing the past, or in sorrowful or happy anticipation of the future. There are some scenes which we love to treasure among the fadeless things, in the arcana of our choicest memories, to which we recur, when things around, and men more than things, become insipid. I felt assured that the scene before me was one of these. I find myself daily more and more susceptible to the influence of beautiful nature; while she often communes with me, as one who has sympathies kindred to my own. She never upbraids the confiding heart—she never looks with cold suspicion—she has about her nothing that is mean, or low, or unrefined; but hers is an open brow—a warm, and pure, and noble heart—and she has thoughts that are holier than earth elsewhere knows, which she will give, with generous and cordial liberality, to that spirit, which lets the eye rest on her mellowed beauties, with a melting and gushing heart.

Commend me then to her loveliness and proffered sympathies, when the heart feels alone, in its deep and young desolation.

I had fixed the lovely picture of Madeira's green acclivities in my mind, and dwelled upon it with increased and increasing emotion and delight. And thus I felt prepared for my first visit on shore, while I only feared that a nearer view might dissipate the fairy vision, which lay so willingly and distinct among those remembrances which fail not. Our time at the island would be short, and much, it was said, existed on shore to interest the stranger, and was worthy of his observation. I went early the morning succeeding our arrival, and breakfasted, by invitation, with the American consul. This gentleman, ever attentive to the officers of the ship, introduced me to Mr. B.. who is said to have large possessions on the island, and to whose courteous and gentlemanly manners I am happy here to bear testimony, in the remembrance of our agreeable visit to Madeira. By Mr. B. I was accompanied to the Reading Rooms; and afterwards, through his kindness, was introduced to another of the English residents, who is supposed to have considerable influence with the Catholic inhabitants of the island. Mr. P., the name of this gentleman, had received an invitation to dine with the Vicar-General, or Bishop of Madeira, at Santa Clara Convent, where the Bishop was to visit, during the day. Mr. P. had induced the vicar to allow him, on this occasion, to introduce some of his friends into the convent, and politely extended his invitation to myself. Four o'clock in the afternoon was the hour appointed for our introduction into the enclosures within the convent walls.

In the mean time I took a ride to the church, high up on the green slant, previously alluded to as Nossa Senhora do Monte, our Lady of the Mount. We procured our horses and attendants. Every thing around us appeared unique, and the mode of our conveyance was quite in character with our circumstances. The road to the mount church, in its ascent of the mountain, is incredibly steep, and as far as the Nossa Senhora do Monte is paved with the blue pebbles of the beach, and basalt from

the mountain. The angle of ascent is frequently twenty degrees. We mounted our horses, and at our side stood our burroqueros, or foot-boys, in their picturesque costume of the island peasantry, and each with his wooden staff, six or seven feet in length. "Nossa Senhora do Monte." we said, and dashed off in full spring as the burroquero swept his staff against the flanks of the horse, and seized the animal by the tail, to be borne along in company with the cavalcade; and every now and then, again riving the sides of the horse, and particularly at the steepest parts of the road, up which fearful acclivities the horses sprung in full canter, with their hoofs clattering over the paved way, with the riders upon their backs and the attendants at their tails. I suffered my companions to advance, while I held in my spirited horse, and to my unbounded amusement, contemplated the comical exhibition of the riders in full speed before me, with their burroqueros at their horses' tails, all on the full jump, ascending the fearful steeps which, in our own land, would have been deemed almost, if not quite, inaccessible. While we thus rushed up the aslant, the clatter of our horses' hoofs often drew the Portuguese brunet to the terraces, ever above us, as the quintas, with their elevated walls and embowered terraces, lined our narrow way, two thirds the distance to the Church of the Mount. Over these walls, in truant festoons falling from the terrace, and filling every crevice in the walls, hung the luxuriant geraniums and multifloras, and rose of every kind, and other flowers, and vines in profusion, trailing down their branches and making our ascending way a path of blossom, and perfume, and flowery beauty.

When we had reached some distance up the mountain ascent, with quintas on each side of the narrow way, we paused at the country seat of Mr. Blandy, who had invited me, during the morning, to visit his quinta, as I rode to the mount.

We turned in from the road to the left, through a gateway, which opened into his grounds, and found ourselves at once among winding avenues of geraniums, and roses, and other flowering shrubs, which, in America, are cherished as choice plants, in flower-pots, and preserved in

green-houses. It is this particularity which delights and surprises the eye. As we turned to the left, we pursued one of these hedged avenues of geraniums, which I took to be of that beautiful species called the Princess Caroline, bearing a large flower, and here, in its luxuriance, growing five feet high, and inlocking its branches so as to form a thick hedge on either side of the pathway. The avenue extended along the high terrace, overlooking the roadside, until it reached the front part of the garden, at which point it commanded the city and harbor and the blended beauties of the glowing scene below. Owing to the steep ascent of the mountain, it becomes necessary to raise high walls for gaining a level for the buildings, and the pleasure grounds around them. The terraces thus formed are numerous, in different parts of the grounds of the quintas, forming levels of made soil for flower-enamelled paths, and trellises for the vine, and for fruit-trees and ornamental shrubs, which nature here, with the soil of volcanic ruins, and an atmosphere ever revivifying to produce and sustain in greatest perfection, has lavished, with a luxuriant hand, on this green isle of the sea. We walked through the grounds, every avenue being lined either with geraniums or roses, or other flowering shrubs. The japonica was seen to rise from ten to fifteen feet in height, and spread in like proportion—the hyderanger, in its luxuriance, spreading its branches to a circumference of twenty to thirty feet. All is luxuriance. We marked the coffee tree, now beginning to be successfully cultivated in the island—the pomegranate, decked with its scarlet blossoms—the fig, in its green luxuriance—the banana, raising high its long and fan-like leaves. A hundred ornamental flowering trees, high and spreading, decked the grounds ; and in this rich season of flowers, one tree, of forest height, attracted and held my admiration. It was wreathed in multifloras, so as to exhibit one complete layer of these clustered roses over every part of the stem and boughs of the tree, exhibiting a rose tower in its magnificence and beauty.

The walk which we first entered extended along the terrace, which rose high above the road, and terminated abruptly in a rectangular summer-house on the terrace.

From this, one contemplates the beauties of the scene before and beneath him, with the ranges of the green hills on either side, and the vineyards, and embowered houses, together with the blue bosom of the harbor, dotted by the vessels of varied and fairy forms, that repose upon its surface, or are seen sailing in the offing.

Here I could have lingered, and mused, and thought, delighted, on crowding subjects, which this fair isle of the Madeiras awakes, and on dearer objects of the land of my home. But we were yet to visit the Nossa Senhora do Monte, and return to the city in time to meet our engagement at four o'clock, that we might not lose the pleasure of our contemplated visit to the convent of Santa Clara. We therefore remounted our horses, and left this lovely quinta for the Church of the Mount, with a secret purpose of again threading the beautiful avenues of Mr. B.'s country seat, which, to-day, was unoccupied by his family.

It will strike the visiter to the Madeiras as a peculiarity, that the country residences here are not found by riding some distance into the interior. On the contrary, all the advantages of country air, and of an escape from the heat of city-walls, is secured by ascending the heights of the mountain, until the temperature desired is gained. Thus a delightful and salubrious atmosphere is found by a half hour's climbing up the steep roads, to these beautiful eyries, where lovers might nestle in their ever-green bowers and flower-enamelled paths; and philosophers become poets; and poets philosophize and be happy. The proprietors of these quintas, while residing in the city, during the cooler parts of the seasons, not unfrequently retire to their mountain seats, when they would invite a party of their friends to partake of the sociability of their free and elegant hospitality, their furthest seats being within a half hour's ride from the points of their business and city houses.

When we had ascended still higher up, to reach the Church of the Mount, we alighted at a flight of steps leading to the artificial level, on which the edifice of the church of Our Lady is situated. We found a number of the younger officers of the Columbia already at the church,

but having satisfied their curiosity, were soon on their descent of the mountain.

The sexton was ready to exhibit every thing which could gratify our observation or interest our curiosity.

Our Lady of the Mount is represented by a small figure about two feet in height; and as the patron saint of the island, she is preserved with great care within a glass case upon the principal altar of the church. She is decorated with a wax wig and tinselled robes; and formerly displayed about her person chains of gold, and gems yet more precious, as gifts of her devotees. The revolution of time and sentiment has left her sanctuary, as well as herself, with only imitations of what once was.

We were unable, from personal observation, to know how sacredly this saint of the island is now venerated, but many stories are related, or rather, observed scenes are recorded, to show the high esteem with which the Nossa Senhora of the mount has been held. And the superstitions of the lower orders at least, are slow to be removed from their credulous minds; nor are they easily restrained from ceremonies long cherished and practised in their religious devotions.

In 1803, owing to the profusion of rain from the condensation of the clouds upon the mountains, the swelling streams which rush down the ravines almost flooded the city, so as to destroy a large number of houses, to the sacrifice of many lives. This period of inundation from the mountains, is even now spoken of, almost as a dating epoch. "Such a thing occurred before or since the flood," meaning the inundation of 1803. After this devastation of waters had ceased, the image of this patron saint was conveyed, in solemn procession, from her home of the mount to the city, where the greatest pomp and ceremony attended her; the clergy, and the military, and the civil authorities appearing in their gaudiest exhibition, with the impression that her presence could stay any succeeding inundation. After the public ceremonies and processions of the streets were over, and due honors paid, the Lady Patroness was placed for some months on the altar of the cathedral in the city; but afterwards she was returned to her own altar at her proper mountain home, with demon-

strations of respect and veneration, as the church of the mount was built, according to the legend of the island, on the spot where the saint was originally found, soon after the first discovery of the island.

One of her well-accredited miracles (if we believe the credulous testimony of her attached devotees) will suffice to be narrated here, as a specimen of the many and extraordinary performances of our Lady of the Mount. The incident occurred during the American revolutionary war, when a great and threatening scarcity prevailed at the island of Madeira, in consequence of the British cruisers preventing the American vessels from conveying to the island the usual supply of bread-stuff. In this state of distress, supplication was made to the Lady of the Mount, that her influence might be secured, and by her intercession that the calamity might be removed, and the general distress be relieved. This ceremony was attended by a public procession, and accompanied by various devotional rites. At daybreak on the following morning, it is said, a ship appeared in the offing, which afterwards was found to be laden with wheat, from Portugal. The inhabitants on repairing to the mount church, found the lady-saint's clothes *dripping wet with salt-water*, which was interpreted by the priests to be conclusive evidence that the patroness had taken a trip to sea during the night, to hasten the vessel which had so unexpectedly been descried in the offing. The crew of the vessel, on their reaching land, were greatly astonished when the circumstances of the miracle were told them; and, on recollection, it occurred to them that they had been becalmed some distance off the island just at sunset, the preceding evening, when they saw something white rising from the waves, which hovered about the vessel, and ere long they were impelled to Funchal. This narrative of the crew confirmed the miracle; and the miraculous interference of the Lady of the Mount, on this occasion, it is said, remains an article in the faith of the devoted worshippers at the altar of the Nossa Senhora do Monte, until the present time.

There is a custom among the Portuguese seamen, in case of danger or difficulties at sea, to devote, with a solemn vow, their topsail, or some other article, to the Lady of

the Mount. On their reaching their home in safety, they go in procession to her altar, bearing their devoted canvass, but they redeem the trophy, by paying, in money, the amount of its value, as affixed by the priest.

But the glory and the power of this patron saint, I should judge, when contrasting her present appearance with her affirmed splendor of other days, has passed, in no inconsiderable degree, if not for ever, away, while the ceremonies and the public processions yet continue. And the peasantry are greatly fond of these festivals and public processions. They gather from their mountain recesses on the occasion, and give themselves to the enjoyment of the holidays. We regretted that we should leave the island on Saturday evening, which would prevent us from witnessing the various ceremonies of one of their most interesting seasons, the succeeding Sunday being Whit-Sunday. On Saturday evening, however, we saw, from the frigate, the bonfires on many a peak, and the church of the mount sent forth the brilliant rays of her taper-lights far over the blue deep, from her high and beautiful eminence.

We indulged ourselves by walking through the main edifice and the various rooms, where the laced robes of the priests are kept, some of which had been rich in their day, and are still gaudy and imposing to the peasant's eye, though thread-worn to the curious. The pictures were generally indifferently executed, some of them even caricatures. I was struck with one, however, in connection with an anecdote narrated at the time, by the gentleman who accompanied me to the mount. This painting represented the presentation of *eggs*, with various other things, to the infant Saviour, who was resting in the lap of his virgin mother; certainly no impolitic design to encourage the donations from the peasantry to the Franciscans, who, by the tenets of their order, possess no property, save a place to lodge in, while they live on the gifts of the people. Before the expulsion of the Franciscans, the scene of a friar with his bag, collecting eggs and bread and other eatables, was a common and hourly scene, and met with encouragement from their devoted admirers. And as we stood before the picture, my friend instanced a case of one of the priests, who, when delivering his discourse, spoke to

the people in the following frank language: "My flock, you may make me presents if you choose, or not, as it may please you; but if you make me presents, no humbugs, if you please; bring me no rotten eggs: good ones. if any thing." While the Franciscans have been expelled from their ancient home on the island, a small number of priests of the college have been retained; and the nuns still possess their enclosures, with the rents derived from the convent grounds, and entails. The salaries of the priests, however, are less than formerly; and the bishop now receives only $2000, while his former income amounted to £4000 with perquisites, which, together, often reached the sum of twenty thousand dollars and upwards. So passes the glory of the popish world, in her olden possessions.

I have no heart to upbraid the Roman Catholic. It is always an emotion of solemn pity, that comes over me, when I pace their dismantled cathedrals, and decaying halls, or listen to their venerated, but superstitious, and, as a Protestant, I think, very often, puerile worship. But, I well know that the heart is the secret place which the eye of Omnipotence penetrates, and I firmly believe he often finds in the Catholic worshipper great sincerity. But, I also hold, that the whole system of the Roman Catholic rituals, and monkish celibacy, and many worse than foolish accompaniments of their worship, tend to great corruption in a community purely Roman Catholic, and to the great perversion of the simple and true worship of the Deity. It is in vain for the advocates of Papacy to deny the corruptions which have existed, or the severities which have sprung from a system which has had its triumphs, and in the advance of intelligence and purer systems, we think, must have its downfall. Spain and Portugal, and their dependencies, give a story which has been recorded on the page of history with a pen of blood. And O! how devoted have millions been, in the execution of the misguided plans of infuriated zealots, and in the support of erroneous tenets! But the age in which crime, in the support of the church, was deemed a virtue, and intolerance believed to be furthering the cause of the cross, existed when men had not learned the correct principles of Chris-

tian ethics, and the world deemed that their several religions were to be propagated even at the point of the sword. If our charities were a little more enlightened by a knowledge of the spirit of ages past, and we judged of the actions of men in connection with the spirit which ruled the times in which they existed, we should be more lenient in our estimate of their motives when criticising their actions. And we should regret rather than upbraid, when we perceive that the circumstances of the period in which they lived, did not embrace, in its elements of religion, a philosophy, so far as systems were concerned, which inculcated mutual forbearance, and heaven-born charity. *Toleration*, either by Catholic or Protestant, was unknown until the seventeenth century. And the Catholics will have to live through years yet onward, before they will come to appreciate the errors of their system, and the unscriptural and intolerant inculcations of their creed. But the ball of revolution has been set in motion. The power of the Papal hierarchy has been paralyzed by the advance of more enlightened public sentiment, and truer philosophy than that of earlier ages. It must still go on. We see already the mouldering relics of the ancient system. And while we walk through her antique aisles, of cathedral, and abbey, and convent, we rejoice in the assurance that there is a breaking up of olden foundations, for the laying of a basis of a more beautiful superstructure in morals. Yet as we reflect on the past and the present, we pity—we sigh—we hope, while a cloud yet veils the onward prospect, as it looms up, how darkly! in the coming future.

We had gone through the building, no way remarkable for its superstructure, but a convenient edifice, and once, doubtless, imposing in its decorations. But now it exhibits little else than gilded altars and an occasional silver cross, defaced paintings, and two indifferent and even offensive statues, as they are robed in their canonicals.

My friend asked our cicerone to show us the place where he deposited the bones, when they were taken from the common vault. We passed over the pavements, which form the great terrace of the church, and reached a door in a wall which rises some feet on the outer edge of the

level on which the church stands. The sexton applied his key, and the door opened, when a sight addressed the eye, which would have pained a less susceptible heart than my own. A pile of human bones lay beneath us, within an unwalled rectangular space; and as my eye ran over the mass, I counted fifty-one skulls. Probably in the same pile, there were thousands, with their attendant skeletons, which it would have taken a number of men a number of days to remove.

It is the custom of the Portuguese to bury the dead in their churches. They inter the bodies within the same vault, or rather they dig the grave for the body which is to be interred, among the bones and dust of those who have already been buried. That the body may be more rapidly consumed, they mingle quicklime with the earth that covers the inhumed relics. The earth of the consecrated enclosure is deemed holy ground. But where the soil is so shallow as in most places on the island, and particularly at the point where the church of the mount is located, the excavation can be but a few feet deep, and extending but a few feet in width. And within this place the peasantry of the surrounding situations are interred. But seldom habituated to think for themselves, and ever ready to believe in the miraculous, they dream not that the bones of their forefathers rest not where they are consigning their own contemporary friends, and where, ere long, they hope they may themselves be interred. They, nevertheless, do not rest there. At intervals the bones of the mingled bodies are removed, to make room for the ever unanswered demands of the stern arbiter, whom nothing will propitiate—whose heart nothing will make relent. And while this necessity exists for the removal of the bones of the bodies which are here buried, one upon the other, it yet seemed to me to be an unjustifiable imposition, if it be one, that the mass of the people should be ignorant of the disinhuming of the relics of the dead, while they dream that they are mouldering where they hope that they themselves, when they shall be called hence, shall also moulder, in kindred dust, within the bosom of their own and popular patron saint, the Nossa Senhora do Monte.

It is a laudable object of the city authority, at the present moment, to encourage among the Portuguese the burial of the dead in an open ground. They are now preparing a *père la chaise* on the bank of the west side of the city, near the water, commanding a lovely view of the sea. It must eventually become popular, even with the Portuguese, as a place for burial. As yet, however, it is unfinished, though tastefully inwalled; and the ground is nearly prepared. The portal entrance is very respectable, and the whole, altogether, a worthy and commendable project.

We now took our last view of the lovely scene, presented from the front terrace of the Church of the Mount. The city was far, far down; and between the city and ourselves, on the right and on the left, slept the lovely quintas, embowered in their luxuriance of vine and flowers, and fruit-trees, and ornamental shrubbery, with the rippling streams from the mountains always passing through the premises to water the grounds at the pleasure of the proprietors, or to replenish their ponds or jets of water. And then, beyond quinta, and city, and fortress, and shore, our eye, for a moment, lingered on our own sea-home dwellings, which had brought us safely from the lands of our western homes; and we blessed them for their stanch properties, and admired them for their beautiful proportions, and felt willing again to trust us to the safety of their keeping. But we could linger no longer, and we remounted our horses and dashed down the steep declivities, with the velocity with which we had ascended. And yet our horses tripped not; and what elsewhere would have seemed inevitable destruction, here, from the confidence we had in the surefooted beasts, was regarded but pleasing excitement, as we dared the steep and fearful slant, at the speed of a full trot.

VISIT TO SANTA CLARA CONVENT.

The convents of Madeira, in connection with other objects of interest, had been the subject of frequent conversation, during our passage to the island. One of the inmates of Santa Clara Convent, too, from romantic incident

being associated with her involuntary entrance within the convent-walls, and also her acknowledged beauty and strikingly interesting manners, had elicited the curiosity of the stranger. An English bard had sung her praises, and others alluded to her interest of person, and romantic story; and one of our own countrymen, in the romance and benevolence of his heart, had conceived a plan for the rescue of the "beautiful nun," from the convent of Santa Clara, where, it was supposed, she was retained, an unwilling prisoner, through the caprice of ill-judging parents, and intriguing priests. All these circumstances contributed to give to this interesting inmate of the convent an eclat, unenviable, perhaps, to one of the order of the recluse, but flattering to that love of admiration, to which the young and beautiful are said ever to be given. We therefore were much gratified, in the morning, by the invitation of Mr. P., who had secured from his friend, the Vicar-General, the privilege of introducing some of his friends into the convent. Such an incident had never before been known. And we had only dreamed of the possibility of gaining a sight of the nuns through the double gratings, while we should be purchasing, for their interest, and as mementoes of our visit to the island, some artificial flowers, being the exquisite handiwork of the inmates of the convent. But the Bishop is said to be something of a liberal; and at any rate, on this occasion, extended to the considerations of friendship, a favor, of which we were the participants.

We had returned from the mount church in time to prepare for our visit to the convent of Santa Clara; and at a little past four o'clock, agreeably to our appointment, we entered the outer walls of the convent grounds. The doors, which opened from the court into the sacred enclosures, were closed; and four or five persons, apparently on the same unusual errand with ourselves, were standing at the massive doors, awaiting their opening. My friend, who had accompanied me to the mount, announced in Portuguese our names, at the whispering window, as the friends of Mr. P., and was answered that the Senhor was within, and we should have immediate admittance. We walked towards the large doors, which opened into a spa-

cious and covered area, from which the passage-ways led to other parts of the buildings; and, as the doors turned back on their heavy hinges, we found ourselves at once in the presence of ten or twelve nuns, in their holiday and dark habiliments, some giving us a very polite welcome, and others talking with their friends who had preceded us. My friend was immediately at my side, after greeting some of his acquaintances who were within, and added—

"Here is Donna Clementina now, of whom you have spoken—allow me to introduce you to her."

I walked with him into the presence of a beautiful young nun, dressed in her glossy black *habito*, with her veil falling gracefully over her shoulders from her silk head-dress, which was so adjusted as to cover the top of the head, and terminate in a graceful point upon the forehead, without concealing the beautiful blond of her hair, or the open expression of her brow.

Various circumstances had been recited to me, before I had left the frigate, which contributed considerably to diminish my interest in the character of Maria Clementina, the name of the beautiful nun alluded to. And it was supposed, that, at this time, she must be, at least, thirty years of age. I should not have been disappointed, therefore, if I had found an ordinary looking nun, once celebrated for her beauty, but whose charms of person had been painted in colors gaining their tints from the intenser hues of the imagination of her admirers, who only had seen her through double gratings, and with sympathy which did them honor, while it deceived their discrimination. But before me now, there was greater youth, and a taller and more symmetrical figure, and a graceful manner, which at once pleased me, and made me disposed to censure some criticisms which dissented from the general admiration; and some free remarks which I had heard, detracting from the personal character of the beautiful Maria Clementina. I was agreeably assured, as I stood before her, that she was a just object of one's admiration.

I said, I was happy to meet with one, of whom I had heard some of her friends speak with much interest; and besides, I had for her the good wishes of an American lady, from whom I knew she would be pleased to hear.

"Ah!" said the pretty Clementina, "I remember Mrs. R., and hope she is well."

I assured her that she was; and an olden friend of hers was lately arrived at the island. The frigate and corvette which lay in the offing were American ships, commanded by Commodore Read, and were late from the United States.

"Indeed!" again continued the interesting nun, "I had not heard it."

I replied that it might not be surprising, as the interesting inmates of these fair grounds were not always, I supposed, *the first* to gain the news of the world.

What were the musings of the young nun, at this moment, I know not; but I could not myself perceive that her eye kindled with that interest, which I had anticipated would be the case on my informing her of the welfare of those, whom I had known to feel an interest in her welfare, when they had visited the island some few years before this; and for whom, from various circumstances, I had presumed Maria Clementina cherished a very partial friendship.

Others were now crowding about the nun, when my friend touched my arm; and accompanied by a number of other nuns, we rambled through the piazzas, extending along the buildings and overlooking the gardens; and threaded the different halls and rooms of the nunnery.

"Did you deliver your message?" asked my friend, with a smile slightly playing upon his lip.

Yes, I told him; and Clementina is certainly prettier, and more youthful in her appearance than I anticipated to find her. And yet she did not seem so much interested in my communication as I expected she would be.

In my own mind, I had already accounted for the want of animation, which I had expected to witness in Maria Clementina at the moment of my communicating to her the intelligence, which I had presumed would be greatly gratifying to her. The interesting recluse, doubtless, I thought, might be the object of the watchful care of her elder sisters, as she would be the centre of attraction on this occasion, which I now perceived had been made an opportunity for introducing into these sacred enclosures a larger number of friends than I previously anticipated to meet there.

"Why," said my friend, with another smile, "I told you, on our way to the convent, that Maria Clementina did not speak English, and I supposed you would, at once, discover the deception."

"And then you are deceiving me, ay, mon cher? And the greatest deception is, that you would make me now believe that the real Clementina is not Clementina's self."

"No, by no means, I assure you. I will point out to you the real Maria Clementina when we find her."

My friend himself had not seen Clementina for two years past, and never only through the speaking grates, and had but lately returned from America. My own impressions now were, that for some reason, it was a policy in the inmates of the convent, knowing that a number of strangers were to be introduced this afternoon, to have one of their younger nuns assume the character of Maria Clementina, and the real one to be missing; for I did not know otherwise how to interpret the movements of my friend, and had, at this time, no conception, that the occasion would admit of any thing more nearly bordering on a masquerade.

We proceeded on our walk, through the halls and different rooms, all perfectly neat. This was the bedchamber of one of the nuns; this, of another; this, of Genoveva Caroleta; and this, in which I was willing longest to linger, overlooked the far extending ocean, our two ships at anchor, reposing like some spirit-shapes on the bosom of the blue deep; and directly beneath, was the English church, with its loveliest garden of flowers surrounding it, and trees embowered in flowers, and I thought there was poetry in all this, and that there ought to be religion in the bosom that dwelled here; and the soft tear of love and gratitude should fall from the eye that gazed over the enchanting scene, to the delight of a devout mind, which could appreciate the loveliness of the character of that Being, who made all these beauties, that they might delight and win our hearts to him. But we turned our gaze from this lovely point, and left the room so delightfully situated, and which, like most of the others, was hung around with pictures; and upon each bed was *one tiny pillow*, white and edged with ruffle, which we would have thought most suitable for the toilet table rather than the fair cheek of the sleeping nun.

"And where is Maria Clementina?" asked my friend, as we entered other rooms from another hall, where two or three friends, who had been introduced into the buildings, like ourselves, were seated in conversation with some of the nuns.

"I will send for her," said one of the dark-clad ladies, who, with others, was accompanying us, and as we stepped into yet another room.

A little time only had passed, and I had said to my friend, You are not designing again to deceive me?

"Most certainly not," was his reply, which now seemed most sincere; when, the next moment, the nun who had volunteered to thread a number of the passage-ways to find Maria Clementina, returned again, and, to my utter astonishment, and I have reason to suppose, to the no little confusion of my friend, introduced me to the young and fair Clementina, to whom he had made me acquainted, on my first entrance into the convent.

I could only advance, and repeat the assurances of my own interest, and that of our mutual friends, and adding an apology for the desire of renewing the introduction, as my friend here, who must take the responsibility of the occasion, assured me that I was not originally introduced to Maria Clementina. We chatted again for a little time, about our American friends, whom *she had seen*, and which now yet more confirmed me that I was, in reality, with the nun, who well answered the description which I had read of her, during the morning; and now we passed through yet other circuitous passages, and, at length, joined the crowd on the piazza, which lead quite along the side of the spacious buildings which front the inwalled gardens of the convent. A number of nuns and their friends had gathered here, into a small bastion room, which opened from two of its sides into the piazza, which, at this point, made an angle. This room contained an altar, hung with pictures, and studded with the brazen candle-sticks, and gilded images, characteristic of the religion of the Catholics. A piano-forte also occupied a position near the altar. The nuns, some of them were standing, and others sitting upon the carpet, all at perfect ease with their company; while others of the company, in considerable numbers, were gathered on the piazzas, near the two doors of the small room. A harp, also, stood at the end of the piano-forte; and now a lady in full and rather gaudy dress, but tasteful, advanced to the harp, and music was expected. A young nun was seated at the piano-forte,

who seemed to me more youthful still than the Clementina, to whom I had been introduced. I asked Mr. P., through whose politeness I had been introduced into the convent, to whom we were to be indebted for our music on the harp?

"It was his wife."

"And I am sure, then, you should be a musical and happy man, sir."

The music soon awoke, the harp and the piano-forte. It was a sweet quadrille, vibrating on the soft air of Madeira, and within the sacred enclosures of the convent of Santa Clara—the orange tree, and the citron, and the rose, and the geranium, and the jasmine, giving forth their rich perfume to the gentle breath of evening, which was borne in zephyr-breeze along the flower-enamelled piazza, alike to meet the cheek of the English belle, the brunet beauty of the Portuguese, and the now laughing lip of the happy nun, clad in her cloistered and flowing habiliments, and delighted to greet within their own enclosures the friends with whom, in other days, she had only conversed through the cold barriers of unsocial and double gratings.

A number of voluntaries and variations were played, in good taste. A young Portuguese sang a laughing melody; and his Portuguese laugh I shall never forget. It will haunt me over the waters, but the recollection will not be disagreeable among remembered symphonies, as some spell of darker spirit, which mingled unearthly things with sweet harmonies that melted, while its own and single notes thrilled with the awe of superstitious forebodings.

And as I stood beside one of the doors of the small room, now principally occupied by the ladies, listening to the music, I addressed a Portuguese gentleman at my side, in the absence of my friend, and asked, (for I was not yet fully satisfied as to my having seen the real Maria Clementina,) who was the young nun, sitting in front of a gentleman, whom I now designated.

"Nun, Senhor!" said the Portuguese, "I do not see any nun in that direction."

"It strikes me," I replied, "that she very much resembles the other young nun at the piano-forte, with blond hair and a more rosy cheek."

"Oh, sir," said the Portuguese, looking me kindly in

the face, "that young lady, at the piano-forte, is Miss P., the daughter of the lady at the harp, and sister to the young lady you take for a nun beside the gentleman There is a still younger daughter near us. They have only put on the habito and the veil of the nuns for this occasion."

I said no more, and at once comprehended the scene and my own circumstances. I held up my finger rather menacingly to my friend, who, however, had already assured me that we had been a second time deceived. He had also pointed out one of the nuns, as she had quickly passed us, as the real Maria Clementina. I advanced to Miss P., and assured her that she was no less interesting in her own proper person than as Donna Clementina; and I did not know but a second apology was due her for my almost inexcusable blunders.

The young lady replied that she was Clementina here, and Miss P. at home. She had once had the pleasure of meeting my friend Mrs. R., when she was at the island of Madeira, and therefore was glad to hear from her; and supposed, when I spoke of her, that I was aware of their slight acquaintance.

Some moments afterwards, my fair and interesting friend, who so perfectly graced the habito and the veo do fummo of the Santa Clara nuns, approached me and said they were about to engage in a little dance, and would I join them?

I excused myself, by saying that I had ceased, for some years, to dance, and she must pardon me. Indeed, I felt that I was certainly subjecting myself to the imputation of the want of proper gallantry when adhering to what I deemed—though it be a dissent from some of the clergy of the English church—in my own case to be propriety. The dance did not take place; and I thought I must attribute the failure in some little degree to the fact that I did not consent to join it. It certainly would have exhibited an interesting scene—and rather an unique one to an American—nuns and priests, and the gay lip and the bright eye of young and happy hearts, mingling in the dance within the supposed-to-be impenetrable and sacred enclosures of a religious convent.

The music was repeated before we left. And while I was conversing with a group of Portuguese gentlemen on the piazza, a gentleman approached me and desired to know if I were from the United States. I replied that I was. He had lately returned from America, he said, by the way of Europe. There was an American lady present, to whom he would introduce me if I would allow him.

I was happy indeed to learn, that Mrs. Abrêo, the young wife of the gentleman who was addressing me, had just reached the island in company with him, by the way of London. She is a niece of General Van N., a family of Washington, at whose house I had dined, and with some members of whose family I had formed a slight acquaintance. I met in Mrs. A. a young and pretty woman, and was justly happy that America would have so interesting a representative of the sex from the land of my home.

During my interview with Mrs. Abrêo, I told her of my adventure with Clementina, the young and interesting Miss P. She smiled, and asked if I had become acquainted with the real Maria Clementina. Her husband, she added, was particularly acquainted with her, and had known her from her youth, and would introduce me to her. He did so.

There was now no longer any doubt that I saw the interesting person, who had awakened so much interest in other days—whose story has been repeated in both hemispheres for its romance; and herself deemed the queen of all that is lovely in person, and delicate and elegant in manners; and she had not yet ceased to attract the interest and consideration of the stranger, and the continued courtesies of older friends. When I mentioned the name of my own fair countrywoman, who had left a just impression of her accomplishments and goodness of heart in the island, the nun's eye lighted up with a brilliancy which must have been equal to her fame when she was some years younger. She talks with great vivacity, and seems yet to be the favorite of those who visit the convent. She speaks French, but understands little English; and yet she seemed to comprehend, with

almost the quickness of intuition, an English sentence, if given to be interpreted to her in Portuguese. Her manners were easy and lady-like—far more soft and delicate than I had been led to judge, from the description of one who had seen her during the revolution, which, for a period, opened the doors of the convents of the island. Her person is slighter than most of her sisters-recluse, and I should think taller; her figure and features partaking of the more graceful form, (as we think it,) and thinner, classic visage of an American lady. She spoke of our ships; of the great kindness of Mrs. R., and inquired, by name, after some of the Americans with whom she had met.

When I parted with her, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Abrêo, at the large doors opening into the court without—Mr. and Mrs. A. having invited me to accompany them to the residence of their friends, where they were to meet a small collection of their connections—I said to the nun, that I had made a collection of artificial flowers, which Genoveva Caroleta had in her care for me: would she add a bouquet of natural ones from the garden, from which I might press a few to take with me to America? And should I see her again if I called at the convent?

She replied that she would meet me at the speaking parlor, if I should call again. I knew that there would be no other opportunity of entering within the inner walls of the convent.

And should I inquire for Santa Maria Clementina? I added.

"No—no"—she said, as she cast a melancholy look into the face of Mrs. A., on whose arm she was now leaning. It was the melancholy of a Portuguese eye, which laughs and melts in floating light when it is not sad; and then she added, "I am not *yet* a saint—inquire for Maria Clementina." I sought not to interpret that look of sadness and gentle smile of feature, that seemed to say that the heart wept.

The next day I sent for my flowers, and among them was another artificial bouquet, more beautiful than any which I had selected, with the signature, in her own fair handwriting, tastefully affixed to it, "Maria Clementina."

My visit to the convent of Santa Clara had been highly

gratifying. The general appearance of the nuns was happy. In their persons they were very generally inclined to *embonpoint*, with but a very few exceptions out of the fifty-four nuns who are now in the convent of Santa Clara. Maria Clementina is an interesting exception. Genoveva Caroleta I should think the youngest nun in the convent, and is quite pretty. Her person and features are more à la Portugaise, than her further-famed sister of the convent. She, also, has been distinguished for her beauty, and merits admiration. Her eye (few nations can equal the Portuguese in the general beauty of this feature of their women) is sweet beyond expression, and national. The Portuguese eye languishes in its smiles of light, and yet has nothing of the glare of the dark French eye. It is soft, melting, floating, and the light that beams from its contrast of dark and purest white, greets you in vivacity, and sympathy, and sentiment, as the conversations may awaken the different classes of emotions. You would think it easy for such to weep, while the tear would leave the eye yet undimmed, and when brushed away, its smiling light would greet you as before. It is said, and I have thought it true, that dark eyes have only one expression, though always bright. It is not so with the Portuguese eye. Genoveva's is large, soft, laughing, and sentimental, and more beautiful as a single feature, perhaps, than the eye of her fair sister, and her other features, with the exception of her double chin, are interesting. She is more purely a Portuguese beauty than Maria Clementina, who, with her more symmetrical features, possesses also a more engaging and graceful person.

The Santa Clara Convent, I understand, is well endowed. But no accessions can be made to the number of its inmates; and when the present nuns shall have died, the property entailed to the convent, reverts to the Government.

The Curral, an object of great interest to the stranger who visits the island, being a deep and fertile ravine of the mountains, which, on its sides and its valley is cultivated by the peasantry, belongs to the convent of Santa Clara.

At the convent, on the afternoon of our visit, I saw but

one priest besides the bishop or vicar-general. The bishop was clad in usual European dress, with the exception of red cuffs to his coat, and scarlet stockings, worn with short-clothes. He is a partisan of the present powers. The favorer of Don Miguel was exiled, in haste, during the last revolution, in which Don Pedro gained the supremacy.

BURIAL GROUNDS AND BURIALS.

The day succeeding my visit to the convent of Santa Clara, I spent in company with a gentleman of the island and one of our officers, visiting different objects of interest in Funchal.

The English burial ground was one of these objects of interest. Although the ground is small, and hemmed in on all sides by buildings, in the midst of the city, it is filled with flowers; and many of the graves, as we saw them, were marked only by one unbroken cluster of fresh and beautiful rose-heads, so trimmed and arranged as to form the shape of a monumental mound. The avenues were here, as in almost all the gardens, lined on either side with hedges of geraniums. But it was an emotion of deep sadness which awoke, as I walked along the flowery paths of this lovely little cemetery. It was youth and beauty, and *young life from other lands*, which had come here to prolong its career, but found, in this isle of flowers, an early grave. The great majority of the stranger-sleepers are under the age of twenty-five.

> "The good die first;
> And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket."

I paused at a monument in relievo in the wall, with a lovely design in marble. It represented, in classic chaste ness, a female figure reclining, in contemplative sadness, with her arms resting in abstracted grief around an urn. It marked the resting spot of a lovely girl of 16 years of age, from Liverpool, England. She sought health, like many others, but returned not to the land of her fathers. Her name was "Frances," and, as the monument said.

"She sleeps in Jesus. Far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

"Whom the gods love die early," is an ancient aphorism, that recurred to my memory as I turned from this to a neighboring monument, with the following inscription:

"GEO. FARISH."
"Qu. et Trin. Coll. Cam."

This young man was engaged to the daughter of Legh Richmond. They were married but a few days before they sailed together for the island of Madeira, where she left him entombed among the roses, which die, and bloom again when spring comes; but the sear of the blighted heart that has felt the frost of the cold hand that has laid its dearer half in the tomb, knows not again the freshness of its young verdure. If aught, however, can render soft the heart of grief, surely it must murmur its faintest and soft moan, while winding through these profusions of flowers, geranium-hedges, and rose-embowered monuments.

Nearly opposite, a few steps from the entrance to this repository of the young, the loved, and the beautiful, is the ground, called "The Strangers' Burial Place." It is the old place of interment, and smaller than the new ground. There was a time, when Papacy reigned in its greatest superstition and power, that the Protestant stranger could find, in the island, no place for the repose of his dust. His body was thrown into the sea. Since 1770, the uncharitable and cruel prohibition has been removed. Within this ground is the trunk of a large orange-tree, which still gives forth its few branches. It is some twelve or more inches in diameter, and has been long standing, to contemplate the solemn advance of procession after procession to deposit, in deep and lone sleep, friend after friend; and has seen the tear fall from the eye of kindred, and heard the low moan and suppressed sigh of widow and orphan, and of hearts that loved with sisters' and brothers' love; and gave to them all the most impressive of all sympathy, its silence. After this burial ground was opened for the interment of strangers, and Madeira had become the resort

of invalids, it was a common saying among the Portuguese, when observing one of these sorrowful seekers for renewed health, to say,

"He is going to the orange-tree."

We all, in this life of change, have our private sorrows and tearful remembrances, which the association of place or time or circumstance brings up to the mind's review and re-saddens the heart. As we walked among these graves, doubtless our thoughts took their separate course, with some private reference to the memories of each one's own kindred dead. I envy not the man who can walk through the grave-yard with a bosom that wakes no sigh, and with a heart that never declared its emotion by the tribute of a tear. And there are moments while others surround us, in which we were never more alone. The friend that was with me I saw stand at the flowery mound which marked the resting place of his early companion. For myself, the scene around me had in it much to recall past hours, when the currents of deep wo had coursed through a heart which had been bereft of a brother next older than myself, and a sister next younger; and with the insinuating and insidious disease which had borne most of these from earth to a world where life ends not. I thought, too, how I had stood beside the grave of that brother, who, like some of these, had gone far from his home to southern latitudes, in search of health, but returned no more to the embrace of doting friends. Who can know the anguish of that heart that ceases its last beat among strangers, but he who has left the home he loves to die in other climes? And who but such can realize the beauty of the eastern blessing, "*May you die among your kindred!*" But the lone hour when I saw a brother's grave filling, far from kindred and home, claimed not now the tenderest thoughts, as I walked through the home of these young consumptives. It was at midnight, when I last stood beside a *sister's* grave. How do I remember it! It was but the last night before I left my home for my distant wanderings; and only a few days before, that sister had rested in my arms as she breathed her last; and almost with her last breath, conveyed from her lips her farewell kiss. It was a wintry

grave! And over it, unlike the flowers that covered these, the snow had thrown its robe of white, which I then thought so emblematical of the purity of her beautiful character and lovely piety. Who can tell the hallowedness of a sister's love, until he feels its absence? Who ever shed a holier tear, than falls upon a sister's grave?

The same friend who accompanied us to the English burial ground, was kind enough to call upon me the last day I was on shore, to say, that the funeral obsequies of Donna Senhora Cabral were to be attended that afternoon, and he would accompany me to witness a Portuguese burial. This lady was a cousin of Count Carvalhal, lately deceased himself, who was deemed the wealthiest fidalgo on the island, if not the richest subject of the king. I gladly availed myself of the invitation; but by mistaking the church, we were belated, so that we did not reach the cathedral in time to witness the ceremony, though we saw the interment of the body.

The ceremony of a Portuguese funeral, however, is described to be (or, at least, formerly was) much as follows. The body is interred, as soon as twenty-four hours after the decease. It is borne on an open bier to the place where it is finally to be deposited, with the face and arms exposed, and attended by priest and friar, chanting a funeral dirge. The friends of the deceased follow next, and the line of the procession is closed by a motley company of beggars, bearing torch-lights. With the body a quantity of vinegar and lime is thrown into the grave, to cause a quicker decay, that room may be made for others. Their churches are the only places where the Catholics inter their dead, and, by consequence, the space for these purposes must be small. The relatives of the deceased never follow the departed to the interment. It would be deemed, in the sentiment of a Portuguese, as highly improper; and the widow of the departed, in the higher circles, is said not to leave her house for twelve months after the loss of her husband.

The grave-men were adjusting the coffin in its place of skulls when we reached the cathedral, and persons who had attended the ceremonies were all retired from the building. The excavation had been made beneath the floor of

one of the small rooms or chapels, which form recesses from the main part of the church, and contain each an altar. There are some three or four of these private chapels with their altars, in this collegiate church of Saint Peter, where the remains of this lady were interred.

The place of interment was indeed "the place of skulls," for, in digging the grave, there had been thrown out with the earth more than a dozen skulls and more than a bushel of bones, which we perceived lying upon the consecrated dust, now placed in its heap upon the floor of the recess of the altar. And as we looked within the grave, we saw that its sides were nearly lined with similar emblems of our mortality and decay, jutting from the uneven walls of the excavation. How many slept there in their commingled dust!

Knowing that the body was generally exposed before its interment, and finding ourselves too late to witness the manner of its attire, my friend, in Portuguese, asked the persons who were yet adjusting the coffin in its place, if it were admissible to open it. We were given to understand, that if we would give them money it should be done; and they immediately laid the lid upon, which was divided lengthwise in the centre, so as to form a folding lid, on hinges. The sleeping Donna, unconscious of the eyes which gazed not irreverently, but with pity and sorrow, lay before us, robed in a black silk dress, and lace cap and veil, and shoes and stockings. The coffin was of common materials, as usual, lined inside with white, and outside with black. We were satisfied when we had lingered a moment over this sad exhibition of the last end of mortality; when, instead of immediately reclosing the folding lid, the sexton placed the veil doubly over the face of the sleeping Donna, and shovelled the consecrated dust, mingled with the dust of her ancestry, around and over her face and body, as she lay within the coffin. This seemed like cruelty to me, but my friend assured me that it was a greater honor to the dead, thus to fill the coffin with the hallowed dust. The grave-men then reclosed the lid and half filled the grave, when they took the skulls and many bones and replaced them in the excavation, and completed the task before them, where the mingled dust of the

new-comer would rest, until another claimant for a place among these deep reposers should again lay open this crowded home of the dead.

As the sexton was throwing the earth into the coffin, it was asked if it would be deemed sacrilege to take the piece of satin riband, attached to the head-dress of the unconscious Donna. The answer was immediately given to the question by the action of one of the men, as he severed the riband from the dress, upon which my friend, as he folded it, inscribed with his pencil,

"Donna Senhora Cabral, died and interred June 2d, 1838;" and passed it to me as a memento of a scene so peculiar and solemn.

We left the grave and wandered through the church, a guide being at my elbow, and admitting me into every recess. As I was about leaving the church, with my two companions, I perceived a priest with his assistant, (the latter of whom was standing near the place of interment while we were witnessing the covering of the relics,) in one of the lesser rooms of the cathedral. The low bow of the priest invited an interview, while my friends were lingering on the steps of the cathedral. The priest was exceedingly urbane, and invited me to his house. Among other things, he remarked that he had been imprisoned by Don Miguel, in Lisbon, but under the present regime, he was the first collegiate priest of the church of St. Peter. He gave me his name as I left him, much regretting that I should not be able to meet him again that I might gain various information, which I felt assured he would readily have communicated, and which, to myself, at least, would have been highly interesting. He wrote his name and titles in a neat and legible hand on a paper, which he handed me in exchange for my card.

An interesting daughter of the lady whose funeral obsequies we attended, is now in England. There is interest connected with her story. In her association with some of her English friends, her mind became interested on the subject of the Protestant creed. She saw that some things in her own faith were greatly erroneous. But if she became a Protestant, she would lose her cast; and the trial of one placed in her circumstances, probably, can only be

known by those who have been similarly situated. Her English friends (how judiciously I do not pretend to judge, but with Protestants there is sometimes need of more charity than they exercise) insisted that it was her duty, at once, to give up her Catholic creed and embrace theirs. And in her state of agitation, still believing the truth of much that was the hereditary religion of her family, and yet perceiving that other things were untenable, and, perhaps, injudiciously pressed by her Protestant associates, she became much excited, and for a period, her mind lost its balance in the delirium of her emotions, through ill-judged and contrary counsels of friends. She however regained her reason; and for the improvement of her health, or for the sake of accompanying some of her English friends, she is now visiting England. It was said to me, by the friend who narrated these circumstances, that the mother, who now sleeps so low and lorn, has been much solicitous for her daughter; and that this anxiety of mind, doubtless, has contributed to hasten the sad termination of the mother's life. And the daughter—may the intelligence be borne gently to thine ear, and the support which heaven, in its sympathy, alone can give, yield thee the consolations needed for early orphanage. Nought but thy God can meet the necessities for such an hour; and his friendship will suffice for the deepest wo.

THE CURRAL.

There are a number of interesting mountain rides out of Funchal. The Curral is considered one of the chief lions of Madeira, and a ride to this deep ravine, so designated, is a matter of course to all who visit the island. It is distant about five miles from the city, and by a circuitous and winding ascent. On the morning fixed upon for the excursion from the ship, seven of our officers, including myself, took their places in one of the ship's cutters, and were early conveyed to the landing at the Loo-fort. Here we found horses in waiting, from which the gentlemen selected each his trusty steed, while I despatched a man for the sure-footed animal which, on several occasions, I had ridden, and now preferred for his known speed, ease,

and safety. The officers had mounted and were on their ascending way, with the exception of Professor Belcher, who delayed a few moments to accompany myself, knowing that we should soon overhaul the cavalcade, which had struck forward in full speed and loud tramp of their horses' hoofs over the paved and narrow passage that led to the mountain through the suburbs of the city, and occasionally by a quinta situated on the western side of the city. But a few moments had passed, when Antonio, a Portuguese, who had before served me, dashed down the descent to the level of the fort; and with his amiable smile, which the expectation of a good day's bargain rendered even more amiable, led forward his horse for me to mount, and at the same time smoothing his hand upon the well-groomed neck of the animal, added with great confidence, "Caval American mointebom"—a very fine American horse—which I had already proved to be true. We were but a moment behind our friends, but we found them in the midst of a shower of mists, which had reached them before ourselves, and in which we now, together, advanced along the mountain-way. The principal excitement along the road arose from the narrowness of the track, which led along the mountain, and winding around jutting peaks, which looked down hundreds of feet into the deep below; to the bottom of which, in many places, both horse and rider would pitch, if the animal should make a single false step.

The day which we had selected for our visit to this deep ravine among the mountains was very unfavorable; but it was the only one we could expect to have. It is often the case, and was thus every day while we were lying off Funchal, that the mountain is capped with clouds which roll half way down the aslant, while the sun is shining within the city. But our purpose remained unchanged, although the greatest part of our ride to the mountain's highest peaks, was through showers of rain. Occasionally the sky would light up, as the mists would break away, or be seen sailing in horizontal strata along the high sides of the deep ravines far above us; while we were winding along the narrow path, which had been made on the steep aslants. These appearances of the clouds themselves were an object of curiosity, occasionally opening above

us and exhibiting a deep blue vault, through the fleecy vista; while beneath us lay vast chasms, on the sides of which our passage was now leading to the mightiest of these mighty openings, which exist everywhere throughout the island.

As our ride was early, we met many of the peasantry descending from their mountain homes, with various articles upon their heads, which they were bearing to the city, as the fruits of their toil and the means for gaining, in exchange, a string of fish or bag of minto, or other article of food or little luxury. Again we would catch, in picturesque relief on some far-off peak, three or four peasants, winding along their private paths, their diminutive forms describing themselves in outline on the light beyond them. And in some other and still lower positions, with a chasm between us, we now and ever descried the shepherd boys and girls, with their crook, guarding their flocks of goats, or more generally their stock of a small and beautiful breed of cattle, feeding on the green herbage that coated the steep acclivities everywhere. The constant care of the peasant is needed for his flock, to prevent their wandering down declivities, up which they could not again ascend; and to keep them within the range which shall enable them to direct their way back to their mountain shantees before night; for every step here, when the deep shades of the ravines have spread themselves, would be the step of death, as it launched the bewildered straggler thousands of feet below.

Having urged on our course by the narrow path that wound along the sides and projecting peaks of the ravines, leading up and still up the steep acclivities at angles of ascent, sometimes so great as to make it appear impossible to rise them, and which the horses only accomplished by starting upon the full spring before they reached the steepest aslants, we finally came, and suddenly, upon the full view of the deep ravine, which constitutes the famous Curral of the island of Madeira. It is 1600 feet deep from the point at which we were standing; and the dark sides of the ravine raise their sublime bulwarks until they are lost in the clouds yet above us. At the bottom of the ravine runs a blue foaming current, dashing on its way,

and no wider, as seen from the elevated position at which we stood, than the riband on a lady's hat. A chapel, occupied by a solitary monk, is situated on the flats below; and the day after our visit, two officers who sought the same position, spied the "pilgrim's flag" flying from its walls, as an invitation for the strangers to descend to the bottom of the ravine. It was my intention to have done this on the day of my visit, but the road was slippery, and no persuasion nor money would tempt my Antonio to allow his horse to proceed. We therefore ascended on foot to a high peak, which gave a better view of the deep below, and of the length of the ravine. This deep hollow in the centre of the island is deemed to be an extinct crater of a volcano. We gazed into it, and marked the vineyards that occupied the cultivated grounds around the solitary church and the vine-clad peaks, and everywhere on the sides of the ravine. The blue deep was seen at the west, rolling its high surges far off at sea; and as I gazed from this elevated point, no sound was heard around, nor life, to-day, could be seen, and nature slept in her sublime solitude. A single bird, true, I should not forget, was sailing over the far-down depths, careless of the fearful vacancy of the chasm beneath him; and higher and still higher he edged up his flight, by the graceful slant of his wide-spread wing, until he scaled above us, and hung in mid-air, over our right, when he was finally lost in the clouds that rolled their mists above us. It was the Manto; but I thought of our own bird of our own republic, that looks with an undimmed eye on the sun; and decks, as an emblem of elevated bearing, the proud flag that waves over America's fair land of the brave and the free. It takes but trifles to bear back to one's native land the heart that loves its home. The manto's wing, or the canary's song, or music from the guitar's string, can call us away from foreign loves; and with an instant spell transport us from isle and over ocean, to the land and the home most dear.

Our caterer, who accompanied us, mindful of the effect of a ramble and a ride on the appetite of healthy men, had amply provided for its calls in the contents of a pouch, which one of our burroqueros, with the assistance of the tail of the horse to which he clung on our steepest ascents,

bore to the Curral. We lunched; and remounting our horses, were on our return again; with more solicitude in descending the declivities than we had experienced when rising their steeps. But we kept on our way, often with great speed, and to the no little excitement of some of the party with variable nerves. The rains had rendered the path slippery; and when we were half way on our return, and descending one of the clayey steeps, my eye suddenly rested on a horse prostrate in the path, and his rider, Lieutenant W., quite composedly, on foot, pursuing his way, ahead of him. The horse, which had fallen, and which I had supposed already dead from the position in which he lay, with his head downwards, soon rose again, with the burroquero at his side. Had the horse fallen thus at some other points of the road, both himself and the rider must have launched a thousand feet into the deep below. Instances of horses pitching from the narrow path have frequently been known, but the riders most generally have managed to escape, before the horses have taken their plunge. A gentleman assured me, that a friend of his, on the same route, had been thrown off a precipice, of fifteen feet in height; but the ravine bulging out at this point below the path, saved horse and rider from the fearful destruction that would otherwise have met them in their tumble of a thousand feet in perpendicular descent. When the burroquero, however, had regained the path, he seemed to insist upon the reinstatement of the spirited steed to the good opinion of his rider, by saying, with the greatest assurance, "Very good horse, master, *Mointebom*, killed only two men." This last expression may be a little like "*romancing*," to use an expression of one of our young gentlemen, who greatly dislikes over-coloring in descriptions; but the danger is not inconsiderable, to any one who rides over this passage of the mountain, to the Curral; and in one instance, my Antonio seized the reins of my horse, and on another occasion seemed to deem me too adventurous. I thought of the remark, that the oldest sailors are generally the most timid navigators, as they are aware of the real dangers that may be encountered. And here, Antonio loved his caval American mointebom, and was aware of the danger to which his very good American horse was exposed.

We had now descended to the foot of one of the lesser ravines, on our return. The other officers had advanced some distance, while I lingered a moment behind them, as they passed a group of peasants, beside a mountain-stream. The young women were more than usually neat in their attire, and seemed as pleased with the costume of the officers as the officers were interested in theirs. I asked the peasants if they could give me a drink from the pure stream, which was gurgling most refreshingly over the pebbles and through the green yam-leaves, at this hour, when the sun again made his appearance with his uncomfortable heat, as we were reaching the lower positions of the mountain. These mountain-nymphs seemed somewhat in a dilemma at first, as to the manner in which they should meet my request; but a woman forever, when a dilemma is to be relieved. One of the peasant girls flew up a path, to a small patch of yams, and plucked a large leaf, and in a moment was at the little streamlet again; and with a twist of the leaf formed a leaf-cup. Dipping it in the stream, she presented it to my lip, to the very considerable amusement of herself and the laughing group, while I sipped the limpid water from the extempore cup of the yam-leaf. I knew that a Portuguese peasant was ever ready to receive a compensation for every little favor, and I dropped a silver piece into her hand, and started my horse again on his way; but the sight of the money gave motion to the whole group after me. As a matter of amusement, I scattered my small pieces of coin along the path, desiring to observe the peculiarities of these mountaineers; and in a few moments more, although I kept my horse in a trot, the group of boys and girls was every half minute augmented, until I had quite a small squadron crying after me in most persuasive tones of voice, and putting forth the utmost strength of limb to reach me, as I occasionally held taught the rein of my horse and suffered the augmenting troop to come up. "Por sua suade," exclaimed the foremost boy, who had already gotten his portion, and had advanced as near as my threatening stick would allow him, "for the sake of your salvation," with his hands in the most entreating attitude; and soon the rest would hasten forward

for an additional supply. Importunate from the encouragement they had already met with, as I attempted to increase the speed of my horse, the largest boy succeeded in seizing the reins of the animal, and one further retrograde step would have landed myself and horse in the deep below. I raised my whip, and the boy dropped the reins; and I avoided another pause until I had reached a part of the path where there was a wider space, when I once more suffered the still increasing number to come up with me, and scattered among them all the small change I possessed, and soon regained my associates in the advance.

Throughout the city of Funchal, and along every road, the children of the lower classes, almost without exception, ask you "por sua suade," for alms; and if you pass them unanswered, and a group happen to be near, a general smile awakes upon their young faces, which are sad, and only then fictitiously, when they seek for a donation. Formerly, before the Franciscans were exiled, there were a vast number of beggars in the island. Now very few are seen, and only among the children. But there seems to be not the least sense of shame or degradation connected with their petition for alms.

The peasantry of the island appear to be, comparatively, a happy people. They cultivate the land, and give the proprietor one half the produce, liberally dividing the various articles they raise, even to the head of a cabbage. From the mountains they also gather billits of wood, and bundles of flowering broom, which, when dry, answers for oven wood. They receive from nine to eighteen cents for the quantity they can carry upon their heads. One half of this goes to the proprietor, from whose land the material is gathered. The same division takes place in the grapes, vegetables, poultry, and the flocks of goats and sheep, and herds of cattle. The peasant who occupies the land on these conditions, leaves his title to his children, who cultivate the soil on the same condition as the father before them.

We returned in safety to the ship, regretting that the day had not been more favorable for our ride and observation, and particularly, that we could not descend to the bottom of the Curral. But the passage along the

ravines, ascending to the point where we gazed into this deepest chasm of the mountains, and the grand scenery beneath, and above, and around us—of high peak and fearful slant—of far off and blue ocean—of cloud, sailing but half way up the sublime mountain-sides—here, deep green and clad in vines, and there, dark brown in its rough pumice-stone or basalt, and jets of water spouting from its wide area, and lining its way, like a silver stream floating on a dark ground to the bottom of the crater, or to mingle its bright line in the Ribeiro do Curral—all, with the peasantry in their mountain fastnesses, constitute elements of the beautiful and the sublime, the rural, the picturesque, and the novel, which, in their combination, produce a picture that will ever appear unique for its singularity, grand for the prevalence of the vast, and pleasingly exciting for the blending of so much beauty with the fearful.

VARIOUS PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

The grounds of Count Carvalhal, lately deceased, the rich fidalgo of the island, and deemed one of the wealthiest subjects of the Portuguese king, are deemed an object of curiosity to the visiter of Funchal. His situation, called Palherio, is on the east of the city. We rode to it in the afternoon. The late proprietor left his large estates involved in dispute among his heirs. He is spoken of as having been a man of great interest of character in his liberal contributions for every public improvement; and his own grounds exhibit him to have been a man of taste. His domain is set out with forest trees, forming wide avenues of oaks, firs, chestnut, in imitation of an English park. The double camilla grows here in rich perfection, and exists in immense hedges. The tree reaches six to eight feet in height, and the flower, in its white and red, more nearly becomes the rival of the rose, than any other shrub of which the queen of flowers could be jealous. The perfume of the rose is wanting, but the ever-green leaf of the tree, with its polished luxuriance, has altogether its superiority over the rose. We regretted that the shrub was not in blossom.

In a ramble which I took alone and at random, the evening preceding the one we were to leave the island, I entered the grounds of Palmyra, regarded as one of the most beautiful quintas on the island. It is a lovely spot. The courtesy of Mr. O. invited me to the house, after having with much politeness accompanied me through the grounds. The interview with himself and sister is remembered with pleasure. Miss O. spoke of the works of the Abbots with interest; and her taste made her commendation of these American productions a matter of gratification to myself. Mr. O., a genteel young gentleman, visited our ship the next day, and I was pleased with the opportunity of reciprocating his courtesy.

At the Til, another quinta, we looked with interest upon a large bath in the centre of the buildings, supplied with water from the mountains, as being the reservoir in which Captain Canning of the Royal Navy, son of the late Prime Minister of England, was drowned. He had proposed to bathe previous to breakfast, and delaying longer than was expected, was sent for. His clothes lying by the side of the bath, and his person being unseen, declared the melancholy catastrophe.

Having spent the evening with Mr. A., at his friend's, I left at a late hour their residence, for the American Consul's. It was quite dark in the narrow streets of Funchal, through several of which I was to pass. The servant was furnished with torches, formed of pitch and broom, which quite lighted up the narrow street, and made our course through the dark passes striking and characteristic. As we were thus seeking the residence of the Consul, we passed a lady, borne in a palanquin. The two men who moved forward with this comfortable conveyance, also bore their lighted torches. The vivid glare of the meeting lights rendered each party distinct to the view of the other; and with a salutation, we each continued our glaring way through the dark streets, over which night, with her sablest wing, seemed at this hour to hover.

The palanquin is a kind of sedan, attached by cords, at each end, to a long pole, which rests on the shoulders of two athletic Portuguese peasants. The lady places her

self on a seat, or reclines as she chooses; and if she please, she draws a curtain, which is thrown over the pole, so that it may entirely conceal her person within, or only partially, so as to defend from the sun or rain, while the passers-by and the lady may recognise each other. When crossing the mountains or performing any distance from Funchal, a hammock is slung to the pole instead of the palanquin, being more convenient both for the person carried, and those who bear the traveller. The facility and strength which the peasantry manifest in ascending the mountains with such a burden, is surprising. The peasantry are a hardy race, and perfectly courteous. Their ease in saluting the stranger would do credit to men who pride themselves on much better breeding. They wear a small cap upon their head, terminating in a peak. Their trousers are gathered tight below the knee, leaving the calf of the leg and foot bare, unless a boot of goat-skin decorates the lower part of the limb. A jacket and shirt complete the dress. The peasant women wear a short petticoat, a bodice, and a shawl, with a cap of blue broadcloth lined with red, similar to the men's. The cloth from which they usually make their garments, is a homespun linen. The frock or petticoat of the women is sometimes a striped material of yellow and red. The peasants invariably salute the stranger, by raising the cap, and the men never pass a peasant woman of their own class, without doing the same. On our way to the Curral, we passed not a single peasant who did not make this courteous demonstration of his polite and easy manners.

The stranger will be struck and pleased with the marked ease and courtesy of the Portuguese at Madeira, in its society of every grade. The higher orders of the Portuguese and English society are a good deal distinct. I know not that there are any jealousies existing between them. But I should attribute the circumstance to the fact, that the English families are sufficient in number to form a society of their own, and but few Portuguese women speak the English with ease; nor are there many English women who readily converse in the Portuguese language. The gentlemen, however, more generally, speak the two languages of the island.

On our arrival at Madeira, among other vessels, we found an English yacht. It has excited some interest from the circumstance that a lady commands it, who is thus seeking her health upon the billow. She is the wife of Col. H. Her story, as given by herself, is, that her husband had purchased and fitted up the boat, with the intention of accompanying his wife to sea. But on the eve of their sailing, he was promoted to a command in the Guards, which was deemed a matter of sufficient interest to the husband, to decide him not to accompany his lady on the proposed voyage. The alternative was, that his wife must remain at home, or consult her health by entering on her course, unattended by her husband, to the latitudes recommended. She did not hesitate, however singular it might be deemed by the world, to give her health the first consideration, according to their original plan. With her servant, pilot and crew, she has consequently been pursuing her track on the ocean. She dares

"The wild raging sea,"

with all the composure of a rear-admiral, and daily unfolds her sails to the evening breeze, and dashes out into the offing over the blue surges, in her beautiful little bark, bounding upon the sea-billow as light and securely as a swan, rippled on the waves of a home-stream.

She passed under the stern of the Columbia this evening, while her band was playing "Yankee-doodle," and her crew, composed of some seven or eight in number, were dancing on the deck, in tip-toe glee, to our national air. Mrs. H. was sitting in her usual place on the quarter-deck, with a young friend lounging comfortably near her, and her pilot standing near the steersman to guide the bark. Our officer of the deck touched his cap as the yacht glided by; and laughingly said, as he took his seat at the tea-table a few moments since, "I was about to call you to witness *a scene*, but was rather too busy just at the moment." The particulars above we knew, having heard the music of the yacht as she passed. The Lieutenant, who has a nice perception both of fitness and the ridiculous, continued, 'I thought our band was rather too small in its numerical constitution to return the compliment, and being just ready

to send down the royal yards, the music beat the call, and away came the pennant, ensign, and royal yards; and as the yacht rounded about the frigate's bow, we rolled off in fine style." A very clever thing, was the response, with a simultaneous peal of approbation from the mess.

A LEGEND OF THE MADEIRAS.

There is a pretty legend connected with the first discovery of Madeira, if I may so call a romantic narrative, which has been embodied, as dignified history, in the writings of Cadeyro, who is considered by the Portuguese one of their historians of the first rank. The incident is laid in the times of Edward III. of England and Don John the First of Portugal.

An English gentleman by the name of Robert Machin became attached to a young lady of noble family, by the name of Anna D'Arfet. Her beauty, accomplishments, and endowments, of course, were equal to her birth, and her fortune large. She reciprocated the attachment of Machin; but on account of the superiority of the lady's family, the parents forbade the union of the two lovers. To prevent the consummation of the desires of Anna D'Arfet and Robert Machin—as the young heroine thought virtue and noble qualities of more value than antiquity or elevation of family—the parents compelled their daughter to accept the offers of a nobleman of distinction, who was, however, the object of her great aversion. And to render the wishes of the parents and the noble lord more certain of accomplishment, a warrant was obtained from the king, on some pretext, by which Machin was retained in prison until after the celebration of the nuptials between Anna D'Arfet and the noble suitor. The bride was immediately conveyed, by her husband, to one of his country estates, near Bristol, where she became the inmate of a strong castle. It being supposed that the lady was now successfully secured from forming a connection, which her friends deemed would have been dishonorable to the dignity of their family, Machin was suffered to leave his prison. But the lover, on hearing the intelligence of the marriage, first gave himself up to despair; then, impelled by rage

and revenge, he determined, if possible, to rescue the object of his love from a position he had every reason to believe to be a state of extreme wretchedness to her, and to which she had been reduced by acts of the greatest cruelty. He had his friends, who all pledged their devotion for executing his plans. He sought her castle—communicated, by stratagem, his presence and purposes, if she would consent to accompany him—and having a small vessel already manned, he gained her consent; and the lovers were soon together in their bark, making their way, as they supposed, successfully to the coast of France. But the winds arising, they were driven far out to sea; and bewildered, as they had no experienced pilot on board, they missed their intended port; and when nearly exhausted and hopeless, after being thirteen days at sea, they descried a dark object looming in the distance, which, as the sun broke clearly upon it in their nearer approach, they discovered, to their inexpressible relief, to be land. As they neared the high bluffs, the land presented the beautiful appearance of green luxuriance; and birds, with white and yellow plumage, lighted upon their vessel. And yet, while I was on the island, a single canary and a solitary manto, were the only two birds which met my eye, in my different rides and rambles. But the age of which we are speaking, of Anna D'Arfet and Robert Machin, were days of adventure, and love, and beautiful birds. The sea was tranquil, as they came still nearer the island, and before them was exhibited a scene of enchantment.

The boat was launched, and the party examined the point which had attracted their attention for its beauty. The report of the boat's crew was so favorable as to lead the distressed lovers to hope that they had, at least for a time, obtained a haven of repose, refreshment, and security. Fruits of various kinds, indigenous to the island, met their eye and gratified their taste; and the honey found in the crevices of the rocks possessed the flavor of violets. The trees were immense; and the forests, undisturbed in the quiet of unrecorded years, displayed their verdant and massive canopies of foliage. This may not be improbable, though the island now is almost entirely destitute of forest trees. I saw the trunk of one of the old

monarchs of the isle, measuring more than thirty feet in circumference, which still lingered in its leafless dignity, in the grounds of the Til.

Machin and Anna D'Arfet, with some of their followers, left the ship, and landed at the spot which had attracted their gaze for its loveliness, and where they were anticipating that they should enjoy the delights of security, as they calmed their minds, after the perils of the tempestuous voyage. But their peace was destined not long to continue. A storm was borne over the ocean; and the ill-anchored vessel, which, under any circumstances of mooring, could hardly have withstood the rolling of the open roadstead, was forced to put to sea, while nothing of necessity or accommodation had been conveyed from the vessel to the shore. The vessel, at length, was lost to the anxious gazers on the shore. The shock of this new calamity overpowered the already prostrated system of the young sufferer, and her form sunk beneath the pressure of her dejected spirits and increasing misfortunes. The spirit of the lovely Anna D'Arfet could no longer support the multiplied distresses of her situation, and in a few days she expired, in the arms of her devoted and distracted lover.

Aware that he could but a little while survive the loss, which had thus overwhelmed him and made life to him of no longer desire, Machin spent the few succeeding days in erecting a memorial, to perpetuate the story of the fidelity, the affection, and the misfortunes of their loves. And as he was breathing almost his last respiration, he entreated his followers, that his own remains might be interred in the bosom of the same grave with his beloved Anna. The request of Machin was religiously complied with, and the bodies of the lovers slept together at the foot of an erected altar, beneath the overhanging boughs of a wide-spreading tree, against the stupendous stem of which a cedar cross was placed, which seems to have been venerated in the changes of time, as it yet occupies its original position, to awaken the sympathy of the passer-by, while he reads the story of Robert Machin and Anna D'Arfet. Thus terminated the sad tale of these two unfortunate lovers. And thus, and

"Far from their own, their native land they slept;
No pitying kindred o'er their relics wept!
Madeira's earth enshrined the hapless pair,
The first who lived, who loved, who perished there."

On the memorial, however, which Machin had left to perpetuate the affecting tale of his own and his loved one's fate, was a request that if, at any future period, a colony should be planted upon the island by Christians, they would erect on the spot a church, to be consecrated to the Redeemer of mankind. The pious request of the dying lover has been complied with; and a church, dedicated as desired, now occupies the memorable spot.

After the death of their leader, the distressed followers of Machin left the island, whether in the boat which they had preserved, or in a larger craft which they constructed for the purpose, is not said; and they made the African coast, which lies about three hundred miles from the island of Madeira. They were captured by the Barbary powers and carried to Morocco, where they fell in with their old companions, who had been driven on the same shores and lost their vessel. While they were all confined in slavery, the topic of their adventures was often the subject of their conversation, all of which Juan de Morales, a Spaniard, was particular in observing, and treasuring in his memory. He questioned them about the island, and all particulars which he deemed of interest as to its locality, beauty, and worth. With this information he was soon afterwards ransomed, by the particular intervention of the king of Spain; but while returning to his own country, he was taken prisoner and carried into Lisbon by Joao Gonsalves Zarco, a Portuguese navigator, to whom he narrated the particulars, which he had gained from the party of English, who had been his fellow prisoners at Morocco.

Zarco, imbued with the spirit of adventure, communicated the intelligence which he had gained from the Spaniard to the Infant Henry of Portugal, whose mother was the daughter of Edward III. of England. The Prince Henry submitted the information to his brother, Don John, the king of Portugal, who immediately ordered a ship to be got in readiness for Zarco, who undertook,

without delay, to make the discovery of the island of which they had gained this account. He sailed on the first of June, 1419, and reached Porto Santo, which had been discovered a few years before, and was held by the Portuguese. He made a short stay. The inhabitants informed him that off at the westward, a dark stupendous object was always seen, which loomed up in the distance, but which they had never approached from its dismal appearance, and which, with the superstitious apprehensions of the age, they regarded as the haunt of demons and evil spirits. The adventurous navigator having seen too many dangers to be alarmed by this representation of the supposed residence of evil genii, set off on his course, and soon made the island for which he steered; and as he gained a nearer view of the dark object as it first presented itself to the sight, he thought the lightsome beauty of its green sides, more nearly than any other known land, realized the fancy of a region of fairies, and a scene of the golden age.

At the bay they first entered, Zarco sent one of his followers on shore to make what discoveries might present themselves. He landed at the very spot which the English voyagers had but lately occupied. They soon traced their way to the place where the unfortunate lovers were interred. The altar and the cross with the inscription were soon discovered, and the spot, in commemoration of the misfortunes of the unhappy Machin, received the name of Machico, which it still retains.

The company having returned to the ship with their interesting report to Zarco, he, accompanied by two priests, went on shore, and on the same day, the 2d of July, 1419, made a pious visit to the tomb of the two lovers. The ceremonial of thanksgiving for the discovery of the island was performed, and formal possession of the same, in the name of the king of Portugal, was taken, to whose dominions the island has ever since been attached. The service for the dead, according to the Roman ritual, was then said at the sepulchre, and the ceremonies concluded by laying the first corner-stone of the church, which, according to the request of Machin, was dedicated to the Redeemer of the world, and subsequently the edifice was completed, by the materials from the tree that shel-

tered, during their residence on the island, the followers of the devoted Machin and Anna D'Arfet. The pavement of the choir was intersected with the bones of the unfortunate lovers, whose story has served to add romance to this green isle of the ocean, and which history has dignified by repeating, with how much truth we stop not to inquire, and care not particularly to know. But we do know, that nowhere else could the unfortunate Machin and the lovely Anna d'Arfet have found a sweeter spot to repose their mingled dust, until it awake again for the ever-green youth of ever-blooming years. So ends the legend of Machin and Anna d'Arfet.

Zarco found the island so thickly coated with immense forest trees, that he gave it the name of Madeira, or *Mattera*, which signifies THE ISLE OF WOOD. Proceeding still further along to the west he came to an open bay, which he deemed to be the most favorable site for the capital of the island. As the spot was remarkable for its large quantities of fennel, which is *Funchal* in the Portuguese language, he gave this name to the location from this botanical association, which has been retained up to the present time.

Zarco transmitted his favorable reports to the king; and Madeira having become a part of the Portuguese dominions, Joao Gonsalves Zarco was justly appointed to the government of the island. The king also dignified Zarco with the rank of nobility. And that he might add importance to these his newly acquired possessions, Don John sent three young noblemen from his palace to espouse the three daughters of Zarco, whom the king had endowed with large tracts of land in the island; and from these, it is said, the principal families of Madeira are descended.

The island of Madeira has been known to Americans principally for its wines; and in former years, on account of the quantities of bread-stuffs which were imported into the island from the United States. In later years the number of vessels arriving here from the United States has diminished; while it is still a matter of some interest in our commerce.

The principal part of the trade is in the hands of the

English merchants, who have their permanent residences on the island, with their families.

THE GRAPE, AND MODE OF MAKING WINE.

The following particulars in connection with the cultivation of the vine and the manner of securing its product, may not be uninteresting, as given, in substance, in a sketch by Mr. Bowditch. The best kind of grapes for making wine are the Bual, Sercial, Verdelha, Negro Mole, and Malvasia. They are said not to be palatable, as eating fruit. The vines are propagated by cuttings, which are planted in trenches. The usual mode of training the vines is on trellises, made of common cane, and from two to three feet above the ground. The commencement of gathering the grapes for pressing is early in September. The grapes are first trodden by the feet, in a trough made of wood, or excavated in the rocks; and the first juice, thus expressed, is distinguished as the *vinho da flor*. The bruised grapes are then collected within the coils of a thick rope, made of the twisted shoots of the vine, and repeatedly subjected to the press for the second quality, called *must*. This is mixed, usually, with the *vinho da flor*, and transferred the same day into casks to ferment. The rapidity of the fermentation depends partly on the warmth of the weather, and also on the perfect maturity of the grape. The more violent action commonly ceases in about a month or six weeks; but a certain degree of fermentation continues to go on, particularly in the richer qualities of vines. The liquors are clarified by a kind of gipsum, brought chiefly from Spain. This is the last process of the operation. Near the beginning of the year the wine is racked from the lees.

In the case of the Tinto wine made of the black grapes, (negro mole,) the grapes undergo only one pressure from the lever, and are afterwards drained through a sieve, which allows the husks and seeds to pass, the stalks only remaining behind. The whole is put into a vat open at the top and strained three or four times during the day, until the fermentation has ceased. Then it is racked off into casks.

In making the white wines, the different kinds of grapes are commonly mixed together, except the Malvasia or Malmsey, and the Sercial. The Malmsey grapes are suffered to ripen for a month later than any other, until the skin begins to shrivel. The Malmsey grape is produced only on a few spots, enjoying a peculiar warmth of exposure. The grape does not always produce a sweet wine. Indeed it only does so in one or two situations. In other cases sugar, burnt by a particular wood, is thrown in.

The Sercial also will succeed only in particular spots. The quantity produced scarcely equals fifty pipes a year.

A quantity of brandy, from two gallons a pipe and upwards, is generally thrown into the wines intended for exportation, with the exception, it is said, of the Tinto. In the war time, when, from the great demand, the merchants were unable to keep a great stock on hand, it was usual to ripen the wines by the use of stoves, raising the heat gradually from 60 to 100 degrees; and it is still the practice to subject a certain portion of the vintage to the operation of this artificial temperature. The mellowness of the wine is no doubt thus accelerated, but at some expense of the delicacy of its flavor.

The average quantity of the produce throughout the island is one pipe to the acre, though in some instances four pipes have been obtained.

The wine from the north of the island is generally inferior in quality. It is nearly all consumed on the island, or converted into brandy. There are about twelve distilleries. Three pipes of wine make one of brandy.

The quantity of wine produced during the five preceding years, according to a statement furnished me by the American Consul, is as follows:

In 1834,	15,000 pipes.
In 1835,	15,500 "
In 1836,	29,000 "
In 1837,	29,000* "

* The Malmsey wine has been known formerly as forming a luxuriant beverage of the more opulent classes in England. It is frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and is seen in all the accounts of ancient feasts, and in the household books of the nobility of form-

As I descended the gangway to the deck, on the last evening of our stay at Madeira, the First Lieutenant, with his usual and always amiable smile, exclaimed, "Why, Mr. T., you like to have been left—we only wait for the departure of some gentlemen, who have been dining with the Commodore, before we weigh anchors." An hour afterwards, and all hands were called to unmoor ship.

The frigate's last boat had left the shore at sunset, but as I saw no movement on board either of the two ships, I ventured to delay a half hour, with the design of being pushed off in a shore-boat. I was on my way for a ramble through the buildings occupied by the Franciscans, before they were banished from the island. By their tenets, this order of monks exclude themselves from all participation in other possessions than houses for their lodgings; acting literally on the precept, "provide neither gold nor silver;" they were to beg for their living, and to pursue the course of profoundest humility, in the externals of dress, food, and their general intercourse with men, as well as in their private communion with their God. But after the death of St. Francis, their founder, succeeding generals of their order encouraged a mitigation of the strict rules of St. Francis, while the fraternity yet remained mendicants, but enjoyed, from various Popes, certain privileges which yielded them revenues for their comfortable living. Formerly, there were three branches of the general institution in Funchal. Their convent, to which I was directing my way, once exhibited, in its spacious building, one small chamber, displaying a peculiar furniture. Its ceilings and walls were covered with human skulls and thigh-bones, so arranged as to form a triangle, with skulls at each point. A figure of St. Francis was balancing the representation of a saint and a sinner, to ascertain which was the heavier

er times. The Duke of Clarence, according to English historians, was drowned in a butt of it; and whether from any particularly inspiring property it possesses, we do not pretend to say, but a certain portion of this sweet wine is allowed, as the annual stipend of the poet laureat. It was formerly brought to England from Malvisia, a town on the east coast of the Morea, from whence it derived its name. And from the grape, originally transplanted from Malvisia to Madeira, as is supposed, the modern Malmsey is produced.

of the two. A lamp suspended from the ceiling threw its dim light on the skeleton scene, which it were better should have been veiled by a curtain of darkness. The number of bones in this collection was deemed more than three thousand. But with the banishment of this order of friars from the island, this chamber of skeletons no longer remains a relic of Franciscan taste, although nothing has surprised me more than the collection of skulls and their associate bones, which have met my eye within the few days of my visit to the island. The phrenologist might have made a collection of any amount of these sad relics, to deck the shelves of his lecture-room.

I did not reach the point of the walk which I had proposed to myself. Mr. B., a friend, met me, and repeated inquiries which the interesting Clementina, whom I first saw in her assumed character of nun, at the convent, had made. I left for her cordial assurances of interest, which the incidents of the convent would render permanent, among my acceptable recollections of the green isle of Madeira. I regretted that the ship's boat, by which I was to visit the shore for the last time, was on the eve of leaving the ship at the moment of her visiting the frigate during the morning, with her father. It is a strange fatality, which seems often to guide our steps. By strange coincidences we meet. As strangers, we are surprised at the interest which a passing interview with the stranger has awakened. The golden chain of sympathy has wound yet another coil around the heart. And when we hope again to meet, some fatality has forbidden ; and then comes the passing salutation ; and then, the wave, the surge, the ocean, bear us on our separate courses, like divergent rays of light, each moment of their flight, further and still further apart.

Some of the stragglers from the John Adams were hastening to their boat, expecting every moment to see her sails fall. With an admonition to another idler from the Columbia, who proposed delaying until nine o'clock, to finish his notes on shore, I placed myself in a shore-boat, yet dry upon the pebbled beach. Two athletic oarsmen were in their seats, when four others of their associates watched the movement of the in-rolling breaker, and as it

was returning to the sea, launched our light bark on the mimic billow, which bore us to the unbroken water from off the beach. A pull of a half hour brought us within the hail of the sentry, in the chains of the good Columbia

Descending to the ward-room, I found the Consul tak ing tea with the gentlemen of the mess.

"Well, Mr. T.," said the Consul, as he rose to welcome me, "I was just devising how I should entertain the chaplain if you had chanced to be left."

"Sat cito si sat tuto," I replied—soon enough if safe enough. He had my thanks for the entertainment he had already so politely extended, and here (I held up a beautiful handful of flowers) was a magnificent bunch of geraniums from his grounds, which would remind me of the Consulate when the green isle had sunk far in the distance.

The gentlemen from shore soon after left the ship, and "all hands to up anchor, ahoy," was piped along the decks; and soon the music, to which the men walked around with the capstan, was heard mingling with the occasional clank of the coming in of the iron cable.

And now we leave thee, sweet Madeira, with all thy flower-enamelled hills, and geranium avenues, and hedges of roses, and terraces of ever-green and ever-blooming shrubs, and trellises of vines, and embowered quintas, with balcony and turret. But not all of thee shall we leave, for of thee we have treasured up thoughts that may not die. Yet fare thee well, thou green isle! Henceforth thou shalt lie, as a beautiful thing, in my memory. And the names of some who dwell among thy garden-flowers, are treasured where they are not to be forgotten. The shades of evening have shut in, and only the lights that gleam from thy balconies tell me where lie thy beautiful parterres. But the clear blue sky spreads its canopy of early eve above thy shaded isle. And I have now given to ye all my last look, and seek my room. Then,

> Good-night, good-night! one star is o'er you peering,
> As 'cross the wave our gallant ship is steering;
> Good-night, good-night! ye'll calmly seek your pillow,
> While we, afar, are toss'd upon the billow.

SECTION IV.

Ships stand south. Sunday exercises. Meeting of friends in another world. A grasshopper visits the ship. His message a true one. Cape de Verdes. General quarters. Crossing the Line. Star-gazing. The old eagle at home. Reefing. An Extract. A Naval toast. A man overboard. Memory of the departed and loved. South American coast in sight. Moonlight scene. Entering the narrow pass to the harbor of Rio de Janciro. Music at sundown.

Our two ships have been standing on their southwesterly course, from Madeira, for several days, without any incident of particular interest occurring. It has been a leisure moment for reviewing the scenes which presented themselves to us at Madeira, the fairy isle which cannot fail to originate in the mind of the visiter many pleasurable visions, and always be recalled in the future, among the most welcome memories.

On the first Sunday out of Madeira, after the religious exercises of the day, one of the Lieutenants joined me as I was pacing the quarter-deck, and expressed his persuasion that he would become religious if one idea could be made certain to him, which I had advanced in my morning's discourse. It related to the meeting of friends, and their recognition of each other, in another world. That Christian friends will meet in heaven, and there recognise each other, I believe to be the general drift of the Scriptures. "To depart, and to be *with Christ*, is far better," is the language of St. Paul, applicable to all Christians as well as to the Apostle. And if Christians shall all be *with Christ*, they, by consequence, will be with each other. And retaining their memories, as one constituent part of their mental and responsible being, they must, as associate and social spirits, recognise each other, in their eternal intercourse in the society of the redeemed.* This young

* See this subject treated at length in "Ella V—, or the July Tour," written by the author of the Flag Ship, wherein the travelling party is represented as holding several conversations on the subject, while visiting the beautiful burial grounds at Mount Auburn, near Boston.

gentleman's interest in the subject of which he spoke was sincere; and he has had my sympathy and solicitude for his highest happiness for this and the coming world.

We infer that land is not far from us, as a *grasshopper* has made his off-shore leaps, to visit so strange a thing as a man-of-war. Had he been a Malay, perhaps we should have asked him questions about his so unceremoniously boarding us. And what must have been his surprise, as he cautiously crawled up our sides and took his first view of our fearful decks, with their threatening forty-two pounders lining their long bulwarks, with perforations, through which "death and destruction" bear forth to their enemies "blood and carnage sounding with death-groans." And then, as he looked upon the four or five hundred tarpaulin-headed sons of the ocean, moving over the decks of the sea-monster—here, in unison pulling upon some sinew of the moving animal, or there, easing a strain upon one of her tiring wings; then, as he saw certain timid young gentlemen waiting, with expectant attention, the order of the deck-officer, who was about to speak big words through a trumpet; and then, as he sat on the lee gunwale and cast his eye to the quarter-deck, and caught a look at a venerable and graceful old gentleman in gold lace and epaulets and bright buttons, moving backwards and forwards in commanding dignity and self-possession; and then, as he gazed upon the bright things, and the dark things, and the painted things, and the double edged things, and the confused things, and the straight things, and the crooked things, surely, his agitated bosom must, at length, have heaved in fearful and profound surprise. Ah! Mr. Grasshopper! not I should like to have been upon thy trembling legs. In fearful haste to re-seek my forsaken land-home, I should, with a single leap, have relaved my grasshopper sides!

The grasshopper's message was a true one. At meridian, the cry of "land ho!" told us, that we were sailing through the pass between the islands of the Cape de Verdes—Saint Jago on our right—and the Isle of May on our left. The jagged outlines of St. Jago present a peculiar appearance, lower than Madeira, but barren, as we see it through the mists which render its base indistinct,

and its more elevated points devoid of other interest than that found in the varied shades which its nearer prominences, in contrast with the further-in ravines, produce, while the blending of the irregular tops of the cragged peaks, represents the troubled waves of a rolling ocean, when rendered partially indistinct by the mists which sweep over its gray bosom.

GENERAL QUARTERS.

A proud frigate with all her equipments of war, and tracery of cordage, and sheets of canvass, is always an object to secure the gazer's admiration for her beauty and grandeur. But nowhere, save in the storm, is the interest which one feels as he stands upon her deck, more intense, than during the profound silence that occurs at general quarters.

A few rolls of the drum beat the call to quarters, first slow, then quicker, and in another moment the thrilling roll has ceased, giving only time for every man to reach his place. The officers, with their swords in hand, are at the position they would occupy in an engagement. The men are at their guns. The magazine is opened, and the passers of powder occupy their stations, forming a line to the decks from the depository of the fearful agent, which is to do the deeds of destruction, devastation, and death. A hasty review of each division is gone through by its officer, who reports his division to the commanding officer as ready for action; when he returns again in silence, to wait the orders which are to succeed. It is, at this moment, a stillness reigns through the ship, so hushed, that a single sigh could almost be heard; and the step of the commanding officer sounds, as he paces the deck backwards and forwards, as if he were the solitary being that possessed the ship. The deep stillness impresses the soul like the ominous foreboding which precedes the earthquake, or as the interlude between the eruptions of the volcano.

Such was the scene exhibited to-day, June 12th. The sea was calm. The sails hung flat to the masts. The beat to quarters had rolled through the ship; and in an-

other moment, every man was at his station. The ship's crew had been almost daily exercised at the guns, that they might become familiar with their management; but to-day their evolutions were to include the discharge of four rounds of canister. The order was given, and the double broadside, with the thunder of sixty cannon, boomed over the wide sea. Then the irregular cannonading succeeded, each division vieing with the others, in their endeavor to exceed, in quickness of action, the discharge of the others' pieces, while the successive and quick report of musketry was heard from the upper deck.

I had passed from the magazine to the berth-deck during the action, where I met the surgeon. For a moment the cannonading had ceased. The hatch of the gun-deck was hurriedly raised, and the word passed for the surgeon. The doctor, attended by one of his assistants, was immediately at the spot, where a wounded sailor was lying, with a lacerated arm dripping with blood, and two fingers blown from his hand. The accident occurred in consequence of the bursting of a powder-horn while re-priming a gun, a portion of an ignited match having remained upon the breech after the match had been unsuccessfully applied to the priming tube. Others, who were standing about the gun, were slightly wounded. The principal sufferer had his hand and arm immediately dressed, and was conveyed, in a cot, after the closing of the magazine, to a position in the sick-bay. A few hours afterwards, he was carried to a yet more comfortable place on the gun-deck. I went to the sick-bay after the mock-fight was over, and found some half a dozen of the men having their slight cuts and bruises bandaged.

There is seldom any good we would secure, which is not attended by some evil, in the way of our obtaining it. And the very accidents which occur on these occasions of exercise, show the necessity of their repetition, that the crew may become familiar with their duty, and be saved from greater destruction, in case of any necessity for conducting a general engagement with an enemy; or in sustaining the proper dignity of the national flag. Our men-of-war, even in times of peace, are often placed in circumstances, critical in themselves, and requiring the

self-possession of confident preparation, to enable a commander to act with the dignity which his station, as the protector of our commerce in foreign ports, or as the politic negotiator, requires. The crew have also been drilled in the use of small-arms, and exercised in the evolutions for boarding with the pikes and cutlasses, as well as in the calling away of the firemen with their water-buckets, in case of the critical situation of the ship on fire.

When the exercises of our guns were over, volumes of dense smoke were seen to issue from the ports of the John Adams, now lying on our larboard quarter; and in a moment more, the roar of her cannon told us that she was following the motions of the Columbia.

We are nearing the line this evening, if we have not already bounded over it. Our latitude at meridian, July 17th, was 49′ North. We are driving along finely, with royals set and filled with the fresh trades from the south-east. The night is fine; and the contrast of variables and calms which have attended us for a few days past, renders our present good fortune doubly acceptable, and conducive to make us all good-natured. The breeze comes blandly upon the cheek, while dark clouds, in their characteristic gray of the trades, form a panoramic view in the horizon. The sun fell beneath a serrated vapor bank, and lighted up its cragged peaks with a fringe of gold. The twilight was brief, while the straggling gray clouds began to assume a dull but soft bottle-green color, deepening as they sailed through a background, which changed from the faintest light to a shade of pink, as delicate as the softest blush on the cheek of loveliest lady. And now above us, and higher up than ever before I had seen her riding through her azure halls, every moment deepening in their blue, the lovely Diana moved on her course serene, with a night-brilliant thrown carelessly upon her western horn, as if to pioneer her way of gems and purple.

I was on the horse-block with the surgeon, looking at the scene in the west, and inhaling the delightful breeze of the evening's earliest hour, which, although in the temperature of 82° F. to-night, reminded me of the bracing atmosphere of earliest nothern autumnal days.

"Two idlers here, that should be ordered to the deck," said the First Lieutenant, as he made a third upon the horse-block.

"And that fringe of gold thereaway, is worth looking at and remembering, as seen on the eve when we were on the widest point of earth and ocean," I repeated.

"Fine, indeed," continued the First Luff. "But, Doctor, do you see *the Line* yet? It strikes me that you and Mr. T. look as if you might need shaving before morning."

"The Line has not snubbed us yet," added Lieut. W., who had also joined the party, "but there goes a bird, and there another. They are as great *boobies* as ourselves, for being here; at least, Jack calls them boobies, as they sometimes light upon the ship, and in an instant seem to be asleep, and suffer themselves to be taken."

"See you that?" added Lieutenant P., approaching the horse-block and pointing to a bank of clouds, which had already caught our admiration, and had not yet lost its edge of gold.

"And Diana too, with her bright-eyed greyhound, on her evening hunt, see you not that also?" I pointed to the beautiful moon, having at this moment nearly the same right ascension with Jupiter, who, in his brilliant white light, at this hour of early evening, appeared, though intensely more bright, of the size of a star of the fourth magnitude.

We lingered on the side-steps, and talked of olden customs, when crossing the Line; and chatted of other things, like a group of idlers, enjoying the sweet hour and the lovely scene, and snuffing the soft air, while we were gliding finely through the waters, with our sails trimmed on a tack which, with the southeast trades, we expected would last, almost without touching a cord, for a dozen days to come.

A boy from the ward-room approached, and touching his hat, said that tea was ready. The horse-block and the tea-table have their separate temptations; and we left the sociability of the one, and the gorgeous scene contemplated from it, for the cheer and the chat of the other.

STAR-GAZING AT SEA.

It is a glorious thing, that gemmed blue sky, which nightly arches its spangled canopy over the head of the voyager. I have long and often amused myself in reading the bright night-lights, as they have gleamed in their mellowed beauty of distance and brightness. I have watched the north polar-star, from night to night, as it sank lower and lower towards the horizon, telling me that I was receding further and still further from the land of my home; until, at last, it sat to be seen no more, until our ship should retrace her course from a southern to re-enter a northern hemisphere. The eye, however, still lingers on the dipper of the northern bear, which has served to point out to one the position of the polar gem, and still tells him where the sunken brilliant gleams, to delight the eyes of gazers beneath another zenith. But to me, one star, more dear than any other, attracts and holds my gaze, in the region of the north. Nor is there a lovelier gem in the heavens. It shines like the ever-varying but ever-brilliant hues of the diamond in a well lighted hall, giving forth its translucent gleam of light, now of palest green, and then of blue, and red, and sometimes, in its ceaseless twinkling scintillations, deepening to the blue of indigo while undiminished in its brilliancy and light. It is Lyra, of the constellation of the Harp. And it is my natal star, reaching its meridian in the month and nearly on the day of my birth. And it gleams almost in the zenith of the region that marks the home of my youth; and reminds me of hours when, with others, I have gazed upon it for its brightness and beauty.

Nor is it only our own private associations which awake, when the stars are the objects of one's contemplation. The thoughts go back to olden times, when the sages of other lands and periods gazed upon the same bright orbs; and astrologers read them as if they might find, in their hidden lore, the secret of immortal years and the fortunes of princes, and armies, and kingdoms, as well as the undeveloped destinies of the private adventurer, and the hidden fortunes of the agitated and expectant lover. But

how deep is the sleep that has gathered over the closed eyes of all that multitude of millions, who, like ourselves, have gazed on the same undying lights which awake our admiration, and still gleam in the heavens for the delight of generations yet to come! It is no unwelcome revery of the mind, while looking upon these bright orbs, to recall the recorded feelings with which others have mused, like ourselves, on the blue heavens, hung in their gorgeous display, inwrought and inlaid by the hand of Deity. How many philosophers have gazed on these same luminaries, with lingering eyes and longing minds, to read the true theory of their motions and matter! But the far-ancient solved not the problem: his theories all failed somewhere. But though ever fanciful, they were yet often beautiful imaginings; and not unfrequently were blended with ideas strikingly sublime. Far off, in that yonder region of the north, Cosmas Indopleastes, who supposed this earth an immense plane with an insurpassable ocean washing its circular edge, placed a conical mountain. Around this he conjectured that the stars performed their daily revolution; and the sun also, with an oblique motion, by which the different lengths of the days and the seasons were accounted for. *But the stars and the sun itself, were borne on in their several courses by celestial spirits.*

And olden bards have sung the same starry glories, in strains which associate their ancient reveries with the mystic dreamings of the philosophers. Long-haired Iopas, as Virgil's heroics tell us, tuned his gilded lyre to what the mighty Atlas taught; whence the race of men and beasts; whence Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern cars; why winter suns make so much haste to set in the ocean, and what retarding cause detains the slow summer nights.*

And Manilius, in the age of Augustus Cæsar, also mused in numbers on the beautiful star of Lyra, as

> "One, placed in front above the rest,
> *A vigorous light;*"

and the story of Orpheus carries us back to the period of

* "Citharâ crinitus Iopas
Personat auratâ, docuit quae maximus Atlas.
Hic canit erratem Lunam, Solisque labores;

the Argonauts. The constellation of which Lyra is the principal star, as ancient legend tells us, is the celestial Harp, with which Apollo gifted Orpheus. As he touched its strings, rivers paused in their flow, and the forest-beast forgot his wildness, and hill and mountain moved to listen to his song. And when he had lost his lovely Eurydice, his bride, from the land of the nymphs, his grief led him to the lower regions of Pluto and Proserpine, in search of her. He touched his lyre in their hearing, and so moved their pity, that they consented to restore Eurydice to him, with the single condition that he should not cast back his eyes upon his beautiful bride, before he had reached the outer border of their dark dominions. But, while already in sight of the upper regions of the air, Orpheus cast back one longing look upon his beloved Eurydice. He saw her; but the next moment she was beyond his future sight. He could not re-enter the regions of Pluto; and on earth his grief led him to forsake all society of his species. This behavior so incensed the Thracian ladies, as story tells us, that they destroyed the lyric bard and harper, and threw into the river Hebrus his head, which continued to articulate, as it glided down the stream to the Ægean sea, "Eurydice! Eurydice! Eurydice!"

Such is the legend of Orpheus, decreed divine honors after his death, and his lyre placed among the constellations of the heavens. It is not madness to dream, in legends, when gazing on the stars.

The music of the spheres, we know, is another olden idea—Pythagoras representing Apollo as playing upon a seven-stringed harp; by which, we are informed by Pliny, is meant the sun and the seven planets. To this harmony of the spheres, Euripides thus beautifully alludes: —"Thee I invoke, thou self-created Being, who gave birth to nature, and whom light and darkness, and the whole train of globes encircle with eternal music."

But it is in Shakspeare, we may find allusion to almost

> Unde hominum genus et pecudes; unde imber, et ignes;
> Arcturum, pluriasque Hyades, geminosque Triones
> Quid tantum Oceano properant se tingere Soles
> Hiberni, vel quaê tardis mora noctibus obstet."

every thing; and as no other bard has described, and no other muse has sung. What can surpass the lines I copy here?

"Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion, like an angel, sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

But as I turn from the beautiful star Lyra, my eye rests, not far off in the S. W., on *Arcturus*, "the brightest, the fairest of the stars," another favorite, but all unlike the *soft and modest Lyra.* It shone, in its beautiful red light, almost in our zenith at Madeira, and by some is deemed the star of the heavens nearest to our earth, as it is certainly one of the brightest and loveliest of the heavens. And its associations bear us back to sacred records as well as to pagan legends. Surely nothing can be sublimer than some of the allusions of the sacred penmen, when penetrated by a profound sense of the omnipotence of the Deity, as seen in his works. What can be finer, or more thrilling, as an exhortation to a spirit that acknowledges its responsibility to the Eternal God, than the following? "Seek him that maketh the seven stars, and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into morning." And Job represents the Eternal as demanding, "Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, *or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?** And this is language, supposed to have been written, at least, 3351 years ago. And on that same star gazed the patient Job, at that far-back period; and on the same luminary, that loses nought of its loveliness or brightness with its years, also gazed the "priests of On," in the land of the mighty Pharaohs, from one of whom Pythagoras gained his knowledge of the theory of the heavens, and introduced the true system of the universe into Greece; and the daughter of another, Pharaoh wisely gave to Joseph, as a bride.

* Job xxxviii 31–33.

The stars of the southern hemisphere strike one as being fewer, but brighter and more distinct, than those of the northern. The stars of the first magnitude appear at greater intervals from each other, and less surrounded by smaller stars, and nebula. The constellation which always attracts the voyager from the north, who has never before crossed the Line, is the southern cross. This is composed of four distinctly bright stars, forming the four points of a cross, one of the first magnitude, two of the second, and one of the third or fourth. It is a beautiful constellation; and no wonder that it should have attracted, with deep interest, the daring discoverers, who sailed in an age when *the cross* was the emblem which gave license to conquest, and enthusiasm and zeal to the bad and the good, on the land and on the sea.

"He who *admires* not, to the stars is blind."

The Aquila, or the Eagle, has also attracted my attention for its beauty, being favorably situated for our observation, on our passage from the Madeiras to the Brazils. Its central red brilliant, called Altair, and a lunar star, is a lovely gem of the heavens; and it requires not a vived imagination to fancy it the bright eye of the bird of Jove, though the fanciful resemblances appropriated, by the ancients, to the constellations, have but little resemblance in reality, in the adjustment of the stars in their appropriate places. And what American can gaze at *the Eagle* and not think of the emblem in his own national escutcheon:

"The bird, above the world that dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks his own."

They say he is a noble bird. His bearing, at least, has been a proud one on the banners of many nations. The Roman standard, as it displayed its graceful folds, spread the wings of the favorite bird over the hill and vale of every known land; and Napoleon preferred the undaunted eagle, an emblem of his own towering spirit, to the fleur de lis.

When shall that standard, which our own gallant barque is now bearing, with honorable designs, in her voyage around the world, cease to be, as it now surely

is, the emblem of as happy—may I not say the happiest nation of the globe? There are those, who seem to see the period, when we shall cease longer to be a united people. It seems almost the fashionable slang of the times, to predict the period of our dismemberment, in language, which, but a few years ago, it had been treason to use. But is there no sublimer destiny before a nation, which the hand of Deity seems so strikingly to have guided to independence and greatness, than what the political croakers of the day have marked out for us? Let them read the past. There have been crises, which our country has met—there have been shoals, that threatened shipwreck to the beautiful vessel of state, which, thus far, in safety, has borne the charter of our rights, liberty, and blessed happiness; but we have weathered the threatening shoal, and the crested breaker. Why shall we not still be able to guide the national interests, though storm, and tempest, and whirlwind may sweep over us in succession, and devastation often follow in their train? The ship may still ride safely on the threatening billow, though dismantled; and like oil spread upon the ocean, producing a calm to the surge, so the clear *interest of the whole people* must ever allay the gale of sectional passion, before it shall have for ever crushed the hopes of the good, and veiled in darkness the memories of the past, by a reckless forgetfulness of the glory and the moral worth and the treasured happiness which our forefathers, in their onward vision of the future, bequeathed to yet unborn generations of the American people.

For one, I believe not in the prophecies of political demagogues, or the maturer apprehensions of more sober and juster men. Every day increases those bonds of self-interest, which must preserve us a united nation. Sectional interest must yield, and will yield, and general sacrifices will be made, when the periods of the greatest excitement come. Mutual concession, as in times past, shall save us; and the God who led our armies, and has guided us thus far in the pathway of national prosperity and happiness, ought to receive, in view of the onward probabilities of our continued union, the devout acknowledgment of every American heart.

The transition of thought from one subject to another is quicker than the passages of light from one electric cloud to its fellow. We fly from the grave to the light, from the sad to the joyous, from the private to the public, and the contrary. And are there not other and private musings for me, while gazing on the *Aquila*—the constellation of the Eagle? Yes, I do remember me of summer and autumn hours, when I have wandered through the path of the thick wood, and rustled the leaf when no other foot was near, and bounded down the ravine and the steep declivity to the lawn, which stretches along the most romantic spot of the Connecticut. And then, I have traced my away along its green bank or sandy shore, and paused to look upon the still bosom of the silver stream that lay sleeping like a lake among *these highlands*, and almost the only highlands of this lovely stream. Ere long, if I saw him not already perched upon an old oaken limb in his solitary home of the high rock, I would soon catch the image of *a gliding eagle* moving in solemn and slow dignity up the reflecting stream; and one glance above it would give me to recognise my old familiar friend on his return to his perch, far up on the almost perpendicular slant of the opposite side of the stream. It seemed but a sling's throw where that old eagle was wont so oft and so long to sit. And here we have often sat, and long have looked at each other, as familiar friends. It seemed always to me, as if that bird could read my own heart, and sympathize with its loneliness. I had learned to love that solitary bird, and to me he was not wild. May I find thee still, my old friend, at thy hill-home, on my return. And if thou hast, as I have sometimes thought thou hadst, a fellow-feeling for a lonely heart, we will again commune with each other, and think of our mutual wanderings to other climes during our parting, and be happy again to find our olden summer and autumn homes. My old friend, may I find thee there.*

* It was a welcome coincidence to the writer, on his return, as he glided down the Connecticut, that the old eagle, at the point alluded to, was seen scaling in the clear ether above; and seemed to slant his graceful pinions in kind and courteous welcome, as he kept his way high-up and ahead of the steamer, until he was lost

It is now after eight o'clock in the evening, and I have just come from the deck, where I have been witnessing the double-reefing of the topsails. The day has been squally; and to-night the wind whistles through the rigging of the ship in notes, which tell how many a poor mariner a single gale may destine never more to see country and home.

It is indeed a fine sight, to witness a noble frigate madly dashing through the billows, as if in defiance of the dark surges which roll by her, and with supreme contempt for the winds which howl, in murmurs of the sea-moan, across her decks; and at the same moment, one hundred of her men lying out upon her yards, to clip the wings of the too nimble bird by knotting the reefs in her bellowing canvass, and when a landsman would deem their hold upon a yard-arm a matter of impossibility, in the impetuosity of the gale. To me such a scene is deeply exciting. Since we have been out, on no previous occasion has the Columbia more than single-reefed her top-sails. Most of the time she has been carrying royals, topgallant-sails, and studding-sails. The winds have been favorable, and the frigate's cutters could have performed the course in safety. I should be considerably disappointed not to witness a few bona fide gales during our cruise. And so firm is my confidence in the stanch qualities of our ship, that I apprehend that I could have no fear, in the circumstances of a hurricane at sea. The fresh gale of this squally night, which is driving us onward, hardly changes the action of our vessel from her usual motion; and as I sit at my writing-desk in my every way comfortable and snug little room, at this moment, no one who had not been on deck would suppose that a mimic gale was raging over the dark deep, and driving its fleecy sheets of mists over a sea, lashed into a wild commotion of frenzy and foam. And in a neighboring state-room, three or four gentlemen are holding their evening tête-a-tête about Lord Byron, and other worthies and unworthies, as pleasantly as if they

among the olden trees, where we had often met, and with kindly feelings, in former days. What trifles, sometimes, will originate overwhelming emotions!

were conversing in the ampler and motionless parlor of a land-home. But here we are, bounding carelessly over the blue surge, as if our ship were the very personification of the wave and the gale, which for the last few hours has been careering over the high seas, and robing the ocean in its sombre and white of whirling mists and cascading foam.

An Extract.—"In your letter you speak of your love of home, and unwillingness to leave it for society abroad. From my own wanderings, you might think differently of my taste. But, not so. I only go the world around, that home, hereafter, may have its undisturbed sweets. Surely do I know that the mere thing of travelling has but little charm in it for me; *but to see the world as it is, and to cease to look at it through the imagination*, has always been an object with me; and without it, I might never be contented, even with my contented disposition. But HOME—there is indeed a charm in that dear word. I love every letter of the monosyllable for the hallowed associations, which, when blended, the word awakens. And E. once, was to me a short home. To you, may it ever prove, while it shall be so happy as to possess you, a sweet, happy home. Tell little Rosa, that Mr. T. loves her as much as ever; and hopes that she and her mother may ever be protected and blessed by "our Father, who art in Heaven."

JULY 4th, 1838.

A Naval Toast.—*Our whole country:* As one dark sea-surge succeeds another but to preserve the purity of the ocean, so may the waves of sectional jealousies in our land, only agitate to perpetuate our union.

"A man overboard!" is a frequent cry and occurrence, at sea. It awoke a few moments since, from our deck. At such a moment, if the winds be not so high as to prevent it, the mainsail is hauled up—the ship thrown aback —and her progress thus checked, the boats are lowered and search made for the man overboard. All this operation had been gone through, when it was discovered that the seaman had fortunately caught the end of some rope, which, by some oversight, was trailing in the water, and

thus saved the man, though very much endangering the back of some negligent lubber whose duty it was to keep every line in its place.

The John Adams was on our larboard beam, at the time, and at no great distance from us. Every motion of each vessel is so narrowly watched by the quarter-masters, with their glasses always in their hands, that no movement of either is long unobserved by the other. The boat of the Adams was in the water almost as soon as our own, on the supposition, from our action, that a man was overboard; and the boats from the two ships soon neared each other abaft the frigate; but instead of extending their distance until they were lost to our sight, for a drowning man, they were now endeavoring to find the life buoys, which, as the first thing, on the cry of a man overboard, are cut from the stern of the ship. Though it had been dusk for an hour, the broad beams of the full moon threw over the waters a flood-way of light, by which the boats at length were fortunately able to discover the life buoys, and return to the ships. Again we were on our way of foam; and the succeeding morning being the Sabbath, made the text of the discourse for the day peculiarly appropriate, in view of the incident of the preceding evening, as it always is in view of the brevity and the casualties of life:—"*Behold*, NOW *is the day of salvation.*"

A SISTER'S LOVE.

I have wept to-day, in memory of one, dear indeed for her beautiful character and devoted love. I thought of her last words as she said, "My mind is almost gone—brother, you will take care of me—will you not?" What is there like a sister's love? What memory so gentle and affecting as that which recalls her tenderness, with the consciousness that she waits not to greet your return, as once she waited, when you had wandered from the family mansion? How do you see her, as she moved in every path—through every room—adjusting the flowers in the parterre, and arranging the fresh-culled vase upon the mantel-piece of the parlor, and the table, and the toilet! And how do you regret that your heart, ever kind, was not more kind—and

your ever delicate attention, was not yet more delicate? And when you have been an invalid, who was it that watched, with the stillest breath and the gentlest step, around your bedside and over your pillow? And who, with the softest hand, has smoothed your pallid brow, and poured forth the stream of sympathy from a filling eye, when your own hath languished, and your heart was fainting? Oh! it is a sister's love, that will never tire—it is a sister's love, that will never weary nor complain, though you forget, in your debility, which makes you a child again, and as an infant, helpless; and often like an infant and a child, complaining and impatient. But she, when others sleep and the watchers faint, steals to your couch and softly whispers the words of comfort, and gives to you your simple remedies as no other hand (save your mother's) presents them. And if you are convalescent, whose smile is so cheerful—whose step at your call is so fleet—whose invention, for your taste, is so varied? And when again you breathe the pure air of the window and the piazza, and at length seek the field, who so gentle, so assiduous, and so much your welcome companion as she, who has laughed with you, and wept with you, and nourished you, and read for you, and *prayed* for you, and suffered for you, but only suffered half of what she gladly would have suffered, if your happiness might have been increased. Surely do I pity him who has no sister—and more than abhor him, who has one and loves her not. But thou, gentle, dearest, unobtrusive, retiring, and affectionate E., thou art gone! And at thy wintry tomb, but lately made, have I wept; and memory yet breaks the heart at the recollection of thy lovely and modest virtues, thy changeless Christian character, and thy devoted, ceaseless, and holy love.

Last night, the South American coast was in sight; and this noon, the lighthouse, on the bold bluff of Cape Frio, bears northwest one point north, and distant about seven miles. We have been standing along the coast during the morning, while the land has exhibited the appearance, in its dusky distance, of a chain of dark barren islands. We shall soon double Cape Frio, as we stand up north and westerly for the city of Rio de Janeiro, which is distant

about sixty miles from the light on the bold cape. This lighthouse is a very picturesque object, elevated upon the highest cone of several eminences, which form the elevated ground of the point. In its high position and distance from us, it looks as if one might measure its length with his thumb and finger, so small is it in comparison with the height of the mountain rock, on which it is perched; and resembles one of the ever-recurring watch-towers of the olden Moors, seen along the mountain-heights in the Mediterranean.

It was kind in the officer of the deck to send for me, in the evening, to witness the glorious moon, wading, in her path of light, through a bank of clouds piled one upon another, and coloring, with gold, the fleecy vapors, banked in the west. Our ship was gliding easily through the blue waters, with the courses hauled up, and the top-sails single-reefed, with the point of our destination in view, but the hour was too late to make the entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro to-night. The Columbia seemed conscious of her unusual leisure, on her hitherto untiring course, and rested in gentle movement on the slightly ruffled sea, until the earliest light of the coming morning should break upon her, for her entrance through the beautiful pass called Pao de Assacar, which lets in from the sea, into the expanded and mountain-bound waters that constitute the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. I never before have witnessed such a moon-lit scene. The brilliant Dian seemed, to-night, to be abroad in her golden chariot, for the reflection, on her way, tinged the clouds as deeply as the sun sometimes gilds the east, when the retiring wheels of his day-car recede deep into the western ocean.

Lieutenant W., with Lieutenant P., was on the horse-block. I joined them, and together we gazed on the moon, now edging a long pile of cumuli-clouds, with brilliant and colored light; and now appearing half above the gilded bank, like a sultana, pillowed on her couch of gold and silver. We gazed at her varied beauties, yet more beautiful in every new movement, as she changed her attitudes of grace, and freely, from her own loveliness, gave reflected beauty to all about her.

We talked of the refinement which the contemplation of

nature's lovely scenes produces upon the sensibilities of our rougher natures. It makes us love the chaste—it makes us abhor the low; it leads us to respect ourselves, as we listen to the gentle whispers, which a refinement in perception and character wakes persuasively in a feeling bosom. We talked of Byron, as a descriptive poet, ever the favorite of W., who now repeated the lines of the poet, so much and justly admired for their beauty and truth to nature, as associated with the sunset scene:

"Filled with the peace of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color, as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray."

Our worthy Master came up, and for once (I had never before seen him sentimental, only when singing love-ditties to himself) said, "Could I but have a true description of *that scene*," looking directly at the moon, "I would send it in an envelope to the north." Well, Master, may thy bridal-night be as fair and gorgeous as this; and thine onward skies clear of all clouds that can threaten diminution to aught thou hopest of happiness and love.

ENTRANCE INTO RIO HARBOR.

We came through the narrow pass which forms the inlet from the ocean into the expanded harbor of Rio de Janeiro, Thursday the 10th July. This pass is exceedingly striking, grand, and beautiful. It may be a mile wide, but seems like a creek only, in breadth, as it runs between the high bluff of the sugar-loaf, which rises more than one thousand feet, on the left, with the fort and high mountain-side on the right. The evening sea-breeze occurring regularly here, a ship stands boldly in, passing beneath the fortified ramparts on either side of the narrow entrance; and in a few moments more, she lies in an expanded basin of water, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, with

their thousand cones, far off and near, high up and low; and their bases studded here with village and there with villas; and there again and most conspicuously on the western range, lies the city—the white, the panoramic, and mountain-side city of Rio de Janeiro.

Our anchor had run out its length of cable but a moment, when boats from the English and French ships of war were alongside the Columbia with an officer from each, to tender the compliments of their several commanders to our Commodore, and proffering any civility and assistance which might be acceptable. This is usage and form; and is often frank and sincere as it is ceremonious.

Our ships had been telegraphed during the morning; and a boat from the U. S. sloop of war Fairfield had pulled out the harbor to meet us; and before we had reached our anchorage ground, a salute from the Fairfield was fired. It was soon returned. The next day salutes were exchanged with all the ships in port and the municipal authorities. On succeeding days, when visited by the different commanders, English and others, and the American Chargé, salutes were fired, which were reciprocated to the Commodore, on his return visits.

At sundown I stood upon the quarter-deck of the Columbia, contemplating the scene around us. The ship's decks had been cleared, and all was now at rest. The bay was sprinkled with the men-of-war of different nations, at some distance from each other; and at our left, as our ship was then swinging, lay the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro. The waters around us slept like the still bosom of a mountain lake, unrippled as it drank in the reflected loveliness of a serene—how serene a sky! It was like the earliest, and the mildest, and the loveliest eve of autumn, at the north, with the ever-green foliage of the mountain-side of the south—for this is the winter month of the summer-winter of the southern tropics. And we had just made another point of our cruise, and anchored amid so much, and so lovely, and so enchanting a display of beautiful nature around us. It was sunset. The music of our own ship awoke; and down the royal yards, and ensign, and pennant had come; and all was still again on deck, save a few of the officers on the quarter-deck, gazing on

the mellow and lovely scene around us. I had placed myself on the arm-chest of the quarter-deck; and while I leaned against the hammock-cloths, gazing over the larboard quarter of the tafferel, the sweet and subdued music of a full band of a Brazilian man-of-war, lying not a great way at the stern and at the windward of us, came softly over the water, in its wild and magic strains. I listened apart from the rest; and was carried far, far back to those whom I had left. A second melody came floating over the ripple-wave as the band continued its ever-melancholy and subdued strains, on their brass instruments. I had placed my elbow upon the tafferel, and bowed my head, and wept. Once more the music awoke. Now, it was the evening vesper, and the bell of the ship chimed in with the sacred harmony. Surely, if ever prayer sincere awoke for those I love, it was borne to heaven this night.

SECTION V.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

Visit to the shore. The Morning Mass. Ramble up Rua do Castello. View from the hill. Imperial Chapel. Te Deum. Idem in Græce. Dine with the English Chaplain. Visit to Mr. Wright. The American Chargé d'Affaires. Ride to the Botanical Garden. Lord Hood's Nose. Museum. Doctor J. J. Prestina. Call on the Chaplain of H. B. M. ship Stag. British and American Navy. Commodore Read's Dinner to the English Officers. The Author preaches in the English Chapel. Its worship, in contrast with the scene at the Imperial Chapel. Funeral. Last evening in the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Associations. Passage out the Harbor.

To-day I visited the shore, with the single purpose of wandering at random through the town, and to mark the floating multitude of the streets, presuming that I should have ample time, during our stay at Rio, to analyze the peculiarities of the people, and observe for my own gratification at least, their institutions, and public and domestic economy. It is said to be a difficult thing for a foreigner

to gain access to the Brazilian families. But I apprehend the difficulty only lies in the want of an acquaintance with the Portuguese language, and of letters of introduction from mutual friends.

The first thing which strikes the stranger as he steps upon the shore at Rio, is the immense number of slaves engaged in the labors of carrying the merchandise of the country, apparently native-born Africans; and then, the many well-dressed mixed bloods, and equivocal bloods, and many unequivocal blacks, well-dressed, and all, apparently, constituting part of the free and bona fide society of the city. And now and then you see a well-dressed female of the same equivocal relationships, with a shawl or a veil elevated upon a wide and high comb, and dropping upon the shoulders.

The dark-faced slaves are hurrying on at the rate of a slow trot, in small squads, with bags of coffee or other burdens, on their heads, which they are bearing to the boats of loading vessels, or to the storehouses for deposit. Then, you mark the Frenchman, of darker complexion than of northern climes, and the purer blooded and lighter faced Brazilian-Portuguese—and now, an Englishman—and now an American, with their usual and several characteristics. A moment more, and by you dashes a small vehicle, with the proportions of an old-fashioned gig for its top, and the ponderous wheels of a stage-coach for its rollers, attached to four mules, with a black in livery, upon the fore nigh animal, wearing a high leather cap resembling a fire bucket bottom upwards, with a red flannel or velvet band about it, and with boots that come above the knees, and a pair of spurs, for all the world, like the end-iron of the tongue of an ox-cart, for its weight and proportions. Heaven forfend us from such an equipage, exclaims one, as he hops into the door of the neighboring shop as the nondescript passes by him, to the endangering of the limb and life of the foot-passenger through these pent up and narrow streets. These vehicles, however, are not frequent, and are generally the establishments afforded one from the livery stables. Again you meet, as before, another line of half a dozen blacks, with bags of coffee on their heads, trotting through the street at the monoto-

nous sound of their leader's voice, in which at intervals, and as a chorus, they all join ; or, at the sound of a jingling basket, which some one of the group carries beside his ponderous burden, and shakes with his right or left hand, as he angles his naked elbows in common with his fellows. From every pore issues the free perspiration, and streams, in no very small rivulets, down their bony and naked shoulders and shining backs.

I wandered up the Rua do Castello to the top of the hill, upon which an olden castle once stood, and where the wrecks of the fortification still exist. From this point the whole bay is commanded—the range of conic mountains on the east, north, and west—the city of Prior Grande opposite Rio—and the greater part of the city of Rio itself at your feet. The view is very fine. But the poetry of this beautiful hill itself, as one contemplates it from the ship, vanishes when one has ascended to its top. The banana and the cocoa-nut tree, and occasional shrubs, seen from the bay, as they stud the hill and seem to embower the buildings as they rise one above another, no longer conceal the ruins, and the rubbish, and the old walls, and the olden everything, as you look into the miserable yards of the dwellings in the neighborhood beneath you. But as you gaze over the city, and on the bay, and on the surrounding amphitheatre of mighty mountains, which inhem the vast basin of the harbor, like a mountain-lake, sprinkled with ships of war from almost all the navies of the earth, and with merchantmen of every nation and people —whalers, and slavers, and traders resting on their several errands—you have a charm which compensates for the lost vision, which the eye had taken in when contemplating the Castle Hill from the deck of the Columbia.

Towards evening, I went to the imperial chapel, a building with high ceiling, and a range of private boxes in the upper story, so arranged as to allow the occupant to contemplate the ceremonies and the crowds below, and hung in front with drawing curtains. The building is decorated, as usual, with Catholic images, which, so far as I have yet seen, are ever disgusting to good taste, being generally composed of wax or painted wood, dusty and tinselled, and decorated with robes and halos in such a

manner that one would suppose that no eye but the rabble's could regard them as ornamental. None of the buildings of Rio, and least of all the imperial palace, can boast any thing as specimens in architecture. The palace is but an extension of only tolerably decent private dwellings.

A single individual was within the silent building as I entered the vacant and solitary nave of the church, and advanced up to the far-in altar. The tapers were burning brightly, but no whisper was heard within the spacious walls, and the solitary individual stood listless in a cross-passage, which led into the interior of the building to adjacent rooms. I passed him, and advanced within the railing of the altar, and opened the quarto volume containing the services of the church. It was not unacceptable to turn at once to the familiar and beautiful Te Deum, which carried me back to other hours, though I perused it in the language of its original:

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur.
Te æternum Patrem; omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes Angeli; tibi cœli, et universæ potestates:
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim; incessabili voce proclamant,
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt cœli et terra, majestatis gloriæ tuæ.
Te, gloriosus Apostolorum chorus;
Te, Prophetarum laudabilis numerus!
Te, Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.
Te, per orbem terrarum, sancta confitetur Ecclesia.
Patrem immensæ majestatis;
Venerandum tuum verum et unicum Filium.
Sanctum quoque Paracletum Spiritum.
Tu Rex gloriæ, Christe.
Tu Patris sempiternus et Filius.
Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem; non horruisti Virginus uterum.
Tu devicto mortis aculeo; aperuisti credentibus regna cœlorum.
Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, in gloria Patris.
Judex crederis esse venturus.
Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni; quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.
Æterna fac cum sanctis tuis! in gloria numerari.
Salvum fac populum tuum Domine; et benedic hæreditati tuæ.

Et rege eos; et extolle illos usque in æternum.
Per singulos dies, benedicimus te
Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum, et in sæculum sæculi.
Dignare Domine die isto, sine peccato nos custodire.
Miserere nostri Domine; miserere nostri.
Fiat misericordia tua Domine super nos, quemadmodum speravimus in te.
In te Domine speravi; non confunda in æternum.*

A sharp, hissing sound, which I knew to come from the solitary individual before alluded to, reached my ear as an admonition for attention, when he beckoned that others were approaching; and in a moment afterwards, eight or ten priests, in their appropriate robes, entered from the passage-way leading from the interior of the building. I retained my place until they had approached, when, with a mutual salutation, I passed them, and took my place

* Idem in Græce.

Σὲ Θεὸν Ὑμνοῦμεν.

Σὲ Θεὸν ὑμνοῦμεν, σὲ τὸν Κύριον ὁμολογοῦμεν.
Σὲ τὸν αἰώνιον Πατέρα πᾶσα ἡ γῆ σέβεται.
Καὶ πάντες οἱ Ἄγγελοι ἐκφώνως βοῶσι, σοὶ οἱ οὐρανοῖ, καὶ πᾶσαι αἱ δυνάμεις αὐτῶν.
Σοὶ τὰ Χερουβὶμ καὶ Σεραφὶμ ἀκαταπαύστω φωνῇ ἐκβοῶσιν,
Ἅγιος, ἅγιος, ἅγιος Κύριος ὁ Θεὸς Σαβαὼθ.
Πλήρεις οἱ οὐρανοῖ, καὶ ἡ γῆ τῆς μεγαλειότητος τῆς δόξης σου.
Σὲ ὁ ἔνδοξος τῶν Ἀποστόλων χορὸς ἀνυμνεῖ.
Σὲ ὁ τῶν προφητῶν ἀξιοπρεπὴς σύλλογος ἀνυμνεῖ.
Σὲ ὁ τῶν Μαρτύρων γενναῖος στρατὸς ἀνυμνεῖ.
Σὲ ἀνὰ πᾶσαν τὴν οἰκουμένην ἡ Ἁγία ὁμολογεῖ Ἐκκλησία.
Πατέρα τῆς ἀπεράντου μεγαλειότητος.
Τόν τε σεβάσμιόν σου ἀληθῆ καὶ μονογενῆ Ὑιόν.
Καὶ τὸ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα τὸ παράκλητον.
Σὺ βασιλεῦς τῆς δόξης εἶ Χριστέ.
Σὺ τοῦ Πατρὸς ἀΐδιος ὑπάρχεις Ὑιός.
Σὺ ἐπιχειρήσας λυτρώσασθαι τὸν ἄνθρωπον, οὐκ ἐβδελύξω τὴν τῆς παρθένου γαστέρα.
Σὺ νικήσας τοῦ θανάτου τὸ κέντρον ἤνοιξας πᾶσι τοῖς πιστοῖς τὴν βασιλείαν τῶν οὐρανῶν.
Σὺ ἐκ δεξιῶν τοῦ Θεοῦ καθήσαι ἐν τῇ δόξῃ τοῦ Πατρός.
Σὲ κριτὴν ἡμῶν ἥξειν πιστεύομεν.
Σοῦ τοινῦν δεόμεθα τοῖς σοῖς οἰκέταις βοήθει, οὓς τῷ τιμίῳ σου ἐξηγόρασα αἵματι.
Ποίησαν αὐτοὺς ἐν τῇ αἰώνιω δόξῃ τοῖς Ἁγίοις σου συναριθμηθῆναι.
Σῶσον τὸν λαόν σου Κύριε, καὶ εὐλόγησον τὴν κληρονομίαν σου,
Ποίμανον αὐτοὺς, καὶ ἔπαρον αὐτοὺς εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας.
Καθ' ἑκάστην ἡμέραν μεγαλήομέν σε.
Καὶ προσκυνοῦμεν τῷ ὀνόματί σου εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα, καὶ εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα τοῦ αἰῶνος.
Ἀξίωσον Κύριε ἀναμαρτήτους φυλάσσειν ἡμᾶς σήμερον.
Ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς. Κύριε, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.
Γένοιτο Κύριε τὸ ἔλεός σου ἐφ' ἡμᾶς, καθάπερ ἠλπίσαμεν ἐπὶ σοί.
Ἐπὶ σοὶ Κύριε ἔλπισα, μὴ καταισχυνθείην εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα.

without the altar. One of their number perceiving that I had been perusing their formulas on the stand in the centre of the enclosure, said that they were about to repeat the service. I therefore waited to listen to it, as their solitary auditor. They went through the vespers with distinct and rotund voices, now responding to each other, and now mingling their several voices together, and again chanting, as is their custom, parts of the service orally. There was no music. When they were through, I approached a priest who seemed to be one of the superiors, and addressed him in Latin.

It appeared to me peculiar, and yet not uninteresting, that the priests had gathered here for their evening vespers, with the doors opened for those who chose to enter to say their evening prayers with them. But none came; and why should the mass of the people gather, to listen to what they cannot comprehend, and where it requires a bell to tell them the time and the place they are required to kneel?

As I left the imperial chapel, to which I understood there are a certain number of priests attached, and who must all be of noble extraction, and, here, are alone entitled to wear the red stocking, I stopped on my way through the Rua do Ouvedor, in a respectable bookstore, and was pleased with the motto in gilded letters above their shelves:

"Vita sine litturis, mors est."

I thought, in connection with the scene I had but a few moments previously left, that it was equally true, that

Religio, sine vita, mors eterna est.

During the earlier part of the day, scarcely a female of the higher order of the Brazilians is to be seen in the streets. In the evening, however, they promenade generally with their attendants without bonnets or veils.

I took a shore-boat to the frigate, as I had delayed beyond the hour for the sundown boat. It was nine o clock when I neared the ship. The music was just rolling off the tattoo. I ordered the oarsmen to rest upon their oars.

In a moment, a red sheet of flame came from the bows of the Columbia, and the report of the nine o'clock gun sent its echo around the panoramic hills, as if an answering cannon had returned its voice from a dozen peaks.

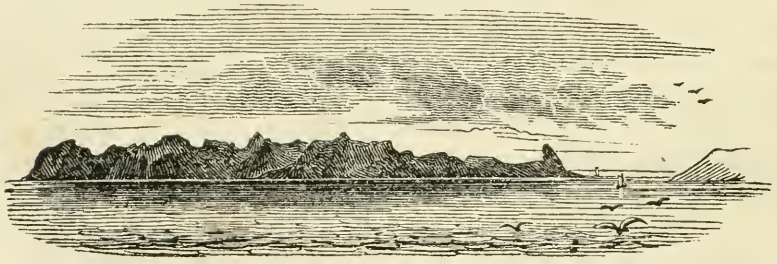
The boatmen again applied their sculls, and "Boat ahoy!" came as an authoritative hail, from the tafferel of the frigate. "Ay, ay," was the reply; and in a moment more the lanterns were at the gangway and side of the ship, to light one to the deck of the Columbia.

I dined on the 13th with the English Chaplain, attached to the British delegation on shore, and met the Chaplain of H. B. Majesty's ship Stag at the table, and some other of the English officers. The Gloria Hill, where the house of Mr. M., the Chaplain, is situated, is an exquisite spot. The view from his piazza is very beautiful, commanding, with still greater interest than from Castle Hill, the view of the surrounding scenery, so picturesque, and beautiful, and grand, and varied, in its complex particulars, as already described.

On the preceding evening, I visited at Mr. Wright's, an estimable American family, where most of the American society were gathered. Mr. Hunter, the Chargé d'Affaires, was present, with other members of his family. He is a gentleman of agreeable manners, and read in polite literature. Miss H., his interesting daughter, is deservedly admired for her chaste beauty and simplicity of manners. "*Kate*," her father says, she is called at home, (Miss H. of course abroad,) and all of her acquaintances will ever after affirm that "*Kate*" is a very pretty diminutive. Mr. Hunter promises me the perusal of some choice papers of the date of Charles the Second, on the return of our squadron, which are in the imperial library. I have seen, since the evening of the American party, two other ladies of the clan de l'Amerique, and their acquaintance increases rather than diminishes my interest in the American society of Rio; and from one I shall bear, as a decoration of my little room, a choice plant, in memory of the donor, and as one of nature's prodigal distributers of the rich perfumes of flowers.

RIDE TO THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

The botanical garden is deemed one of the principal lions of Rio, distant some five or six miles in the country. Lieutenant G. of the Fairfield having made all due preparations for a ride thither, I left the ship at ten o'clock in the morning; and found our carriage in waiting to take us a ride into the country. We preceded the Commodore, Captain M. and Lieutenant P., who reached the garden soon after ourselves. Our ride lay along the beautiful little bay of Boto Fogo, lined on its curved shore by a number of English residences, the German minister's, and some pretty Brazilian country-seats. The sugar-loaf mount at the entrance of the harbor of Rio, forms a prominent point to the scenery of this beautiful little crescent of water, as its high peak and base mark the eastern termination of the curved line of the basin. Its stilly bosom and surrounding eminences on this morning of our ride, reminded me of some of the still-calm scenes amid the scenery of Lake George. The Corcovado, the highest mount, so deemed, of all the surrounding peaks of this mountainous landscape, was above our heads on our right, as we drove on through the pathway, lined on either side with the cocoa-nut and banana and tamarind trees, and partly on our left and often in our front rose the peculiar prominence, which, as I deemed it as seen from the ocean, constitutes "Lord Hood's Nose," so much spoken of by all who enter the harbor of Rio, and which astonishingly resembles the face of a strong-featured man lying upon his back, as you approach the land to enter the harbor. But the face, to me, is not the only or hardly the most



striking appearance lined on the horizon, by the blending of the peaks of the highlands, which raise their elevated cones and table mountains in the skies, and strike with pleasure the eye of the voyager as he is approaching the inlet to the expanded basin, constituting the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. All of the prominences to which I have alluded, are so blended with intervening and lower mountains, as, together, to form the striking resemblance (if such realities ever were) of *a huge giant—one of nature's olden monsters, laid out, with his face upwards, and embalmed in eternal rock.* There you see him, his forehead slanting and low, with his hair combed back—his nose prominent, between Roman and the Aquiline—then, his small chin and short neck—then, his elevated chest, with his arms folded for his last embalmment—then, his extended limbs, with the prominent eminence of the sugar-loaf mount, 1,000 feet high, constituting his up-turned feet, and in just keeping with the other proportions of this immense phenomenon of ages back, till now, with this evidence before us, believed to have been fabulous. And there he lies, as seen from the ship, as she stands on her course to the nearing land, looking at the blue heavens, and listless to the roar of ocean, and the storm, and the whirlwind, and the sea-gale; and there he shall still lie, until one mightier than he shall sound the trump of the last angel, and burst in sunder and wild dismemberment, his sarcophagus of imperishable granite.

Our ride, the remaining part of the way from Boto Fogo, was less interesting but possessing variety. We reached the garden after an hour's drive, and having ordered dinner, entered the grounds, to wander at leisure through avenues and by-paths of the garden, to observe the collected exotics as well as native plants, shrubs, and trees, and yet more for myself, the taste with which the grounds were laid out—all of which we had been assured to be of considerable interest, and promised much pleasure to the new observer.

The grounds which compose the garden are irregular, and form a flat near the beach and beneath the mountain previously alluded to, called the Corcovado. At the entrance of the gateway, a segment of a small circle is

swept, with the gate as the centre of the circle, from the convex part of which four or five avenues extend, in straight lines, which constitute all the peculiarity of the taste here displayed in the adjustment of the walks. The paths run, afterwards, as convenience directs, through the grounds, joining the main avenues. There is an annual appropriation for the improvement of these grounds, but they are any thing rather than what we would suppose they should be, in a climate and soil of such capabilities; and the grounds only in their central parts evince much care. There is a tasteful bower, however, which meets the eye of the stranger in his promenade, and courts him to enter within its ever-green walls. It is elevated on an artificial and turfed mound, some twelve to fifteen feet high. The bower is a parallelogram, and formed by the inlacing of the branches of the arbor vitæ trees, with glassless windows inserted in each pallisade of the trees, so as to form an opening for observation, and for the sweet gales of the garden to quaver through, to fan the cheek of the lady-visiter, or to give breath to her rougher companion who may attend her; or to render yet more pleasant the pick-nick coteries which, they say, often ride from town, and here take their lunch, and chat all manner of gentle and kind words. You ascend to the entrance of this ever-green bower by a flight of steps cut on a truncated triangle of earth, which, like the mound on which the bower is raised, is overgrown with perennial grass.

And in the same neighborhood, beneath two large tufts of cane, rising high and gracefully, and branching out their tops like some mighty plume of mighty knight, is a swing, in which all who wish once more to live over one scene of their childhood, may go on the gentle sweep, and think how different are the days of our childhood, from those when we are called to gaze abroad on a wild world, and to buffet its wild waves.

We saw in the garden a number of the tropical plants and trees new to us, and others, from other climes, which before we had not seen. The tea shrub was growing in considerable areas, and at this time was in blossom. The shrub was about three feet high, and cultivated in hills of a few shoots each. Then there was the clove and the

cinnamon tree, and the coffee tree, the bread tree and the jack-fruit, which last is a striking thing, the tree growing as large as a forest oak, and the fruit hanging from a stem that projects directly from the body of the tree or from the largest limb; and growing to the size of a half-bushel basket, though generally elongated and flattened, rather than perfectly globular.

There were many other fruits, which it cannot be of interest here to name or describe.

We wandered through the grounds again, and left the garden for the little building in the neighborhood, kept as a hotel. To our surprise, the comfortable essentials of a good meal were spread before us, after some delay—our party now being constituted of the Commodore, Capt. M. and four others. Having nought else to do, a long time was lingered away at the table, (some two hours or more—horrible!) but rendered tolerable in the lounging ease of the gentlemen who composed it, and the succession of unexpected *tastefuls* which came before us. Our attendants themselves did not entirely deny us a pleasure, as it was all so unexpected. "Take care there, Jose Maria Cavallo, don't shake that bottle of port as you did the other." Don Jose Maria, etc. etc., taking the hint, thought he understood it, and, as if it had been champaign wine or spruce beer, deemed he was making it yet more sparkling and choice, by adding greater agitation to the shaking he again gave the bottle.

Our two carriages drove into town; and as we rattled over the horrible pavements, the dark, and the *dark*, and the DARK Brazilians looked from their balconies and upper windows at the Americans of the *frigata* and the *corvetta*, as it was the evening hour, when they are privileged to gaze on the passers by, and be stared at, without displeasure or displeasing of either party.

On a succeeding day I visited the Museum, which is opened gratis for the people, twice a week. I did not expect to find a large or a greatly varied collection. Neither the display of birds nor minerals was such as might have been looked for in other days of Brazil. The specimens, however, in mineralogy were respectable, though very far inferior in variety, beauty, and arrangement, to the

cabinet at New Haven. It is said that Don Pedro I. robbed the Museum of its choicest and richest materials, when he left the country. Don Pedro II. is yet a lad of twelve or fourteen years of age, and though said to be a bright boy for his years, will probably have enough of turmoil, when he shall have reached the age to take his position for himself in the relations of the state parties, to occupy his time for the safety of his crown, to the neglect of the improvement of the public institutions of his imperial dominions. As evidence of the brightness of young Pedro, I was told by Doctor Prestina, a Portuguese gentleman of learning, that he was familiar with the French language, and had made considerable proficiency in the English and Latin; and had advanced in mathematics, and read a good deal in history.

When I had wandered through the upper rooms of the Museum, which are small, and exhibit but few curiosities, I left them and entered an under apartment of the same building. This lower room contained a few specimens in mechanics, where a few visiters, like myself, were now strolling. I saw nothing, however, particularly to arrest my attention but a case of books and an atlas (a London copy) of the comparative heights and extent of the different water-falls of the globe. I had placed myself in an examining posture, but the atlas was hung too high for convenience, which the attentive person in charge of the rooms observing, presented himself, and immediately spread the atlas before me on a table. I placed my finger on the Falls of Niagara, with some remarks connected with it, when a soft voice at my side asked, "And have you, sir, seen the Falls of Niagara?" with an intonation that at once told me that it was not native.

"Yes, madam," I replied, as I turned and beheld a young English lady leaning upon the arm of a gentlemanly looking man; "and I left them," I continued, "as I would part with a newly formed acquaintance, who had greatly contributed to my pleasure—delighted that we had met, and regretting that we were so soon to separate."

"My sister," continued the lady, "is now in the United States, and gives me such glowing accounts of what she meets, that I envy her the fortune to have enjoyed before

me the opportunity of visiting North America. If I might induce my lord here," said the lady, gently smiling, and myself and her lord gently bowing, "we should not long delay our passage to the United States."

All Englishmen, and certainly all English women, are not prejudiced against the United States. And the time has come when they are pleased if they can identify their own genealogies as kindred with those of the early worthies of our country.

A letter from a Portuguese gentleman of Madeira, made me acquainted with J. J. Prestina, a doctor of learning at Rio de Janeiro. He visited our ship, with a friend, and pressed me to accept an invitation to accompany him, on any day of our stay, to his seat in the country. I have postponed this, with other visits, until a good Providence may return us to this port again, on our way back to our northern homes. Dr. P. is a happy specimen of a Portuguese gentleman, surpassed by few for ease and urbanity of manners. He is said to have accumulated a fortune in the practice of law; and in the revolution of Portugal of 1823, when many of her choice sons had no alternative but to fly to arms or to exile, he visited Brazil. With this gentleman, I hope, on my return to take several excursions into the surrounding country and to the neighboring islands, which are said to be exquisite in their scenery, and rich in their high state of cultivation.

The Chaplain of H. B. Majesty's ship Stag having called upon me, I reciprocated his visit, and was invited to take a stroll with him and some of the officers of the Stag, to Prior Grande. They would send a boat for me.

Between England and America, there doubtless will ever be the memory of former incidents, to serve to keep alive the spirit of jealousy between the two nations, with a spice of envy on the part of the British people. The English had ruled mistress of the seas, until their prowess was fairly contested, in several actions, by our own vessels. The English can hardly be expected to yield a concession on this point which would take them one step from their self-complacent and proud elevation. And Americans believe, and without doubt have proved to their own satisfaction, and to that of the world, that they are a

match—perhaps in their young thirst for glory, more than a match—for the English, with equal forces. These circumstances sometimes produce, if not a coolness yet a preserved distance, in the association between American and British officers; while there is, at the same time, no asperity or unkindness of feeling on the part of either. It only prevents the approach of the two parties. But when they do meet and know each other, there is no want of cordiality in real feeling, or generous hospitality, and familiar and well-bred courtesy.

On the evening preceding our departure from the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, Commodore Read gave a dinner to the English officers in command of the British ships, now in the harbor. Commodore Sulivan has command of the British squadron on this side Cape Horn; and an Admiral commands the squadron on the other. Formerly the forces on either side of the Cape were under the command of an Admiral, stationed on this side the Cape, with a Commodore, subject to his orders, on the other side. The two forces are now independent commands.

Commodore Sulivan is an agreeable gentleman, and made himself such on the present occasion; and Captain Shepherd I found sociable. He is deemed an officer very creditably familiar with his profession.

The Commodore's table-plate, and well-served dishes, always do him credit as a man of taste; and becomingly supports the respectability of the government, whom he represents in his honorable commands.

Previous to our leaving the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, I preached in the English chapel. The congregation was very respectable. The English chaplain who has charge of the congregation, and the chaplain of the Stag, were present—the former reading the service.

It is indeed a grateful opportunity, when abroad, after having been for months on board a ship, to be able to mingle in your own familiar worship of home, on shore. They are the same prayers to which you have often listened with a melted heart; or which you yourself have offered, as the leader in the petitions of hundreds of others—the same responses, and the same psalms, and the same chants, and the same hymns. The heart goes *home*

to kindred and to native lands; and if rightly affected, goes upward too in devout devotion and gratitude to Him, who hath blessed and protected the wanderer on his course of the seas.

The modifications in our prayer-book, in which it differs from the English service, strike the worshipper of the American church, but interrupts not his devotion. It is but natural that the English should pray for their rulers, though it appears peculiar that they should mention them by name. And in the modification of some of the old obsolete terms, the omission of some things, and leaving others discretionary on the part of the American clergyman, where they are required to be gone through on the part of the English, I deem to be in favor of the American prayer-book. And yet there could be very little objection for an American clergyman of the Episcopal church, to go through the services of the mother-church, before an English congregation, on English ground.

Dr. Hazlet and Lieutenant Turner accompanied me from the ship to the English chapel. On our return we stopped, as we were passing, for a moment, in the imperial chapel. The services were nearly concluding. The music was powerful. Here they have two or three eunuchs from Italy, whose voices mingle with peculiar effect in the choir. The crowd were jammed together, blacks and whites, and all sorts of the males. The private openings in the second story on the sides of the building, alluded to on a preceding page, were filled with Brazilian women, without bonnets, who composed the household of the Emperor and other Brazilian families. Many of them were respectable for their personal appearance, and all dressed with becoming taste. Rockets and other fire-works were already arranged in the street, at the door of the chapel, with which to conclude the ceremonies of a Christian worship! We had left the building, and had proceeded but a short distance on our way to our boat, which was in waiting for us from the ship, when the match had been applied, to the bursting of rockets and other fire-works; and the loud reports of the exploding crackers, and the feu-de-joie, exhibited a scene, which we could not but identify with the whole service,

as a fanciful show—a religious farce—gone through for *the amusement of the people.*

How unlike the simple, suppressed, solemn worship of the Eternal, in which we had just been engaged! The Lord was not in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire: but in "*the still small voice.*" And when the prophet heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle.*

It is now too late, in this age of free inquiry, with the materials which have been spread before us, and the scenes which are yet daily enacting in Catholic countries, to pretend an apology, as if there were in the mummeries and in the religious farces of the papal ceremonies, a tendency to pure morality and "religion undefiled." In our own country, the Catholic religion, for the sake of appearances and decency, must omit much which is seen abroad. It is a notorious fact, in connection with Madeira and this place, that the people have so far felt the unhappy influences of the monastic institutions, as to make them a subject of legislation and restriction. And common report everywhere says, that the celibacy of the corrupted priesthood has made inroads upon the domestic peace, and harmony, and virtue of the social compact. And in affirming these things, which modern Catholic legislatures have themselves affirmed, and in some measure acted upon, the Protestant is declared to be prejudiced, persecuting, and illiberal. Pray, are there none but Protestant persecutors in the world of Christendom? Until within comparatively a few years, the right of Christian sepulture was forbidden, in the countries where Papacy had the ascendency. And now, I am told, that the English chapel here is precluded from holding their worship *with the doors of their church shut.* And when I see the members of that church rather inclining to join the reviler and the blasphemer against the cause of Protestant missions, and other institutions under Protestant influences, I am led to question the soundness of a system, which will lead to the union of sympathies so unlike the spirit and the professed end of the religion of Jesus Christ. For myself, I should be most happy that the Roman church, or

* 1 Kings xix. 11–13.

the Catholic church, as they rather choose to be called, in our country, should, as they have in some measure, reform their system, retaining the good and rejecting the bad; and adhering less closely (which both patriotism and religion require) to the Papacy at Rome. The Catholic church in the United States is respectable in numbers, character, and we would be uncharitable indeed not to suppose, in some good degree, in Christian influence. But there is an incubus in her system—a drawback to all the good. *There is ignorance of the Bible, and premeditated ignorance* on the part of those whose duty it is, according to the charter of all our hopes, to dispense "the word" to their flocks, which is able to make, and which will make, wise unto salvation. And so long as the Bible shall be kept from the laity, there will be and there must be something bad existing in the premises, and a perpetual wandering from the essentials and the spirit of the gospel system. It has been so—it will be so. It is necessary to the existence of the truth, in its purity, that the Bible should be in the hands of both the people and the pastors, that the example of both may be tested by a common and the acknowledged standard.

A FUNERAL IN RIO.

I have taken my last ride out of Rio, with Lieutenant G. of the Fairfield. We went to the Emperor's country residence, and also called on most of the American families of Rio. Their residences are in the neighborhood of the Emperor's grounds, a short way into the country. Our ride was exceedingly pleasant, and our calls agreeable to ourselves at least. In the evening we took tea at the Wrights', and prolonged our stay in the social circle of this amiable family. To-day, the last we spend in the harbor of Rio for a long, long time, I witnessed on shore, at four P. M., a funeral ceremony of considerable magnificence; and, as characteristic of the customs of this people, is worthy of a nota bene. It was imposing, and fully attended. I was aware that the solemnities of a burial were to take place, from the ringing of the bells of the large cathedral situated on the east side of the square,

into which the Rua do Ouvedor, the principal street of Rio de Janeiro, enters. The hearse, drawn by four white horses, with high plumes of black feathers decking their head-stalls, had already reached the front of the building, where a crowd was gathered, when I arrived at the steps of the cathedral. I entered the door of the building, where numbers had arranged themselves in two lines leading from the far-in altar, with each a waxen taper in his hand, which served him as a staff. As I passed, one of these lighted sticks of wax, reaching quite to the shoulder, and about two inches in diameter, was handed to me, and I advanced up the line of lights to a vacant position nearest the altar. As I looked down to the entrance of the cathedral, the two lines of similar tapers, each supported by its holder, gave forth a continuous gleam of light, streaming on either side in a brilliant periphery of an elongated ellipsis. In a few moments, from an adjacent recess, which communicated with an interior passage, entered three richly decorated priests, in the habiliments of their order, the central one supporting a massive silver cross, and the two on either side bearing a taper light in massive silver candlesticks. They advanced with twenty priests following them, with lighted waxen tapers in their hands, to meet the corpse at the entrance of the cathedral. A number of the priests I had before seen at the imperial chapel. They were now decked in short robes of white lace, falling, like a roundabout, a little below their shoulders, upon a lower robe of black. Beside these, were thirty or forty attendants in black bombazine canonicals, whose province seemed immediately to bear the corpse and perform the laborious parts of the burial. They all together advanced, with the coffin, overlaid with gold lace, to a high altar raised without the chancel, and highly gilded, seven feet long and three in breadth, upon which the deceased was placed. The services of the burial commenced by the chief priest, who had borne the silver cross in the procession. The responses were loud and rotund. As the coffin was elevated upon the altar, it fell apart, by its peculiar construction, opening from the top, by means of the split-lid, and dropping either way by hinges on either side, so as to expose half the body

dressed in its usual habiliments. The chief ecclesiastic moved thrice around the body, sprinkling, from a silver wand, the holy water upon the body, as he passed at the head, the side, the feet, and the side again, bowing to the silver cross as he passed it, which was now elevated at the feet of the altar, without the chancel. The ceremony continued—when a strain of music came from the choir, now in full chorus, now in dulcet strains, now in duetto, and again in a chorus that shook the walls of the massive buildings; and once more the requiem was long, and soft, and silent!

The heavy doors of a side passage were opened, and the priests advanced to an inner court of death, embracing an extensive area, surrounded by high walls. A colonnade extended around the spacious rectangle, within which and the wall a covered pavement ranges around the square, the centre of which is open for light and air. The procession of priests moved on, (the concourse of the spectators having extinguished their lights, and retired at the conclusion of the requiem in the church,) and reached the furthest side of this hollow square. They paused at an open niche in the wall. The wall is filled with ranges, five or six tier high, of such niches, one above the other, rendering it a bulwark of imbedded skeletons. Here the coffin was placed upon a smaller altar, similar, but less decorated than the first, standing without a rougher pair of steps, which rested beneath the opening in the wall. Upon this altar the coffin was first placed, by the attendants in black, who had borne it from the spacious room of the cathedral to this adjacent court, which forms a part of the same pile of building. Then, with the repetition of a short additional service, the body was elevated to the rougher platform, and again the coffin fell and exposed the body; and each of the dark-robed men advancing to the steps, took a small scuttle of quicklime, and ascending the steps, deposited it upon the body, and again descended, to be succeeded by others, until the unconscious sleeper was imbedded in the element which was soon to prey in consumption upon his yielding dust. It only remained, in completing the ceremony of the burial, to place the body within the vacant niche of the wall, and to seal it in masonry of lime and

rock, and to affix to the external surface the number of the inwalled vault.

The procession of priests returned through the church, bending their knees as they passed the altar, and extinguishing their lights as they sought the inner rooms, where they unrobed, and replaced their dresses, which they had assumed as appropriate habiliments for the religious ceremonies of the burial.

They had gone; and their voices were heard to murmur low in the inner distance of the extended building. And now, all was silence. I, alone, stood in that spacious hall, where but just now the peals of music echoed, and a thousand lights were gleaming, and the tramp of many feet were heard. Mine alone now lingered; and one solitary taper only was glimmering on the altar, in that vast building, to keep the vigils of the night-watch.

I walked through the dark passage-way to the interior rooms—again retraced my steps, and left the silent building, and was soon on my way down the Rua do Ouvedor, with thoughts, solemn and strange, in their commingling of emotions and sentiments, which these scenes and their associations had awakened.

LAST EVE IN THE HARBOR OF RIO.

I have made the preceding notes, associated with Rio de Janeiro, purposely omitting any excursions into the interior and to some of the neighboring islands, which, with visits to some other objects and Brazilian families in the neighborhood, I hope to be able to make, on my return, under the favorable circumstances of intelligent and gentlemanly Brazilian attendance.

But on this evening of our last stay in this beautiful harbor, how many are the associations of the past, which mingle with the present! It is here, on the still bosom of this mountain-shored basin, sleeping to-night like a calm lake among the hills, where the winds cannot ruffle it, the battle-ships of all the early states of Europe have rode, and for a moment paused on their several courses of discovery, of adventure, of merchandise, of war, and of circumnavigation of the world! Here the daring and adventurous

Portuguese moored their tempest-tost barks, which had first discovered these and hundred other shores, as the pioneers on the seas, where the white-spread sails of other nations are now wafted in the same, but earlier and fearful tracks of the Portuguese, without solicitude, and hardly with a memory of the men who pointed out to them the paths of the seas. And here Magellan paused with his little fleet of five ships, for a fortnight, whose name is immortalized on the land, as having first passed through the straits that unite the northern with the southern ocean; and among the stars, as giving an appellation to the twin nebula, or the Magellan clouds in the southern hemisphere. And here, in 1764, the Dolphin and the Tamor under Byron in chief, and Mouat, in their circuit of discovery, moored; and De Bougainville followed, after resigning the Falkland Isles into the hands of the Spanish, agreeably to the order of his government. And on these same waters, the energetic and accomplished, but unfortunate Cooke, with his companion Banks, whose thirst for knowledge was insatiable, lay moored in the good ship Endeavor. And they have all passed on—*passed on!* And how many others have come after—and where now are they? And we follow them—and where soon shall we be, when others shall still follow us, and like ourselves, and all who have gone before, shall pass to the realities, and the silence, if not the forgetfulness of the dead! But since the days of Magellan, and Vasco de Gama, and Columbus, what a revolution has passed over the two hemispheres of the north and the south, and of the west and the east! New worlds, and fair worlds, if not in literal extent, yet in production and population, have been developed; and the seas of the globe have become as plain a pathway to the mariner as the school-boy's track to the house of his early pupilage. And to-morrow we again weigh anchors, and follow on in our course. The high peaks which now surround us, and which have reverberated the echo of the cannon of almost every national flag of the earth, and have heard our own loud-mouthed pieces speak more than a dozen times in national courtesy and personal civilities, will soon sink from their proud elevations to mole-hills, as we stand on our eastern traverse. We bid ye, in good

sooth, ye lofty eminences and waved outline of cone and table-mount, and organ peaks, good-by, for long months, perhaps for years, perhaps for ever! And we will not forget the image which ye will have left in our vision, for the grand in nature is always imposing, and commands remembrance if we would forget. And kindly we will think of your inwalled lake, and some who dwell in homes which overlook these embosomed waters; for we would think with kindness on those who kindly have treated us. May a good Providence guide us again to look upon your green mountain-sides, and to re-greet the stranger friends, of whom we have learned enough to desire yet more to learn.

JULY 29, 1838.

We are now gliding finely out of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, to sea. The morning land-breeze is swelling our sails gently, and ten boats are ahead of us, from the different ships of war in the harbor, with our own, towing us beyond the mouth of the bay. A few moments more, and the boats will have returned; and the breeze, still freshening, assures us that we shall gain a sufficient offing before the sea-breeze shall set in, and give us a clear sweep over the blue billow, from every danger of an iron-bound coast.

SECTION VI.

Ill, at sea. Religion everywhere a beautifier of the character. Lines—An invalid's thoughts of home. Gale at sea. Nature's harmonies, in coloring and adaptation. Blow, off Cape Good Hope. Luna-bow. Theories confirmed by experience. The variety of clouds. Island of Madagascar. Associations on descrying the land. Beautiful rainbow. The isles of France and Bourbon. Harriet Newell's last resting-place. Lines to a beautiful bird, which lighted on the ship. Diego Rodriques. Henry Martyn. Religion beautifies the countenance as well as the character. Byron and Pollock. Corpo-Sant, or St. Elmo's light. Sunset scene in the seas of Arabia. On the equatorial line at meridian. An Arabian Falco. Eclipse of the moon. Calm of the Arabian seas.

For several days since our leaving Rio, I have been unwell. Others of the ship have been variously affected. My own indisposition has been attended with considerable suffering, and is supposed to be the consequence of eating too freely of the tropical fruits, found in great abundance and perfection, at Rio de Janeiro. Doctor H. has treated me gently, and yet I am extremely weak. For three days past I have kept my state-room, while every thing has contributed to my comfort, so far as the ship and its conveniences can afford. Our surgeon is every thing we would embrace in the gentleman, the physician, and the Christian. *Religion*, everywhere, is a beautifier of the character, refining the sensibilities of our nature. It gives a charm to the social circle. It is, or should be, the very breath of woman. It is *the without which nothing*, to the minister of the gospel. But nowhere is it more fitly appropriate, than in the character of the physician. He secures our confidence in the exercise of his skill, and the heart is softened to receive his sympathy, which never reaches the perfect state of the patient's circumstances, unless the heart that gives it has been touched by the gospel principles, which are indissolubly connected with the very being of man. And advice coming from such a man, in the hours of a patient's illness, is not ill-timed, or attended with ill-grace. It is not *ex-officio*. As possessing such a character, I regard our amiable and gentlemanly surgeon.

But with all the comfortables of a convenient ward-room, state-room, servant, provision and attendance, all will be forgotten by the invalid, when much prostrated; and his thoughts will go to his far-off home. He thinks of the soft hand of a mother and sister, who have attended him in some former illness. He thinks of the spacious and comfortable chamber in his father's house. He will recollect the soft step—the low whisper—the smile—the caress—the sympathetic expression—the cheerful hopes, and the encouraging voice of those who love him. And then, when he had so far recovered as to move from room to room, to be bolstered at the window in the easy-chair, to walk, for the time, in the yard, on the lawn, and in the field—he recurs to all these scenes—the delicate preparations—the support of the sister's arm—the green grass his foot first pressed—the refreshing fish-pond at whose side he sat—the sweet orchard through which he leisurely strolled, and the bench and the bower where he lounged, and the beautiful scenery now rendered doubly more enchanting, on which he gazed—and then, when he could again bear it, the soft and sweet music, which awoke for him. Some of these things have been passing through my own thoughts as I have reposed upon my state-room cot and mused of home and scenes of other days. And could the heart but break under such remembrances of kindness, and solicitude, and parental and sisterly care? And the love of home, and kindred who make home the blissful spot that it is, wakes more intensely in such circumstances, than ever before he has known it, however sincerely he may have loved. It is the *voyager* away and afar, musing in his hours of illness, who begets in his bosom a love of home, which others cannot know. He realizes, in more vivid appreciation, the charm of those associations, which originally possessed their interest on account of the pleasure they had caused him to experience at the locality of his home; and all these things which have once awakened his pleasurable emotions are now reviewed with a gentler heart, rendered additionally susceptible in his weaker strength of body; and he realizes with a warmer love the happy circumstances of those happy hours, which have been,

but now, in his absence and distance, he realizes with the deepening effect, of contrast, not to be. How then, with intenser love, will he greet, on his return, his forest shades, the water stream, the deep ravine, the hill, and the extended lawn of his country home; or the social and the kindred hearts of his city residence.

If the following lines may meet the eye of one who has been placed on a sick-bed, far from kindred and home, the writer of them believes the reader will recognise some feelings kindred to his own, however defective may be the manner in which they may be embodied in the accompanying measure.

AN INVALID'S THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Oh, hast thou known the sorrowing heart
Of one afar from home,
When pulses gush with fevered beat,
And friends around thee thou hast none?
Then hast thou wept a stranger's tear
Upon thy path forlorn,
While musing with a wanderer's care
On scenes which memory hath of home.

'Tis then a mother's holiest love
Comes o'er thee as a spell,
And thoughts that burn thy bosom rove,
As memories on her kindness dwell.
For thou hast known the silken hand
Of mother on thy brow,
As like some charm of magic wand,
It soothed thy pulses' rapid flow.

Ay, dearer than ambition's hope
Is home at such an hour;
And all that earth to men can ope
Hath lost for thee its wooing power;
There is not then a charm in wealth,
Nor lure for thee in fame;
The heart one magnet only hath,
And that is e'er remembered home.

Oh yes, it is a mother's care,
A sister's sister-love,
And friends at home, who offer prayer
For thy best weal and hopes above—
It is on them fond memories dwell,
Nor world hath charm beside;

To them thou wouldst thy last thoughts tell
When gathered sadly at thy side.

O give me back, then, to my home,
Where love awaiteth me,
For fevered heat hath on me come,
And few, they say. my hours may be:
Then back, give back this heart forlorn,
And aching head of mine,
For I have words to speak at home,
Ere yet my life-lamp cease to shine.

And then I'd lay me in the ground,
Where sleep my kindred near,
That friends may gather at my mound
And shed for me affliction's tear;
And say he loved as child should love,
And had a brother's heart,
And will their spirits guide above
When they, ere long, and earth shall part.

SOMETHING APPROACHING NEAR A STORM.

We have had fresh winds ever since we left Rio; and only on the day of our leaving the harbor have we carried our royals. The winds have continued to increase, as we have stood on our course, still more to the south and east, until, for two or three days past, it has been blowing a fresh gale. Our guns have been housed, royals and top-gallant yards sent down, and the ship made snug for the blow. It is on us. It has been sweeping over us for two or three days. But to-night, the darkest wing of the storm has been expanded over the heavens, and the billows are heaving their heaviest throes against the bulwarks of our frigate, as if they would feel her strength, to know how well she will meet the contest of the night.

Having been unwell for some time, though much better for the last three days, I have not ventured on the upper deck, as the weather has been so bad, and the winds so high, and the gun-deck so wet from the water that floods it, though the guns have been run in, and the ports rendered as tight as practicable. But the gale rises, and I have desired to contemplate the sea in its mad commotion,

and to listen to the wild winds as they whistle through the rigging of the ship, with her storm-dress upon her. To-night, therefore, I attired myself for the enjoyment of the opportunity, and, de pié en cap, ascended to the spar or upper deck. Lieutenant P. was the officer of the deck, and held the nettled courser on her path of darkness and foam. I told him, as he discovered me, that I had come to look at the dark eye of the gale. We talked a moment of the necessity of witnessing scenes of this kind rightly to conceive, or to feel, or to describe them. I had waited for such an opportunity to ascend the rigging of the ship, and now placed myself upon the windward ratlins of the mainmast. "Have a care of yourself, Mr. T.," said the officer on learning my purpose, "if you fall overboard, the ship cannot be hove to, to save you *to-night*." "I know it—I know it," I said, and left him on the deck.

It was a fearful slant those masts, ever and now made, as they bent to the influence of the gale and the surge that rolled beneath the frigate; but her noble hull was ever true, and again the masts righted, as if to mock the winged spirit of the storm, and waited exultingly for yet other rencounters, in their wrestles for the mastery. And those succeeding rencounters came. Ever and anon I saw, far off, the terrible roller that bore down on the weather-beam in its majesty, unseen only as its phosphorescent crest broke higher than the others on the dark sea, ere his huge proportions struck the waiting Columbia, now dashing on her way as if no antagonist greater than before were nearing. But he came on in his darkness and foam. And he was no boaster, that huge billow; but he was met, and the triumphant ship spurned the surge, as she bent to the mighty impulse, and dashed yet wilder and yet grander on her way of terror, and darkness, and mist, and whirlwind, and hurricane. Who can ever forget the sea-moan of the wind, in its flight of storm through the rigging of a frigate, as ours, this night, bends beneath the swift and heavy passage of the aeriel elements without a rag on our mizen-mast—the spanker-gaff down—and under double-reefed foresail, close-reefed main-topsail, and storm staysail; and yet the gallant ship

is leaping from surge to surge through the dark deep, with thickest midnight brooding over the ocean, at the rate of twelve knots the hour. What could save us were we dashing on a coral reef? What could save us, were we to come in contact with a heavier mettled vessel than ourselves? And what could save the craft upon which our ship this night should strike? No one, in the wild darkness that overhangs us, could descry a sail ahead, nor the high peaks of an ocean-isle, nor the coast of main land, nor in the roar of the tempest that rages with the voice of mighty elements, catch one lisp of the loud murmurs of a coast of breakers.

I left the rigging, and wished no longer to look at the fearful slant of the careening bark. How she is saved from rolling irrecoverably, as her main-yard nearly sweeps the careering billow, science can tell us, and science only, while the eye dilates as it marks the fearful sweep of the main-mast, from the dark zenith to the darker horizon. It would seem as if there were power enough in the wind and the surge, in their madness to-night, to bear, on an untiring wing through mid-heaven, our heaving frigate, as a god, in his might, would sport with an infant.

This is the winter season in this latitude of the southern hemisphere, and a squall with hail hath met us. How strange, in connection with all our previous experience! While our friends are burning with heat in the early part of *August*, it being the twelfth, or enjoying the cool shade of the bower that shelters them from the sun's too intense beam, we are shivering, in his absence, and with the temperature, to-day, of a northern December around us.

CAPE PIGEON.

Our ship has been driving, with great speed, on her course towards the Cape of Good Hope. When but a few days out of Rio, we were attended by a considerable number of a beautiful bird, usually called the cape pigeon. It may be deemed the gull of the southern hemisphere, in size resembling that graceful personification of the wave and its foam, which scales nearer in to the shores in the northern seas. These birds are heavier than the

northern gull, their wings shorter ; and varied with tracery of white feathers on their wings, giving a beautiful contrast of dark and white waved lines on either wing. Their necks, though stouter, much resemble, in their hues, the wild pigeon, but their legs are short, and their feet webbed. One of these birds became entangled in the rigging of the ship, and was taken by the men. Another was ensnared by a line, thrown overboard with a bait; but the bird caught his wing in the cord and was thus drawn aboard.

How beautiful is nature in all her harmonies of coloring and adaptations! These birds, and more particularly the northern gull, with its white breast, dark-brown wing, and graceful flight, chime in with the waters over which they scale, in their thousand evolutions. Would they not have seemed quite out of place, had they been of a deep scarlet color ? Such a colored bird we look not for on the deep, but among the green bowers, and fadeless forests of a tropical climate. But the gull seems the graceful child of its mother foam, breaking her curling crest on the dark-blue wave. And the cape pigeon, venturing further out upon the deeper blue ocean than the northern gull, has a plumage partaking of the still deeper blue of the surge, and his wing feathered with the lighter white of the wilder crested billow.

But there is another bird which hangs on our course of fresh gales, as they have attended us for the most part of our passage since we left Rio. He is a larger bird than the cape pigeon, with longer wings and a slimmer body, and dark as the misty nights themselves which have overhung us. I cannot look at that bird without regarding him as the very spirit of the storm that sweeps, with its dark wings, over the lashed sea. There he is, scaling in his quick evolutions a thousand times, during the cloudy day, across the track which our ship leaves in the disturbed waters behind her. And when the tempest of the night has had its full sweep through the rigging of our naked spars, the morning finds that dark bird still near us, though scarcely seen only as his wing tips the billow in its roll, as he turns himself in his flight, and lines his shape in his upward curve and dark relief, on the horizon beyond him.

And yet, I dislike not that bird—he is so sublimely in keeping with the dark-rolling billows of the sea, when no crest is on their tops, but clouds darken the heavens—or as seen, the precursor of the dark-winged squall, when driving, with nearing approaches, over the waters—or when the heavy gathering of the dark nimbi-clouds around the whole horizon tell the wary sailor of the coming hurricane, that shall throw ocean and air, and falling waters, into their wildest tumult and rage.

OFF CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, AUGUST 19th, 1838.

I have written of the blow which swept over us on the 11th instant; and fresh winds have attended us during most of our course from Rio, up to our present position.

But the gale of last night and this morning, has outmatched the elements in their tumult of the eleventh. We are now standing nearly east, with fore-course double-reefed, and main-topsail close-reefed, and the wind abaft. The swell of the ocean exceeds any thing which we have before seen. The crest of the surge raises high its white cap, only to be sent, like whirling drifts from the high peak of a snow-bank. At times, the extended ocean lies before us sheeted in one vast layer of foam; or again, the blue billow, rolling higher than his fellow, breaks its huge volume, and sends its thousand currents of mingling froth down the steep aslant of the surge, like expanded flakes of snow, resting on the declivities of the blue ravine. While standing on the arm-chest of the quarter-deck, one mightier surge than the rest, came on, and rolling high its curling crest, bent its lip of foam over the hammock-cloth and drenched me from head to feet. It was a mighty heave of the ocean, thus to overleap the highest part of the spar-deck.

Having changed my dress, I again sought the deck, to ascend to the mizzen-top. No sail was spread upon the naked spars, while the winds roared through the moaning rigging; and here in grand solitude, I gazed abroad upon the lashed ocean, raging in the wildness of a gale at sea. The sun was out, and sent his steady beams abroad, as if to light up the terror of the storm. The spray of the clip-

ped surge reached me, even in the mizzen-top, as it was whirled on the wing of the eddying currents. Abroad, on the vast deep, the mighty cascades of ocean threw up, as incense of oblation to the winds, their jets of foam, coruscating in the light of the glorious sun, and rendering contemptible all the attempts of art to imitate the waterspouts of nature. But the winds—*those moaning winds*, wailing through the taughtened rigging, now howled like a thousand spirits, that seemed ready to chant the requiem of half a thousand souls held at their mercy, and driving them on their way of tempest, with life-lines stretched from gun to gun, the length of either deck, to enable them to pass from bows to stern of the careening, and pitching, and struggling ship. It was a grand spectacle, that veiw from the mizzen-top. The fore and main each bore only a single sail, close-reefed. No other sail was set. The top-gallant-masts were housed, the guns run in, and all was snug. Scarcely a man was seen aloft in the fore and main tops, while the mizzen-mast stood in its naked cords and spars, to wail, in sympathy, with the maddened elements of wind and wave, while the one swept through its cordage, and the other around us, in the wildness of its tempest-course. It was a fearful chord those masts, at times, would line on the heavens, as the ship was heaved by the rolling billow; and as I gazed over the chafed sea, from the rocking height, the very currents of the air seemed as if they would choke me, as I inhaled my breath. Never before, as now, had I so fully realized the fearful circumstances of the adventurous tar aloft while the gale is raging, and mastering the winds themselves, though, from habit, he is as confident and sure as if his feet were pressing the firmer deck below.

Such is the scene while we are moving around the Cape of Good Hope, some hundred miles in the distance from it. But we fear nothing. We know our path—unlike the earliest adventurers on the same course, but hugging nearer to the shore, which they justly denominated, in the days of their smaller ships and imperfect knowledge, "the cape of all torments." But our run is at the rate of ten knots and more the hour, directly on the course which we desire to make over the mighty billows, which, in all

their mountain-height of blue and green, and crest of foam and mist, and spouting cascades of crystal waters, drinking in the light of the high sun, are yet beautiful, and grand, and sublime as nature, even in her wrath, ever appears. Go on, then, thou goodly ship. Thou hast borne us safely thus far, and we will trust thee still, in the hand of that greater Power, who poured the ocean's self from his palm, and can wake or allay its mighty commotion, at his will.

On a succeeding evening Lieutenant Turner sent for me, to come to the deck and look at a beautiful *Luna-bow*. Its colorless but soft phosphorescent arch was lined distinctly and perfect on a dark-brown cloud, in the south-east, while the moon shone sweetly and bright in the north-west. The apex of the arch was some 15° above the sea; and nothing could be more soft, more chaste, more lovely. In its proportions and position it obeyed all the laws of the rainbow, with the exception of the color of its rays. The light of the moon, though her smiles were abundant for a maiden no more than a week old, was too feeble to transmit from the bow the prismatic colors. And I would not wish to have seen them, if ever they appear. They would have been out of character, in the soft light of the moon, as she walked through her blue halls to-night, with the horns of her silver crescent turned towards the north, and the stars above her and around her shining in their own peculiar sheen of glory. And then, not far above this arch of light, so chiming in with the color of the stars and the moon's pale beam, was seen the constellation of the Southern Cross. There, then, were all the elements of the escutcheon of the once proud house of Portugal, with her gems of the Brazils—the cross supported by its arch, and its azure field studded with brilliants. But the mind that loves to let its vision go beyond the things of change, would think of the reality, which that constellation emblems forth of immortality to spirits, which diamonds of the mines and stars of the heavens may not redeem; and associate the halo, spanned in its graceful loveliness and light on the heavens, with the brow of Him who made them all, and redeemed man to fadeless blessedness, if he will but return to him the fit devotion of his heart!

THEORIES CONFIRMED BY OBSERVATION.

Few things can more gratify one, whose habit of mind has been to philosophize on the phenomena of nature, than to be placed in circumstances where he is able to verify the theories with which he has been familiar, and to observe for himself the reality of those theorems in physics which he believes as mathematical certainties, but which his opportunities of observation have never before given him *to feel* to be true, as matters of his own visible inspection and consequent experience.

We all believe that the earth is a sphere. We have read the proofs and followed out its demonstrations in curves and sines and tangents; and have read of ships, guided by the unerring magnet, and the bright stars, and the yet brighter sun, sailing around the world, by keeping on their unchanged course to the east. We believe it all. But it is not with *that feeling of conviction* which possesses him, who has watched the compass from day to day and from month to month as he has urged on his curved course, with the prow of his ship ever pointed to the east, and finds himself at last, at the same point of the west from which he started.

And again, if from the north the voyager has ever looked at the sun performing his daily circuit at the south of him, seeming so closely to hug his bright halls in the southern distance as almost to leave a doubt in one's feelings whether it be a possibility for one to place that same luminary at the north of him, though he should sail to the southmost extent of the earth. But the voyager no sooner commences his course southward than he finds that the sun, at noonday, is more nearly above him than before. He continues his course another day, and still another, and another, and finds the sun, in his never-failing circuit, yet nearer above him, when midway on his diurnal track of the heavens. As his ship still bounds on her fleet traverse, at length the sun, at meridian, sends down his perpendicular ray, with an intensity of heat, that tells him there is no mistake about its coming from the point directly in his zenith. But he still urges on his course to the

south, and finds that he is continually leaving the belt of the heavens through which the sun makes his annual circuit, until, as is now our own case, he reaches a point, from which the sun appears as far to the north of him at noonday, as a New-Yorker would see the same glorious orb at his south, on a November's noon.

And then, as he gazes from night to night on the bright stars, on which he has looked from his infancy, sinking one by one beneath the horizon, as he recedes from them; and another hemisphere of yet brighter brilliants looming up before him to delight his view, he *feels*, while he thus gazes and admires, and is sad, that he has evidence that this earth is a vast globe, on which he has sailed to its higher part, and there for a moment delayed, but is now descending again, with a long farewell to the home and the hemisphere where he has ever before lived, and looked, and loved.

The *trade-winds* are another subject of interest to the voyager, as he passes to the equator and beyond it. In accounting for the regularity of these winds, for ever blowing in the same direction, he has to review but a few and simple principles, for the confirmation of the theories in meteorology, with which he made himself acquainted in his school-boy days, or in hours of maturer reasonings. And he finds the reality to be, as his theories would lead him to infer. In the northern tropic, a perpetual northeast wind prevails, ever driving towards the equator, and in the southern tropic, a southeast trade alike drives on its perpetual slant.

THE VARIETY OF CLOUDS.

There are many other objects of interest, which attract the gaze, and offer continual subjects to amuse the speculations of the meteorologist, as well as to delight the fancy of the poet, and awaken the emotion of the beautiful in the bosom of the lover of nature. Nowhere else can we have so full and ever varying views of the changing *clouds*, as at sea. One sees them in their thousand forms and changes and picturesque grouping of castle and turret and falling ruins; and cavalcade and infantry in elemen-

tary war; and in the calm of succeeding truce, and the serene of final peace. And then, the expanses, like ocean-plains, in the ever changing skies, often lay before him in their green, or blue, or saffron and gold, with the soft clouds drifting slowly over the bosom of the rich expanse, like so many floating islands, prepared for the spirits of the blest in their circuit of the universe, and of fadeless happiness and years.

We gaze upon the *cirrus*—most generally occupying the highest place of the atmosphere, and sometimes covering the vast expanse above us, sometimes usurping the whole heavens. Now it throws out its fibrous lines with curled ends, like the flowing hair of a "Kate's crazed," streaming dishevelled in the breeze. Again it is seen in its lines of net-work; and at others, like flakes of wool distended and terminated in its curve of curls. The sailors call this cloud the *mare's tail;* and the cirrus, Englishized, means a tuft or lock of curled or frizzled hair. The mariner supposes it to be a harbinger of coming winds; and when it gathers low and dense, a blow may be deemed to hang upon its nearing wing. At such times, it is generally seen rising from a direction opposite to the one whence the gale shall come. The brushy and filiform structure of this cloud, would seem to favor the supposition, that this class of nebula serve as conductors of electricity from cloud to cloud, and from one mass of the atmosphere to another. Its changes are often very rapid, throwing out filaments in various directions, from the original thread, and disappearing in the form of another cloud, but when most elevated, sometimes pencils its beautiful tracery, for hours, on the fair and deep-blue sky.

The *cirro-cumulus* is a modification of the cirrus, having the appearance we would imagine to be given to the cirrus, if its small fibrous layers were contracted into globular shapes, and extending themselves in irregular and horizontal masses. They generally occupy the place next lower in the sky than the cirrus; and by some, this variety of form is deemed to result from the cirrus ceasing its office as an electric conductor, either by its change of form or the changed state of the atmosphere. It is deemed the forerunner of fair weather; but not always is it such, for,

when accompanied by the cirro-stratus, another variety of cloud, it is regarded as a sure indicator of a coming storm.

The *cirro-stratus* is varying and many-formed, but, like the cirrus, it is a fibrous cloud. It spreads its cross-bars or fibrous layers of oblique and parallel streaks in a horizontal extension, varying in their length and size and color, but uniting themselves in a horizontal line, while the ends are jagged and distinct. At other times they spread themselves in disconnected but regular oblique lines, parallel to each other, lying on the back-ground of the heavens in fanciful resemblance of a school of fish, and hence deriving from the voyager the name of mackerel skies. The night before the gale we experienced off Cape Good Hope, the skies were checkered with this variety of clouds, attended by the cirrus yet above it, and both sailing in the upper region. Ere long they condensed into darker layers towards the falling of the sun, with the increase of the winds. The cirro-stratus, in connection with either of the preceding forms, is regarded as an unfailing precursor of a gale; and in the language of the sailors,

> "Mackerel skies and mares' tails,
> Make high ships carry low sails."

The *cumulus* and the *cumulo-stratus* never tire the eye as it gazes on their sublime piles, banked up one upon another, and rolling on their courses in changing but ever beautiful formations. What may not one fancy them to be in their fleecy robes of light, and gossamer of a thousand dyes, from the deepest crimson and scarlet and vermilion, to every shade of gold; or as they stack their spherical shapes in an untarnished glow of silver and gold, against the deep blue of the ether? I have watched, for hours, their varying forms, as they have lined themselves in one almost unbroken and glorious panorama around the horizon of the heavens, when nature seemed to be decorating herself for the gala of some one of her grandest holidays. And then, as the sun coursed down his way to his bed of the ocean, retiring behind the banks of these conic and terraced masses,

'I've lingering gazed upon the glowing west,
Seen in her gold and gorgeous purple drest;
But soon those brilliant dyes have past away,
As evening threw her veil far o'er the sky."

Of these two clouds, the *cumulus*, whenever it is the precursor of rain, presents a more sombre and fleecy appearance, and is less globular and distinct in its formation, and sinking in denser masses towards the horizon. But in fair weather, its rounded forms are well defined, and sail higher up on its course of light, drinking in the beams of the smiling sun, throughout the whole of the loveliest day.

The *cumulo-stratus* is yet more beautiful in its combinations of rolling and heavy masses, overhanging its dark underlayers; and sometimes seems to lower, as if all were not right in the peaceful regions through which it is sailing; but it is believed that rain never falls from this majestic voyager of the fair and beautiful heavens.

The *nimbus*, or the rain cloud, often has its origin in the cumulus. Large masses of the cumuli, at times, may be seen crowding together, blending their folds and raising high their peaks, and gliding into the form of cumulo-stratus. Ere long they become more and more dense, until they present to the beholder the dark sides and threatening volumes of the nimbus, which delays not long its approach over the waters in gust and whirlwind and rain; and is known alike to the observant and the unobservant, as the dispenser of showers, and tempests, and storms.

The cloud which is spoken of by the meteorologist, as occupying the lowest stations, is the *stratus*, which includes in its genus the mists and fogs formed during the night, and dispersed by the rarefying beams of the early sun. It is supposed to reach its density at midnight; and owing to this circumstance, it is sometimes called the *cloud of night*. But when the sun's early rays scatter its white folds into thin air in the morning, it is the surest harbinger of fairest skies. Who has looked on the vast volumes of the autumnal fogs, rolling from the river up the ravines, as the sun sends forth his morning beams, and has not admired the silvery and fleecy folds of the slowly rolling vapors, as they rise beneath the rarefying influence of the morning

ray? And if we have beheld them while we were gazing upon them from the side of friends, and at the home of our youth, nothing can make us forget the charm of these young associations, and the waking views of our careless and happy hours.

LAND, HO.

We have just made the southern point of the island of Madagascar, after a run of thirty days from Rio. It is a question whether a quicker passage has been made over the same track, our ship having measured ninety degrees of longitude, or sailed one fourth the way around the world in thirty days.

It is indeed a thing of delight to gain a view of land, after a passage of weeks at sea. The voyager feels that he is again united to a world of living beings; and the eye fixes itself on the land as an associate object, to carry the heart directly to friends, though they be a hemisphere from the spot where the eye is lingering its gaze. It is *on land* where our dearest associations cluster. It is there we have laughed, and wept, and loved; and it is there we believe ourselves still to be beloved.

To me, it is an agreeable circumstance to be noted, that we have, in every instance, made the land under some interesting exhibition of nature. The scene at Madeira, and the bright Arcturus shining above us, has been mentioned. The eve of our gaining our first view of Rio de Janeiro is noted, as associated with an unequalled moon-lit scene. And to-night, as the sun went down but a little at the west of the island, which lies in the horizon on our larboard beam, bathing his golden disk in the Indian seas, he exhibited a peculiar and peaceful sunset, which seemed to omen brightly of our onward way, through the waters of these olden lands. The large orb fell, while we were gazing on the newly seen isle. When his lower limb touched the waves, they heaved against his crimson belt, while some six or eight digits of his disk only could be seen, as he continued to settle beneath the waves, from a cloud above him, until at length his upper rim emerged from the fleecy bank, and in a moment more he disappeared, saying, in the

last gleam that scintillated in his farewell ray, "I have been your friend—I have given you my beams until I have saved you from the nearing danger, and the wished-for object now lies before you. Praise ye, then, the God who made me."

Surely that heart must be devoid of all capability of gratitude, who, after a course of weeks upon the boundless ocean, can look upon the land, and think of friends, and health, and safety, and gives not a gush of bursting love to the God who made him, and whose attending goodness has been with him on the seas.

The land which we have made is the island of Madagascar, the first we have seen in this ocean of isles, into which we are about entering, and which we first desired to make.*

In consequence of finding it impossible to weather the southeastern point of the island of Madagascar, occasioned by the adverse winds called the Fort Dauphin winds, which prevail at the south end of Madagascar, our ship has been standing to the east and south for several days, with the intention of taking one of the outer passages for Muscat or Bombay. The island of Madagascar is a continent in itself; and it seems remarkable that it has not met the avaricious eye of some of the European powers, and called for the exercise of their prowess, in the attempt to take and to hold possession of it.

Yesterday, September 4th, we were some three hundred miles from land, with the island of Bourbon and the Isle of France at the windward. It seems yet unsolved whether we shall touch at the latter. It is replete with associations. It is the spot where the scenes are laid, which have brought the tear to the eye of many a young

* During the night, owing to our proximity to the land, we stood off to the south, but tacked ship early in the morning. When again we had gained a view of the land, a cloud had passed the ship; and a bow more brilliant than any one on board had ever before seen, arched itself over the southern extremity of Madagascar. The lower chord of rays lined themselves as *distinctly* in its lovely violet as art's less lovely tints could have drawn them on canvass. It was a perfect thing, and awakened the admiration of every eye on board.

heart while reading the sentimental and tragic story of Paul and Virginia. The island, in other days, has been noted for its loveliness, and choice and hospitable society. The clove in its rich aroma, and the cinnamon, and the coffee tree deck the plantations, while the flowering mimosas with their contrasts of white and yellow and rose blossoms, with the deep verdure of their dense foliage, decorate the streets of Port Louis.

But to me, the greatest charm which could be thrown around this fair isle of the Indian seas, is the circumstance of its being the final resting-place of the lovely and devoted *Harriet Newell.* I well remember the story of this first martyr to the cause of East India missions. And when a boy, the memoirs that narrated her voyage, and exhibited her character in its loveliness, its sweetness, and its piety, melted my heart, and perhaps was among the first things that awakened in my own bosom the desire that the God in whom she confided might be mine. How, then, would I stand beside that grave, which contains the dust of the self-sacrificing and lovely missionary, who had a heart which embraced in its benevolence the millions of India; and though delicate in her feminine loveliness, hesitated not, in that early day of Christian effort for the East, to dare the difficulties that attended on the path of the strongest and the roughest, who went forth with good intent for the salvation of the benighted. Peacefully she rests in the green island of cloves, which give their spicy richness to the gale. None who can appreciate the moral beauty of virtue in its loveliest dress can recall thy memory, sweet sleeper of the ocean isle, and not yield thee the tribute of deferential respect and love.

This evening, at about sunset, a little bird came down on its tired wing, and lighted on our ship. The quartermaster took it, and brought it to me. It is far away from the shore for such a little wanderer to venture; and when taken, manifested no symptom of alarm. I brought the little voyager to my room, and penned to it the following lines:

TO A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BIRD,

Which lighted on the deck of the Columbia, some hundred miles and more to the leeward of the Isle of France.

Sweet bird of the isle, too far o'er the sea
Thou has bent thy slight wing—come hither to me;
There's none that will harm thee, sweet bird of the isle,
As thou on this bosom shalt rest for a while.

The first shade of night is on the dark wave,
And the zephyrs of eve in their sea-dews lave;
And thy home many leagues is away in the west,
Thou canst not reach it—come hither and rest.

And when the morn breaks with its first ray beaming,
And o'er the blue sea to thy green isle is streaming,
I'll give thee to thy wing, if again thou wilt dare
To cut thy fleet way through the deep azure air.

But thy breast is now beating, lone bird of the isle,
And none its grief-breakings hath power to beguile;
Thou dreamest of thy left-one 'mong bowers of the clove,
There carolling her vesper this eve in the grove:

"O where, O where is my lost-one," she is murmuring now,
"That, to-night, he returns not to his cinnamon bough?
The soft spicy breezes lose their sweetness for me,
While I am absent, my lost-one, my lost-one, from thee!"

But cheer thee, little bird of the sweet azure crest,
Again thou shalt see thy green isle of the west;
We will bear thee, to-night, full many leagues on,
And thou shalt live again, and love, in thy own spicy home.

On the morning of the 9th, we made land, agreeably to our expectation, and corresponding in its longitude with the time of our chronometers. It is the island of Diego Rodriques, long 63° 7′, lat. 19° 37′. It presents, the southern extremity of it, an oval outline with the highest point in the centre, and declining either way with a nearly equal curve. It is composed of high mountains and deep ravines, while it sleeps in its ocean-solitude, in undisturbed possession of the crabs and turtles frequenting its shores.

SABBATH OF THE 9TH OF SEPTEMBER.

We have taken the southeast monsoons, and are sailing delightfully on our course. It is a lovely day, and it is the Sabbath. The services of the morning are over; and a few moments since, while on the quarter-deck, I marked one of the Lieutenants, who had turned from the view of the land to the opposite quarter of the ship. His head rested upon his hand, and his elbow upon the hammock-cloth; while his cap was carelessly held in his other hand, which lay listless upon the netting; but his thoughts were on wings, I doubt not, which bore him to loved ones far—how far away, on other shores! And this was not all. His were not only thoughts which relate to this life. None loved more entirely than he; and it was this love which now bore his thoughts up to the Father of us all, for blessings which this earth cannot give, to rest on the absent. Oh, there is a hallowedness in those breathings, which go forth in prayer for those who are deeply beloved, when the soul of him who prayeth hath but lately learned to feel that there are riches beyond this world which friends dearer to him than life may attain, and when such is the burden of his prayer. God bless those friends; and in the mysterious commune of spirits, may the prayer of this young husband bear on it, by the way of the courts of heaven, this day, a blessing which shall thrill a kindred chord of devotion in the bosom of his young and amiable bride, and consecrate to their God the young years of their boy, who has, as yet, but just learned to lisp the name of father and mother.

While reading, to-day, in the Memoir of the accomplished Henry Martyn, the scholar of Cambridge and the missionary to the Indies, I noted, with interest, the following passage: "Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them; for religion has refined my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful. Oh how religion secures the heightened enjoyment of those pleasures which keep so many from God, by their becoming a source of pride!"

There is deep truth in this reflection; and it has often impressed my own mind as it is here delineated in the words of Martyn. And I once heard a gentleman of great refinement of character, taste in literature, and who minutely observed men and manners, say, that there was nothing like religion to give beauty of expression to the countenance. Why should it not be so? *We know that the muscles of the face are exercised by the emotions of the heart; and those emotions which are most frequently exercised in the bosom leave the evidence of their frequent existence demonstrated on the countenance.* If, therefore, the benevolence of the heart towards our fellow-men, often touch our sympathies—if sympathy for the distressed—if ingenuousness of character, rectitude of purpose, and truth in principle, are all habitually waking in the bosom and controlling the mental decisions and external actions of one who has devoted himself, or herself, to the discipleship of Christ, how can it be otherwise than that these feelings should chronicle themselves in the open, and manly, and ingenuous face of the sincere follower of Jesus Christ, whose religion inculcates good will to all men. And these are the virtues and the excellencies which we all admire, wherever they are seen to exist. It is in the very nature of our constituent being to admire virtue and moral excellence, as much so, as it is a quality of the physical eye to appreciate physical beauty. Therefore, where other things are equal, *that countenance* will be the most lighted up by that inexpressible and often indescribable charm, which gives one to believe that he reads, in the light of its expression, the amiable and enchanting qualities of an unseen but intelligibly speaking soul. And when a character, thus refined in its sensibilities and principles, goes forth to look on nature, her beauties chime in with such a character's sympathies. Nature, in all her coloring and landscape and sublimity in effect, exhibits a perfection in the Creative Mind that conceived and spread such beauties forth to the view; and it awakes, in the bosom of the refined, a longing desire for a kindred purity, that his spirit may be untarnished by one blemish. And the least blemish, wherever seen in contrast with the loveliness around him, in his growing habit of refinement,

gives pain to the increasing delicacy of his perceptions. And with this deepened refinement of spirit, painting, poetry, and music, made up of beautiful and delicate harmonies in imagery, sentiment, and sound, come home to his sensibilities, and the soul thrills as it yields to the deep tides of flowing, and beautiful, and refined thought No man nor woman hath reached that delicacy of susceptibility, where harmonies find the deepest chords which nature has strung in our bosom, unless the element of religion lies among the vibrating strings of the spirit. It is of no account to say that some unholy men have been the greatest poets, and that many holy men have never had the gift of poetry. Byron perceived *what he might have enjoyed*, had he himself been all that his mind *conceived* of the pure, the beautiful, and the refined. We read his confession in the sentiment, when the prayer of one who was lovely, and young, and pure, was sent to him, as having been penned and offered up to her God for him, and which, on her death, had been found among her private papers. He would sooner have exchanged all the glory of his poetic fame than the one consciousness that such a prayer had been sent to heaven in his behalf. Byron should have been a Christian, and then he would have experienced the happiness rather than *the miseries* of one of the gifted children of poesy. Pollock was such; and as he wrote, he not only enjoyed the mental perception of the beautiful and the sublime, but his heart melted in the depths of its profoundest and *purest sensibilities*, which reached the circumstances of his whole mental, and moral, and immortal being.

On the twelfth, a dark storm, with rain and thunder, attended us, and reduced the ship to her fore-course and main-topsail, close-reefed. The spindle of the main conductor was illuminated for some time, and I stood, for a half hour, in the deep darkness of the night, and the heavy peltings of the rain, on deck, to watch the effect of the clouds, charged with electricity, upon the pointed spars of the ship. The illuminated point of the spindle appeared like a small star, and lined its chord of light on the dark zenith as the ship rolled, but at times disappeared, or again gave forth its small bead of light. Before I ascend

ed to the deck, the officer assured me that the truck was considerably more illuminated, and a phosphorescent appearance extended some inches down the royal-mast.

The sailors are, confessedly, a superstitious class, very generally believing in ghosts and various kinds of spiritual appearances. While standing upon the deck, I was amused with strange stories, each one being ready to spin his yarn when interrogated. They call this electrical appearance corpo-sant—the St. Elmo's light of the books, and of other superstitious times. A main-top-man assured me that he had often seen the corpo-sant descend from the truck to the deck, and ascend again. In case of its rising again from the deck to the truck, it is deemed an omen of approaching good weather. But should the corpo-sant descend the mast, and make its way out of the lee-scupper, then,

"There's danger on the deep,"

and many vessels, under such circumstances, are known to have been lost, said the sailor, with all their crews.

It is not unusual, during a stormy night like this, for the three trucks of a ship to become illuminated, as also the ends of the higher yards. This phenomenon is of frequent occurrence off Cape Hatteras, and the cause must be obvious, as an electric exhibition, at the rounded points of the spars of the ship.

Nature never tires the eye of the admiring gazer, as he lingers his vision on her ever changing beauties. The sunset of one night is beautiful—the next may equal it for its brilliancy, while the coloring and the thousand fairy forms of the one shall differ entirely with the ever varying forms and colors of the other. I have already, and more than once, alluded to the beautiful sunset scenes, which are ever presenting themselves to us, at sea. But the scene of glory spread before our eye on the evening of the 13th, in our west, has not before been equalled for its coloring and variety of fantastic forms; and we will call it

A SUNSET SCENE IN THE SEAS OF ARABIA.

And what is there of the imagination that does not come forth as the memory recalls the olden stories and fairy tales of that enchanted land—the days of the Caliphs—Yemen's golden mountains, and Oman's emerald waters? We are now approaching this land of gorgeous legends, and in a few days more may lave our anchors in the green waters of Oman. And just as we are entering the seas of Arabia, the delight is not a little augmented by the coincidence that presents to us, to-night, so gorgeous a sunset, while we let the imagination go on its free wing to mingle the half-shady memories and mystic fictions of the past with the brilliant images and reality of the present.

A summer's shower had gone over us, such as I have known at the north in June, which left the soft and moist air to rest refreshingly against the cheek. The clouds had been floating on their way, and were now packing themselves up in the south and west, leaving vacant fields in the sky, deep and vast, where they seemed to have laid off the beautiful spaces, as if they had thought on this night as the hour for making the greatest display of their magnificence and loveliness. The sun had sunk his veiled disk beneath the western rim of the ocean, and sent back upon the clouds his beams, in his greatest prodigality; while these aerial vapors had disposed themselves in fantastic lines, as if they sought to be *peculiar* this night. One long cirro-stratus stretched itself in a horizontal line, midway in the scene, dark, and low, and long; and above and below were oblique layers so converging on the green back-ground of the sky, as to exhibit the appearance of an undulating sea of paling green, sending back from its unbroken and mirroring surface a sheet of light, in delicate and softest beauty. Not the gossamer zone of lady ever floated so lightly as, here and there, waved the elongated curls of fleecy vapors, in their different hues of lightest pink, and blue, and palest gold, while the heavier layers of clouds piled themselves in strata upon strata, and all were illuminated with every tint of mingling scarlet and carmine and deepest Indian red, such as

painters might wish, to give the highest coloring to the cheek.

But it was *the arrangement* of the clouds, to-night, which mostly struck my eye, and awakened my interest, though nature's colorings shone forth in their indescribable magnificence. There, around the gorgeous horizon, lay all the cities of the East, as they had filled our young minds and vivid imaginations, with all their turrets and domes and embattled ramparts, notching themselves along the line of the glowing horizon. But one scene, more than the rest, attracted the long gaze of my own eye, willingly lingering on the princely vision. Two parallel rows of clouds were so piled, as to give the perspective of a spacious avenue, lined, on either side, with palaces and castles, embowered in regular rows of ornamental and towering trees, extending from the rim of the ocean far across the area of the wide city, to a curve in a crystal and expanded river, that seemed to wind, for leagues, in the back-ground. It opened directly in our front; and in its distance, this princely street, at this hour, seemed animated with the equipages of nobles and the luxurious, on their evening and pleasure drives, now returning to their several homes ere the night-fall gathered over them. I gazed until the twilight of evening left those distant halls, and battlements, and turrets, and equipages, in the dun of earliest eve; while only some few of the latest stragglers here and there seemed to be driving on a belated course, at the hour when night is soon to wrap all alike in her deep and dark mantle of shadows and forgetfulness.

All on board the frigate were gazing, from their several places, on this gorgeous scene.

"There, Mr. T.," said the Commodore, as he turned to me from the horseblock, "is a scene for poetry. I think we may hear of it again. We are near enough to the waters of Arabia to lay the scene in her seas."

"And a lady in Rio, you know, sir, told me that she knew I was a poet, the first time she saw me. And I assured her that she was early to find out, what nature had never yet discovered."

"Your modesty, Mr. T."

"At least I can fancy that the breeze this evening snuffs

of balmy Araby ; and the whole scene is in keeping with the tales of enchantment, which have lain, like fairy spells, in the imagination from our infancy, as we have thought of the storied land of the East. It is *association*, as I take it, which delights the voyager, as he nears, and as he stands on olden ground, rather than the things of the present which meet his eye around him. He cares not though he treads on ruins, if the past be in his memory and musings ; and he chooses fiction rather than the reality, if that fiction has before delighted him. Araby once had the reputation of all the East. She is now only Araby, by herself. The Sultan of Muscat, however, is a lion of modern times, that may justly awake our curiosity and admiration."

"Yes ; and I would," continued the Commodore, as he held his hand up to the gentle breeze, "that these prognostics of a change of wind might come from this quarter, and a few more days would give us the pleasure of seeing the Sultan. But had we a suitable present for his Highness, and five thousand dollars to give him an entertainment becoming his generous hospitality, we should be additionally gratified. But mark you that pile of dark pillars rising in the continued changes of the sky, in that expanse of exquisite green, so like an ocean, thereaway ?"

"It looks like the dark sugar-loaf, as the masses now crowd together, and reminds me of the beautiful moon-rise scene, that smiled on our first making the city of St. Sebastian, which should have been built of rock. I thought, as I marked the beds of beautiful granite inwalling the city of Rio on its three sides, that Don Pedro, with his Brazilian gold and diamonds and agricultural resources, if he had possessed any energy, should have been able to say, when exiled from his western capital, 'I found the city in mortar and pebbles ; I leave it a city of granite ;' in imitation of the Roman, who left the seven-hill city of brick, a city of marble."

"Tea is ready, sir," said a servant, as he approached and touched his hat to the Commodore. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

It is not a frequent coincidence, in the run of a ship, for the vessel to pass the equatorial line at meridian and under a clear sun. In our own case to-day, however

Sept. 17th, we found ourselves, at noon, five minutes, or five miles, north of the equatorial line, of which, had it not been an imaginary circle, we could have had a fair view. The declination of the sun was only 2°, and consequently nearly perpendicular. The shadows of the men looked like crabs as they were passing fore and aft the decks. I suspended a broom, at the moment of twelve, and the shadow of the handle could not be seen, so nearly vertical was the sun. For a few moments before twelve it seemed doubtful whether the sun would dip ahead or abaft of us, our ship standing, at the time, on a north course. But when the sun had reached its highest point, the sextant brought its reflected disk to the rim of the ocean. ahead of us. To-morrow the sun and ourselves will have changed sides with each other, and a long sweep remains for each of us before we shall again meet and reciprocate our passing compliments.

A bird was sent to my room this morning before I had plumed my own wings to venture from my nest. It came at the direction of the Commodore, who has been abroad earlier than myself. It is a true *Arabian*—of whom we think as of a rover that has designs upon his neighbor—with the eye of a hawk, the fleetness of his own Arab steed, and the strength and the agility of the dromedary. The bird is an Arabian falco, that lives by his predatory excursions, and eats his weaker neighbors, when he can catch them. And notwithstanding his own merciless nature, it was a long colloquy between my conscience, humanity, and love of the curious, whether said falco should be considered as having forfeited his life by his previous course, which course, however, was to be judged of only by circumstantial evidence and reasonings à priori. It was at length decided that a preparation should be made of him, and my servant boy was directed to place his hand so as to press the breast of the bird that it might not expand, and to place his fingers around its neck. The beautifully speckled falco, with his dun-colored and dark-spotted plumage, in a moment saw no more from those large, round, and beautiful dark eyes, though they had looked on so many beautiful things of nature, and with the quickness of light had seen and seized his weaker

prey. He did not even flap his wings, and seemed unconscious of pain, so suddenly and so completely did he lose his breath.

I can seldom bring myself to a willingness to destroy the life of a bird, or other animal, merely for my own pleasure of preserving him to fill a niche in a private museum. And I admire that delicacy of feeling which caused a gentleman of my acquaintance, on perceiving a serpent endeavoring to devour a toad, to alight from his carriage, and separate them—giving each a switching, and sending them about their business. But on board of ship, the birds which alight upon her spars and rigging, are generally so far spent that they do not recover, and will not eat or drink. The same day a pretty little swallow was brought to me, and with a desire to cherish its life I placed it in one of the side lanterns of the ship, with the intention of bearing it nearer to the land, that it might find its way back again to its green bowers and sylvan tents. But it died during the night. This was also the sad fate of the pretty bird that came aboard of us at the leeward of the Isle of France; and all my kind desires that it might reach its green land-home again, failed of their gratification. It died, as I watched its last pulsations, on my handkerchief. And though my sympathies could avail it nothing, the incident bore me many leagues over the seas, where I remembered to have seen a sweet young lady, sitting in pensive mood, with her long dark eyelashes nearly closed, as her neck, with a gentle curve, bent to gaze on her pretty canary, which lay imbedded on her rich laced handkerchief, and was dying. Each pulsation of its yellow plumed bosom was watched with a languishing air of sentiment, as the little sleeper lay in her lap; and when the last beat of its heart had stopped, and the convulsed wings extended themselves, and its delicate feet contracted, *and all then was over*, one long sigh swelled that young lady's bosom, and a tear filled her abstracted eye. Who will say that such a tear was ill-spent over the death of that beautiful little bird?

There was a beautiful eclipse of the moon this evening, October 3d, and we were every way favorably situated to observe it, in the Arabian sea. The night was clear,

and the sea smooth, while we were gliding on our course, with our sails sufficiently filled to keep the ship steady. The air was mild and delightful. The officer of the deck sent for me; and when I reached the upper deck, the earth's shadow had already covered ten digits of the moon's disk. The heavens were lighted by the bright stars, now streaming in their greatest brilliance from out an Indian heaven, while the northern edge of the moon gleamed in its narrow strip of light, only to render the gloom beneath her on the ocean yet more sickly and drear, while the stars above and around lay in their loveliness, deep in their dark concave above us.

Even philosophers are sometimes so much the things of habit in their associations, that we had not bethought ourselves that an eclipse, invisible in the United States, would be in full view to the eye that gazed at it in the Indian seas. It was a beautiful sight, however, as presented to our observation. The gorgeous queen seemed to have taken the whim of a quakeress to-night, in her attire of the light dun of her gossamer dress. I contemplated her changes with interest, first with the naked eye, then through the common night-glass, afterwards through a larger inverted telescope, which exhibited her appearances yet more interesting, in her contrasts of colors. The shadow exhibited the appearance of the richest amber; and the brilliant stream of light, that gleamed in a small line on the northern rim, as it increased its field while the shadow receded, presented an area resembling a surface of purest snow, reflecting back a flood of light in contrast with the amber of the shadow.

We envied our friends on the 18th of the last month, the opportunity of gazing at the annular eclipse of the sun. No evidence of a frown gathering over his face, appeared to us. And the privilege we enjoyed in contemplating the scene of to-night, from the mid-ocean, might justly excite their envy towards us, could friends, in their kindness of heart, ever indulge such a feeling towards those of their number when far away, for the occasional pleasures which come across their course.

A LAZY SHIP WAKING AGAIN TO LIFE.

Our ship has been sleeping for some fortnight and more in the calm waters of the Arabian seas, as if she, like the rest of us, had become unnerved by the relaxing heat of these latitudes. We have made but little progress, from day to day. The sea has presented, often, an unruffled bosom. Around us occasionally, the thousand colored and beautiful dolphins have been seen, and the rudder-fish adhering, as if it were life and death with him, to the course of the ship. The waters in these seas are remarkably phosphorescent. At night, a sponge, dipped into a bucket freshly filled from the sea, will become bespangled entirely with the brilliant phosphorescent points, giving forth their light from a thousand small globules, that coat the surface to which they adhere. And when the water is dashed upon the deck these thousand little brilliants cover the moistened space. But when a light is brought to observe the animalcules themselves, which are supposed to give forth these phosphorescent appearances, not one can be detected. At least, on several occasions I have made the examination with others, and without success; though these illuminated particles are perfectly perceptible to the eye in the dark, and on placing your finger upon them, as they adhere to any surface, they give forth a brighter illumination, and can be suffused over a larger space by compression, as a small particle of glutinous matter would extend itself when the finger was drawn, with a pressure, over it. I can imagine that these seas should sometimes exhibit one unbroken sheet of phosphorescent light, as it has been affirmed of them, as seen in some instances. And on one evening, as our vessel was gliding gently through the water, which was undulating with an unbroken surface, the dark sea near us seemed but a counterpart of the bespangled arch above us, as we looked into the deep concave below, illuminated by a thousand points of these phosphorescent and twinkling globules, which the imagination placed as far off and beneath us as the orbs that gleamed in their distant and far-off halls above us.

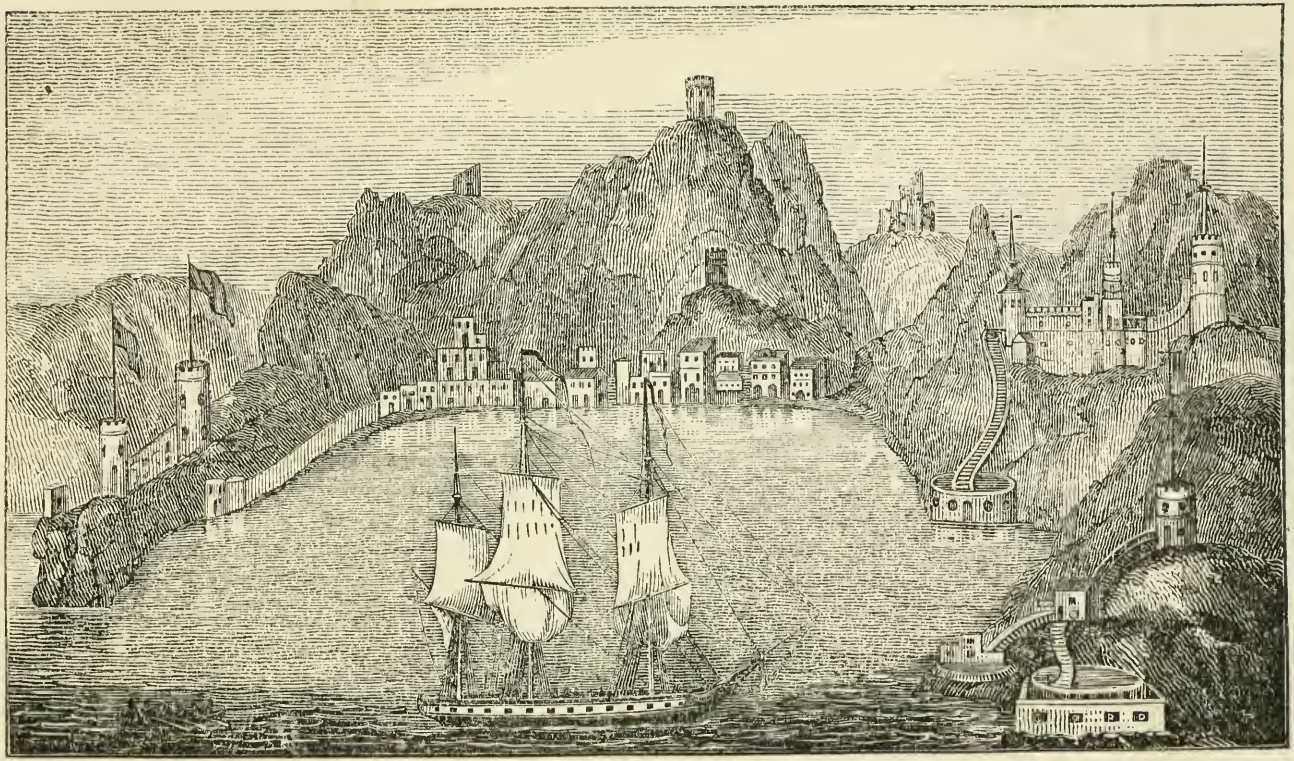
For several days have we been gliding through such a sea, lazily indeed, and where alone we have, during our voyage, seen the expanded bosom of the ocean exhibit its vast surface as a mirror in its smoothness and reflecting powers. But to-day our courser has aroused herself, and seems moving with awakened speed on her way, as if she had again come to her remembrance that there was something to be done, and dreaming was not always to be indulged in by one who bears a nation's messages and commission around the world.

SECTION VII.

MUSCAT.

Off Muscat. Night signals. First view of Muscat. Title of Imâm. Visit of the Commodore to the Imâm. Commodore Read's letter to his Highness. Letter and lines from the Author to the Sultan. Also letter to the young Imâm. Note of Syed Bin Calfaun. The burial of a seaman at Muscat. Author's visit to Captain Calfaun. Sentiment of the Sultan as it respects the residence of Missionaries. The Sultan's horses. Visit of the young Sultan to the frigate. Camp of the Bedouin Arabs. Banyans. Bedouin Chief. Captain Syed Bin Calfaun. Generosity of the Sultan of Muscat. Syed Syeed Bin Soultan's family.

This morning, October 18th, we find ourselves off Muscat, the wished-for port, for which we have been steering over a long track of water since we left Rio de Janeiro. We have been eighty days at sea since we left the South American coast. Last night we deemed ourselves within a few miles of the harbor, and with all our studding-sails set, endeavored to press the ship up to a point, at which, as we rounded it, we expected we should discover the harbor. But the sun delayed not on his declining course, and lost himself behind the serrated range of hills of the Arabian coast, along which we had been standing during the day, before we could weather the low and elongated bluff. As the sun declined beyond the cragged highland, he still



MUSCAT

sent back his rays, to bless our eyes with a long twilight. But the point was too far to be gained by the ship before the shades of evening had spread over the sea; and no one on board, with any confidence, could point out the entrance to the harbor, as we were approaching it. Having tacked ship, and re-examined our latitude and longitude, which placed us, according to our best authorities, directly off the harbor of Muscat, we continued to stand some points more off, but along the shore.

We had spoken a vessel a day or two before, direct from Muscat, who reported an American armed vessel there, having arrived five days before from Zanzebar. We concluded of course that the John Adams had arrived in safety before us; and if still in the harbor, bearing as we presumed it did from us, she might be able to mark our night signals, and return them. The gunner, therefore, was ordered to send up a number of rockets, which traced their stream of light through the air, exploded, and illumined, with a faint flitter, the dark waters beneath them, and expired. But no coruscating light, in the distance, announced that there was one living being on that iron-bound and apparently desolate shore, who marked that a noble frigate was within a few miles of the secluded capital of the Arabian Sultan. And the hills of rock, deeply cut by vast chasms into unequal and fearful ravines, are so high that the Adams, if she is now lying at Muscat, most probably could not have caught the gleam of our rockets.

But, this morning, having made a gentle slant to the west and north during the night, we see a little notch in the side of the elevated land, seven or ten miles distant. It looks as if a niche had been made in one of the bluffs extending along the shore; and there, as if it were an eagle's eyry, in its wild and still solitude, is perched a castle; and there, too, the glasses discover to be the entrance to the inwalled cove, on which is situated the city of Muscat. A small and light-colored island, as it shows itself in the beams of this morning's sun, lies off the cove, as if it were a buoy thrown adrift, to mark the entrance to the little bay of Muscat. And on a range, higher up than the castle, and nearer to us, are seen two watch-towers, which

occupy the elevated heights half way up the sides of the most elevated line of the hills, and perched on some peak of lesser mountains. It is all a wild scene, but unique and interesting. Not one spear of grass or leaf of green, or relief of tree is seen upon the notched outline of the dark rocks which are lying far back and near, cragged, and shaded by each other, or throwing back their reflected light, as the sun this morning pours its beams upon the steril and hard surfaces of the broken and rocky heights. Ere long we shall glide nearer and through the rocky inlet; and there we hope to meet our consort, after a long separation; and then we will assure his Highness, the Sultan of Muscat, that we value his generous dealings with our nation, and that we are friendly in the purposes of our visit and future designs in his seas.

While writing the preceding, an Arabian pilot came off to our ship, in a canoe, paddled by two slaves. He advanced to the officer of the deck with perfect ease, and exhibited a person, clad in his flowing gown, sash, and turban, with a kinger, ornamented with a silver handle, stuck, like a bowie-knife, in his girdle. We learned from him that the John Adams has been at Muscat, and left there for Bombay, four days since.

With the light sea-breeze of the morning we continued to approach the harbor, and have now rounded the castellated point on the east of the cove, and moored our ship in full view of the city of Muscat. And the scene presented before us is like—*Muscat.* What else it resembles I can scarcely define. But it is peculiar, interesting, and Arabesque. Here, enclosing the city on three of its sides, stands the mighty rock, crowned with castles and various small turrets and towers, around the picturesque cove. And there was never any thing that is mean in rock. It is ever grand, and gives us the idea of power, durability, and immoveable prowess. Ages on ages roll by, and still it stands, to laugh at the tempest, and to gaze with a heart of flint on the generations of mortals which the earth sends to their graves, while the mountain-rock sheds but its disintegrated particles, from its enduring bulwarks, to the plains.

We had let go our anchors but a short time before a

number of Arabian boats pulled around our ship, and a few of the Arabs came on board in their characteristic costumes. In a few moments after, Captain Syed Bin Calfaun, with the newly arrived American Consul, pulled off to the ship. They spent a short time with the Commodore, and soon after their leaving the ship a salute was fired, in compliment to his Highness, the Sultan of Muscat. Our salute was instantly returned by the forts on three sides of the cove, two of which are almost within gunshot of our frigate. Scarcely could a finer effect have been produced than by the reverberating echoes which our cannon prolonged around this rocky inlet. I have heard, on Lake George, its justly admired reverberations to the sound of the bugle, and in repeating the thunder of a piece of artillery; and can imagine the grandeur of the effect, were the good ship Columbia's cannon discharged over its waters and among its surrounding hills. But here, the echoes of the inwalled cove were repeated in quicker and shorter reverberations, yet sublime and peculiar in their retreating succession, until lost, like connected crashes of thunder, as they rolled along the most extended side of the rocks, and were spent in low thunder in the opening towards the sea. It was indescribably fine. The repetition of the first cannon had not ceased its rapid succession of reverberations on each of the three sides of the cove, until the next gun spoke to the yet vibrating air, to be repeated in its turn, until the succeeding gun prolonged the sound. And when our own cannon had ceased their handsome fire of twenty-one guns, the forts immediately opened, and returned the salute, as the hills seemed to have awoke from a silence of ages, to give forth their burning fires and sleeping thunders.

Just previous to our reaching the place of our mooring, our Hindoostanee, who has been nicknamed Handsaw, (whose real name is Hassan Hassaul,) seemed greatly delighted that he had gotten into a region where he might find *cast*, in color and language. When the Arab came on board, the said Handsaw, being the steerage cook, was not in the habit of wearing either hat, cap, or chapeau. But after his first interview with the Arab, he disappeared beneath the hatches, and when again seen, a purser's new

handkerchief, as a turban, was upon his head. This was not objected to. But when the word was passed for all hands to clean themselves, as is usual when nearing a port, Hindoostanee Handsaw re-appeared on deck, clad in petticoats, sash, and turban. Approaching the First Lieutenant, with great hesitation and considerable stammering as if he had already committed a punishable offence, he at length, with an oblique glance at his own unique garments, muttered out, "Fashion of the country, sar—these country fashion, sar"—by all of which he meant to say, If you please, I will dress after my own cast. "Get out of that, you rascal, you," cried the Lieutenant, to the great dismay of the brown Handsaw—"get out of that instantly, or I will have you at the gangway, sir!" Hassan Handsaw sunk beneath the hatches, to appear no more in his suit Hindoostanee.

We learn from Captain Calfaun, that his Highness, Syed Syeed Bin Soultan, Sultan of Muscat, as he is styled in the treaty, and in the descriptions of Muscat, as they have been given in the narratives of the two voyages of the U. S. ship Peacock, has left Muscat, and is now at Zanzebar, where he has been residing for two or three years, having left Muscat soon after the Peacock's second departure from this place. The son of Syed Syeed Soultan, whom his father has left there, receives the title of his father. And this title, instead of being Sultan, is here called, by the Arabs, Imâm, pronounced Ee-maum. But both the Americans and the English, as a title more familiar to their ear, style him Sultan, in imitation of the title of the Grand Seignior of the Turks.

This morning the Commodore waited upon the young Imâm, or Sultan, as we shall continue to style him, being the heir apparent to his father's possessions, and his representative here in his father's absence. Captain Calfaun had come on board the frigate to accompany the Commodore and the officers who attended him, to the palace, which is a large but plain building, situated directly on the edge of the bay. We landed near the residence of Captain Calfaun, and proceeded to his house, where we remained until Captain C. himself repaired to the palace, (kings' houses, all know, are called palaces,) to inform his Highness that

the Commodore was on his way to wait upon him. On the return of Captain C., (a few moments having expired, which we had spent in looking at the match-locks and Arabian sabres ornamenting the walls of the room where we were sitting,) he conducted us along a number of winding and narrow streets; and having passed through crowds of half naked Arabs, turbaned Arabs, gracefully robed Arabs, and yellow, red, and dark-skinned Arabs, all entirely respectful in the indulgence of their curiosity, we at length came to the gate of the palace, which opened from the narrow street to a passage-way leading to the court, around which the walls of the dwelling are built. The walls of this passage-way were studded with all manner of warlike weapons, from the gun with its match-lock, to Damascus blades in leather scabbards, kingers, not unlike a bowie-knife, and spears, all having about them a peculiar look of antiquity, either from their much use, or age, or fashion; and the match-lock, in particular, would have astonished the sportsmen of the modern school of percussion caps and wafer wads. At this point, we passed through a line of his Highness's guards, whose arms were decorating the walls; and then, proceeding along the court containing a few orange trees and stunted bananas, we entered a hall or passage-way, leading from the court to a piazza, called by others, *the divan.* This passage was lined by a number of better dressed guards, with kingers in their girdles, ornamented with silver hilts. They saluted us as we passed. The piazza or saloon overlooks the harbor, the water washing the wall on which it is based, with a full view of the shipping and the elevated and castellated rocks, which inwall this picturesque cove. The piazza runs the whole width of the building; and the upper end of it was carpeted with Persian rugs, with settees and chairs arranged at its sides. His Highness was standing, with four or five of his friends and advisers on his left, ready to receive us, as we entered. The Commodore and his officers were severally greeted by his Highness and his friends, with a familiar shake of the hand, after our own American style of meeting, each one then taking a seat, the Commodore near the Sultan, as Captain Calfaun placed himself nearly opposite the Prince and next to myself, in the range of our party.

The Prince was glad to welcome the frigate Columbia into this port, he said, and hoped the Commodore and his officers were well, and inquired after the health of the President of the United States.

Commodore Read made the usual replies; and during the conversation took the opportunity to say, that the President, the government, and the citizens generally of our country had felt and expressed a deep sense of the Sultan's great kindness towards the officers and crew of the Peacock. And he had hoped that he should have been able to convey a more particular expression of that feeling, than it was now in his power to give. He had been under the necessity of leaving the United States before the government had definitely acted on the subject which had awakened their additional interest towards his Highness, and he hoped, ere long, that his Highness would again hear from the government of the United States in a manner yet more acceptable than his present statement could be.

The Prince replied, that it was but *very little* that they had done for the Peacock, and that so trifling a circumstance could hardly require any acknowledgment.

Here was deep *sarcasm*, or else *great magnanimity*. Prithee, Americans, which was it? No one who saw the ingenuous countenance of the Prince, or his principal adviser, who was the speaker on this occasion, and is the favorite cousin of the Prince, could have read any satire in their expression, and I am sure there was none in their feelings.

Coffee, sweetened with crystallized sugar-candy, was served by one of his Highness's oldest eunuchs, a slave long attached to the family of his young Highness's father, as Captain C. said to me as he gave me the names of the different persons present. After this, lemonade, made from sweet lemons, was passed. The coffee was served in small cups, resting in corresponding silver ones. The lemonade was passed in common glasses.

We sat with the young Prince and his relatives, and others of his council, for three-quarters of an hour. His cousin, a young Arabian of thirty-two or three years of age, was the principal speaker, and has a sprightly intel-

lect. A lad, son of this last, was also present, whose attention to all that was said was particularly marked for one so young, as he sat with his hand upon the hilt of his Damascus blade, almost as long as himself. Captain Calfaun's brother also was present, the two brothers strikingly resembling each other, and their features indicating considerable cleverness. The young Sultan has a round face, with full, large eyes, greatly striking in this burning region, where the sun, darting forth his scorching rays, forbids the Arab ever to open his eye with the expanding frankness of the European. And this fine feature, with his rotund face, corresponded with the idea I had conceived of a Persian, rather than one of the princes of Araby. His wife is said to be a Persian Princess; and an allusion to his marriage, which took place at the time the Peacock was last here, originated a conversation, which seemed to please the whole party.

I trust it will not be deemed out of place, when alluding to another incident, occurring a moment before our leave-taking of the Prince. It was gratuitous on the part of Commodore Read, and unexpected on the part of myself; and, in connection with the succeeding papers, it becomes a necessary part of a correct description of our presentation. The Commodore had alluded to the President's Message, and would give Captain Calfaun the document to be interpreted to his Highness, so far as it related to a mention made of the generous action of the Sultan towards the Peacock. And you will please further say to his Highness, added Commodore Read to the cousin of the Prince, that a young gentleman of the Columbia, recollecting that the Arabians are a poetic people, has penned some lines, evincing the general feeling of interest cherished at home, in connection with the kindness of his Highness, the young Sultan's father, towards the officers and crew of the Peacock. He would be happy to present them to the Prince, that they may, through him, be conveyed to his Highness's father. The Commodore bowed to myself as the writer of the lines; and when Captain Calfaun had interpreted the Commodore, the Prince, with a courteous acknowledgment, said that he would be most happy to receive the communication, and would

transmit it, as desired. I did not, at the moment, possess the lines which had been alluded to, and replied that they should be handed to Captain Calfaun at some other time, before we sailed.

It was the object of the presentation, to produce as favorable an impression upon the Prince and his family as practicable, in view of the interests of our commerce, and of humanity. If, therefore, the following papers, which were sent to the young Sultan, as the consequence of this allusion of the Commodore, shall in any degree contribute to the good-will and kindly feelings existing between his Highness the Sultan of Muscat and our own citizens, I shall be happy that they were penned, and forwarded as further described.

My own communications were enclosed in the following letter from Commodore Read:

To His Highness Syed Syeed Bin Soultan:

I had anticipated, on my arrival at Muscat, the pleasure of being able, in person, to tender to your Highness the assurances of the sincere good wishes, which the President of the United States continues to cherish for the happiness and prolonged prosperity of your Highness. And while transmitting the accompanying papers, penned by my Chaplain, as evidence of the general kind feeling which the generous course of your Highness towards the Peacock has created in the United States, I fully believe, although I have not been instructed by my Government thus to say, that your Highness, ere long, will again hear from the President of the United States, in a manner more accordant with the generosity and great merits of your Highness.

I am, with high considerations of respect,

Your Highness's obedient servant,

George C. Read,

Commanding the U. S. Naval Force in the Indian Seas.

Harbor of Muscat, October 20th, 1838.

The following are the two papers, alluded to in the preceding letter of Commodore Read·

His Highness the Sultan of Muscat

Will excuse the freedom of one who admires his magnanimous and elevated character, for the liberty which is taken in transmitting to his Highness the enclosed lines. They are sent as evidence of the cordial sentiment of admiration which affects the writer's own bosom not only, but also of all those who have heard of the generous action of his Highness towards the officers and crew of one of the United States ships, when she was near being stranded on the Arabian coast.

Will his Highness receive the sincere wishes of the writer, that the years of his Highness may still be long and happy, as they have been beneficent and glorious.

Fitch W. Taylor,
Chaplain of the U. S. Frigate Columbia.

Harbor of Muscat, October 18th, 1838.

The following are the lines alluded to in the preceding note:

TO HIS HIGHNESS SYED SYEED BIN SOULTAN, SULTAN OF MUSCAT

Sultan of Muscat! thy proud story
Lives where the day-beam latest falls,
And thy name famed in Eastern glory,
Is heard within the Western halls;
And far o'er seas to Oman's waters
A nation's thanks we bear to thee,
And long their thousand sons and daughters
Will bless the Prince of Araby.

Not purest pearls from Bahrien's ocean,
Not diamond gems from eastern mines,
Not hoarded gold of proudest Imâm
Could win the hearts from western climes;
But courteous deeds and princely dealing
Their stranded sons received from thee,
Hath met a nation's grateful feeling,
Who laud the Prince of Araby.

For such as thee, in martial strains,
The notes of clarion should be swelling,
And minstrel harps and sybil-lines
Thy deeds in glorious verse be telling;

And storied rolls and fadeless pages
Trace bright thy name and chivalry,
And chronicle for deathless ages
The generous Prince of Araby.

And bright thy name, with glory streaming,
Shall light the page of future story,
And fairer than thy fellows gleaming
Shall fix the gaze of young and hoary;
And though, like meteor-lights declining,
The sheen of other names may die;
Thy deeds shall be for ever shining,
Thou glorious Prince of Araby.

O Araby, of olden story,
Though fairy-spells live in thy name,
Deserts, green, sheiks, and all hath glory,
As in our youth we learned thy fame;
Yet mountain-gems, and myrrh, and balms,
And tales of proud antiquity,
We lose them all, while verse proclaims
The proudest Prince of Araby.

Then peace attend thee in thy glory
Of Eastern climes and golden treasure,
And years of life gleam long before thee,
To fill the chalice of thy pleasure;
And where the sun goes late to rest,
Far o'er the deep and wide blue-sea,
There Syeed Bin Soultan shall be blest,
As noblest Prince of Araby.

The preceding papers, in a sealed envelope, to his Highness Syed Syeed Bin Soultan; together with their duplicates unsealed, were sent, through Captain Calfaun, with the following accompanying letter, to the young Prince, on whom we had called:

To His Highness the Imam of Muscat.

We anticipated the pleasure of paying our respects to his Highness, your illustrious father, on our arrival at Muscat. But in his absence, we are happy that we shall have the privilege of conveying to him, though your Highness, the grateful considerations which every American citizen, as well as the Government of the United

States, must continue to feel towards your illustrious father and his distinguished family, for the noble manner with which he treated the officers and crew of the U. S. ship Peacock, when she was near being lost at Mazeira.

Will your Highness, therefore, excuse the freedom of the request, that the accompanying papers, addressed to his Highness, your father, may be forwarded to him as opportunity may offer? A duplicate of the same is sent to your Highness, alike to evince the high respect and grateful consideration which the writer and his countrymen feel towards the whole family of your distinguished father.

FITCH W. TAYLOR,
Chaplain of the U. S. Frigate Columbia.

Harbor of Muscat, October 19th, 1838.

But to return to our sitting with the Imâm and his suite, from which we digressed for the insertion of the preceding papers. We soon after left the palace; Commodore Read having given the Prince an invitation to visit the Columbia, which was accepted. On our leaving the Imâm, it was with the usual ceremony of shaking hands in our own style, with cordial good feelings, apparently by both parties; and while Captain Calfaun accompanied the Commodore and other of the officers to look at the Sultan's horses, I returned to the edge of the bay to meet the two boats, seen pulling from our frigate, with their flags at the stern, declaring that they were bearing one of their number to the shore, for his burial. As I reached the landing place, a dark Arab approached me, taking from the folds of his turban the following note:

"SIR,—

"The bearer of this note will conduct you to the burying ground. Also, some of his Highness's guards will attend you.

"Your obedient servant,
"SYED BIN CALFAUN."

The boats soon reached the shore, and the body of the poor sailor was borne by his messmates, accompanied by the officers of the boats and the assistant surgeon, and a

crowd of Arabs and Africans, whose curiosity collected them to witness the ceremony of an American burial. We proceeded through the narrow and winding streets, until we passed out of the southmost gate of the inwalled city; and after proceeding through the range of bamboo houses clustered together without the walls, we soon reached the spot where the grave had already been dug. The crowd, from their loud and noisy chattering, became silent as our party all uncovered, and the ceremony of interment was said above the body of the departed sailor. And while they were now filling the grave, a collection of masked women at a bamboo tent at some distance on the steep aslant above us, commenced their wail for the dead. We left this worthy tar to sleep in his foreign grave, beneath the pouring rays of an Arabian sun. His death was sudden, and occasioned by the intense heat of the sun, on the afternoon of our mooring our ship. An active seaman and petty officer, he had exerted himself on the yard while furling sails, and with his hat off, suffered the sun to beat upon his uncovered head. He fell soon after his reaching the deck, and died in the course of an hour. One or two others were affected, but have recovered so far as to be out of danger.

The sides of the high rocks which surround, on three sides, the narrow cove on which the city of Muscat is situated, are like so many mirrors, converging the sun's rays to a focus, and thus concentrating the heat upon a vessel which lies within the harbor. At the moment of our mooring ship and furling sails, at about four o'clock P. M., the sun's rays, from this circumstance, were intolerable, where one was exposed to them. And though I made no particular note of the degree of heat we experienced while at Muscat, I am told the thermometer rose to 110° in the sun, while kept on the gun-deck, and in my own room it generally ranged, during the day, at 86°. The nights were comfortable, and the officers generally rested well. But during the day, the perspiration was streaming from every pore; and in no case have I ever perspired so freely, for a succession of days, as at Muscat.

On the day succeeding our presentation to the young

Sultan, who is about twenty-three years of age, I went on shore to visit Captain Calfaun, and spent some time with him in his upper rooms.

Captain Calfaun has been in the navy of his Highness, the Sultan of Muscat, and is said generally to have commanded the vessel in which the Sultan himself has sailed, when visiting different parts of his possessions. He seems to be a good Mussulman, and is particular in conforming to the ceremonious observances of his religion. We had a long conversation on the peculiarities of the Mohammedan and the Christian systems; and it seemed his wish rather to leave with me the impression, that the followers of Mohammed venerated the character of Jesus Christ as profoundly as ourselves. And yet, while he affirmed that they considered Jesus Christ to have had, in his generation, no earthly father, but was born of Mary by the exercise of the power of the Almighty, and that Mohammed was born of earthly parents; it was evident, at the same time, that Captain Calfaun did not feel that Jesus Christ was a greater prophet than Mohammed, or was other than a prophet, like Moses, and others after Moses, and Mohammed after Christ. Jesus Christ came, at the time he did, to save certain tribes of people, and was persecuted. Mohammed also was persecuted for the first few years of his mission, but was finally successful in establishing his purpose, and was the latest and the last prophet whom God had sent or would send to the earth for the welfare of mankind.

His peculiar sect, which prevails in Oman, differs in some things from the generality of Mussulmans, particularly in connection with their idea as to a metaphysical speculation about the *visible* appearance of God. They affirm that God, being a spirit, can never be seen, while others suppose that he will be visible to the inhabitants of another world. Their whole system, however, representing the future state as a physical existence, would, of necessity, introduce a thousand difficulties, were they at all given to philosophical reasonings. But it is my purpose elsewhere to devote a paragraph to the subject of the religion of the Arabs, and, therefore, I waive it here.

In speaking of the toleration which his Highness the Sultan cherishes towards his subjects of different creeds, Captain C. assured me, in reply to a question on the subject, that there would be no opposition made to the location of an American missionary at Muscat.

But, I continued, should such a missionary succeed in making a Mohammedan a Christian, in what manner would the Arabian afterwards be treated by his tribe and countrymen?

"That would be impossible," Captain C. replied. "A missionary could not make a Mohammedan a Christian."

But, I continued, with a smile, *suppose* the missionary did succeed—suppose by argument and conclusive reasoning with *Captain Calfaun*, he should make Captain C. renounce his present creed and join the Christians, how then would his Highness treat Captain Calfaun?

"His Highness, or the true Imâm, would kill him," continued Captain C.

But would not that be rather cruel, and uncharitable? I asked.

"But it would be just," continued Captain C., "for I should deserve it."

Here then is seen the amount of toleration an American missionary would receive at Muscat; or rather, it presents to him the probabilities of his success, and the consequences of such success to the converted Mussulman. Were there an American population at Muscat sufficient to render it desirable to have Christian services and the residence of a Christian minister, his Highness would impose no obstacles to the establishment of a church for themselves, any more than he opposes the existence of a Banyan temple, which is tolerated within the city walls, with all their Banyan peculiarities, glaringly opposed to the professed dislike of the Mohammedans to all idol-worship. But should a convert from among the Arabs be made to the Christian religion, an immediate opposition would be raised; and the Sultan, who is generally at the head of the spiritual as well as the civic power, would be obliged to interfere; and in case the two powers, civic and spiritual, were not invested in the same individual, the Imâm, who is at the head of the spiritual power

would act, without appeal, in his opposition to the introduction of the Christian system.

It is not always the case that the Imâmship is united with the chief civic power. It is required, in the case where they are invested in the same individual, that the Prince shall possess sufficient theological knowledge to enable him to deliver a discourse before the doctors or priests, and the assembled shieks of the different tribes, who have elected or made the reigning power. If, however, the Prince decline, either from incompetency or other reasons, thus to discourse before the assembled chiefs, he does not receive, in fact, the title of Imâm, while, at the same time, it is generally accorded to him, in courtesy. This is the state of things in the case of his Highness, the present Sultan of Muscat. He is called Imâm by courtesy, though he has never gone through the ceremonies, and assumed the spiritual obligation, which the title supposes.

Early on a succeeding morning I went to take a view of his Highness's horses, tethered near the beach, at the eastern side of the city. We passed along the narrow bazaar, principally occupied hy the Banyans; at the end of which is their temple, with sketches of wretchedly drawn houses and ships covering its walls. Both the Banyans and the Arabs seem entirely ignorant of perspective. Their ships and houses are fac-similes of the first essays of the nursery, in drawing a man or a mouse, or a horse or a house. The Sultan's stables are arranged within an inwalled square of considerable size, with a roof extending quite around three sides of the area-wall, sufficiently wide to protect the animals from the rays of the sun. A fixed rope, attached by a noose over the fetlock-joint of the hind legs of the horses, preserved them in their place, and prevented them from doing mischief either to themselves or others. We saw a few tolerably fine horses, among the forty or fifty animals in this collection. But most of them, disconnected with their Arab associations, would not have commanded fifty dollars a piece, for a dray in New-York. There was one beautiful mare with sleek limbs, strikingly in contrast with the stiff joints and clumsy legs of most of the horses we saw. Captain Cal-

faun said, that quite a number of his Highness's best horses had been sent from Muscat, a few days before we arrived.

As we returned through the bazaar, I purchased some Persian rugs, which were very pretty, and must be very durable, judging from their material and compactness. Others were afterwards purchased, by several officers of the ship. These rugs are brought in boats from up the Persian Gulf, to Muscat, and sold at auction here. They are afterwards, a considerable supply of them, sent to Bombay.

THE SULTAN'S VISIT TO THE COLUMBIA.

The young Sultan, having accepted the invitation of Commodore Read to visit the Columbia, came on board with his suit in the afternoon, at the hour which had been fixed upon. He was attended by his principal minister, who is a cousin and a young Arab Prince of decided character; also a brother of the young Sultan about fourteen years of age, a bright lad; and the commander of the Sultan's guards, who is said to have fought some hard battles; together with Captain Calfaun, Captain C.'s brother, and several others of the Prince's officers and retainers.

The gig and cutter left the frigate at four o'clock to bear the young Prince and his suit to the ship. Our crew were all in their clean dresses, and the officers in their cocked hats and swords, ready to receive this young Arab. The yards were manned, and as the Prince came over the side of the frigate, the music beat the roll, while the marines, in full-dress, presented arms as the Prince descended to the deck. The music repeated the roll successively as his Highness's chief counsellor and the Prince's young brother came over the frigate's side. They were all received by the Commodore and First Lieutenant in advance of the other officers, who then, together, walked to the quarter-deck. The beat to quarters at once dispersed officers and men to their several places; when the Prince, through his interpreter, Captain Calfaun, was informed that the frigate was now in the attitude assumed when about to engage an enemy;—Would he walk through the ship and examine her?

The whole party passed fore and aft the three decks, and having sufficiently gratified their curiosity, entered with the Commodore into his cabin; to which all the officers were then invited. The Commodore, with his usual taste, had arranged his table with fruits, sweetmeats, sherbet, lemonade, &c., of which they partook; after which coffee was served.

The young Prince, seated on the right of the Commodore, said but little himself. His minister was the chief speaker and the *primum mobile* of the scene, here as at the presentation of the Commodore at the Sultan's divan. He is decidedly the most intellectual Arab I have yet seen, is about thirty-five years of age, with a sprightly flow of words and play of the muscles of his face; while his speaking eyes give forth their expressions, as indices of his emotions. The Prince's young brother sat next below the minister on the Commodore's left, and opposite to myself. There was no wine on the table, it being contrary to the religion of the Mohammedans to partake of it, or of any other spirituous liquor, until they reach the highest heaven of their paradise. The Commodore, however, with a smile that was understood, said he would take wine with the Prince if he would allow him. The compliment, as meant, was interpreted to the Prince, who offered the precepts of his religion as his apology for declining. But the gentleman beside me, said one of the officers, drinks wine, sir. The Lieutenant alluded to Captain Calfaun's brother, who had been in France, and had gained some knowledge of the French language. "No, sir," added the courtier, "I do not drink wine in the present company."

While Mohammed, the young brother of the Prince, was sipping his coffee, I indicated that I would drink coffee with him, as there was no wine on the table. The coffee seemed particularly agreeable to his taste, but the Commodore's cups, so large in comparison with theirs, were rather unmanageable in his hands, and his own awkwardness so amused himself, as to betray him into an audible laugh. This young brother of the Prince was now complimented for his fine head and *teeth*, and general appearance, all of which was merited by the apparently clever lad; and his teeth were but counterparts of his brother's,

and others of his family. They are strikingly white, clear. and preserved thus by the use of a particular root, which serves them as a brush.

"His Highness," said Captain Calfaun, addressing myself, "has seen you twice, and in both instances *in black*. He desires to know the cause of your wearing it?" This curiosity seemed to be awakened by the contrast of my dress with others of the officers.

I replied that it was the uniform dress of the Chaplain of the ship.

Captain Calfaun, apparently not comprehending the term *chaplain*, I added, that it was the dress of the religious officer on board the ship, corresponding, in part, with the religious office of the Imâm on shore among themselves. The Catholics, of whom they had known more than of the Protestants, would call me the priest, for which title we use the term minister or clergyman, and on board of ship, *chaplain*.

His Highness replied, that he had supposed I wore black as *mourning* for the loss of some friend. And could he have read the heart at the moment of his mentioning it, he might have seen it wreathed in weeds, as it even then bled at the recurrence of the thought that I was, indeed, in mourning for one who sleeps to wake no more, until the hour that shall wake us all at the last day.

The party rose and retired to the private cabin of the Commodore. The cousin of the young Sultan and his principal counsellor, now continued the conversation, inquiring as to the age of the Columbia. He was told that this was her first cruise.

"And the John Adams, was she also new?"

"She had lately been repaired, which was almost the same as being newly built for the cruise, but had long been in the service."

His Highness continued, that they were greatly pleased with their visit to the Columbia—admired the ship—and was sure that his Highness his father would greatly regret that he was not at Muscat himself to receive us, and would have been particularly pleased with the Columbia's visit, as she was the first large frigate that had ever visited the waters of Muscat.

The Commodore re-assured his Highness of the kind feelings of the President and people of the United States; and fully believed that they would manifest it in their future intercourse in his Highness's ports.

His Highness replied, that Americans would always be welcomed, and that every thing would be done that was possible for their happiness and convenience.

But, said the Commodore, our frequent visits to your ports would cause you a considerable expense, if you should insist, in all instances, as you have done in this, that our ship shall be supplied gratuitously.

"*We are friends*," said his Highness with emphasis, "*now, and are happy that it is so. And we hope that it will continue to be so from father to son, and from sons' sons, down to the latest time of our family, and*—FOR EVER," he added, as he seemed a moment to hesitate for the last word, in the evident increase of his feelings, in the generous glow of the noble sentiment.

How great a pity, said the Commodore, addressing myself, that we do not understand all languages! This sentiment of the Commodore was an expression of regret that he could not tell this Prince, as forcibly as he would wish, the sincerity of the good feeling of the American people, in their high appreciation of the character of the Sultan of Muscat.

Captain Calfaun was desired, however, to say, in reply, which was the last sentence interpreted to his Highness in this talk, having particular reference to the feelings of the two governments towards each other, that "when we returned to America, the President and the citizens of the United States would be told in a language which they would entirely understand and feel, how true and how generous is the friendship of the Sultan of Muscat towards the people of the United States."

The Commodore now ordered the two boats to be manned, as the Prince and his suit were about to take leave of the ship. The awnings had been furled while we were in the cabin, having been spread when the Prince and his party came on board. The yards were ready to be re-manned. The young Sultan regained the deck, and as he left the ship, the music and the presenting

arms of the guard complimented him as he passed over the side of the frigate to the boat. So soon as the boats had pulled to a suitable distance from the ship, their crews rested on their oars, as the loud note of the first gun of the frigate loomed over the still waters of the bay, succeeded by twenty other loud-mouthed pieces, in compliment to his Highness, to be reverberated in rolling thunders along the high defile of rock, which nearly surrounds the harbor. The scene was a fine one; and when our own pieces had ceased their voice of national compliment, the oars of the two boats were seen again to dip, in regular stroke, for the shore, while the guns of the returning salute from one of his Highness's vessels, opened, to prolong and to return, with an equal number of guns, our fire.

VISIT TO THE CAMP OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

I went late on shore, in the evening, with a design to take a stroll to the camp of the Bedouin Arabs, the Sultan's retainers, who are quartered in their tents about three-fourths of a mile without the walls of the city.

I called at Captain Calfaun's; and our Consul, who was there, taking my arm, we started for a charming evening's walk. The sun is scorching during the day, but now it had gone behind the high cragged peaks which stretch every way around Muscat, and had just settled beneath the notched outline of the rocks, even before I had left the Columbia, sleeping at this pleasant hour on the bosom of the picturesque cove. We passed along the narrow streets, leading to the western gate of the city; and being assured that it would not be closed until our return, we passed out and followed on to the encampment, which was located in a ravine between two high defiles of rocks, the only kind of a location that could be found in the neighborhood of Muscat.

On reaching the encampment, we perceived that some few of the Bedouins had already placed their mats in the open ravine for their night's repose beneath the bright stars; while the early twilight, however, was yet streaming over the mountain rocks, and clothed the scene in the softness of the early sunset-hour. As we neared the Bedouin

lodgment, we observed the polite old chief a short distance from his tent, in the oper air, at his sunset-worship, with his face turned towards the soft west, while the bright crescent of the moon was mingling her silver light with the early twilight of the hour, to light up the whole of the camp. Several Bedouins approached to welcome us; but as we perceived that the old chief had not finished his prayers, and some others of the camp were making their three inclinations to the ground, we said that we would pass on a little distance further and stop on our return.

We paused at one of the numerous wells in this neighborhood, where the water is drawn by an ox, with a rope reeved through a block, which hauls up a goat-skin of water, as the ox descends an inclined plane, reminding one of his boyhood, when he has labored to drag his sled up a steep hill for the pleasure and ease of gliding down again, with this advantage or apology for the boy, that there was a necessity in the case for the youngster thus to proceed, if he would gain his purpose; whereas, in the case of the ox, in this arrangement for drawing water, he would find his convenience much improved, with proper machinery, by walking over a *level* surface, rather than wasting himself both by the uncomfortable gait of descending, and the necessary great effort of reascending the inclined plane.

We turned off to the back of the encampment to find the inwalled area, where the Banyans feed and cherish and pet their cows, which, it is said, they worship. Their creed at least embraces the idea of transmigration of souls; and they suppose when the spirit leaves the body, it enters into one of these or other animals. A thatched roof extends on the inside around the wall of the enclosed area, to shelter these, their deities, during the heat of the day. We entered the enclosure without any obstruction, as the gateway was open, and no Banyan, at the moment, was near. We were cautious in our advance, lest some rude one of their godships should take it into his horned head to sport with us. Soon after, however, three Banyans came into the enclosure as we approached several of the cherished cattle. One of the keepers, manifesting that some of the animals we were looking at were mischievous, I indicated,

by placing my hand upon the hilt of a sword, that I would prick their hides for them if they approached too near; at which, the keeper's astonishment being manifested in his countenance, I reassured him that I would not injure his creatures, nor trifle with his religion, however preposterous it might be; while, at the same time, it was my purpose, to ascertain how great was the reverence they cherished for these beasts.

There were several beautiful creatures among a larger number of most miserable and apparently half-starved yearlings and calves. Their horns were mostly stained with red or black, in imitation, I suppose, of their tattooed and yellow-skinned worshippers, who, as a cast, exhibit some fine specimens of manliness in their persons; with their peculiar turban arrayed high on their head, like a bishop's cap as cut on chess-men, with a small solid twist in front, which might emblem forth a young stump of a horn growing from the brow. I marked particularly one gentle creature, a brindle-colored ox, thick and short, with a white freckled face. He looked like a favorite, and there was gravity and kindness in his countenance, and friendship in his manner, and a white frill of his superabundant hide extended down his neck and breast and along the belly, and wreathed itself in graceful folds over his hind legs.

I was told by Mr. M., who was walking with me, that the Arabs here sometimes impose upon their Banyan neighbors. If they have an indifferent calf or cow, and would dispose of it at a good price, they take the animal to the house of a Banyan, whose religion forbids him to kill any living creature, and whose veneration is particularly turned, with tenderness, towards the bos-genus. With a knife drawn they assure the Banyan, that if he does not give them the price demanded, the animal shall die. It is an appeal which the Banyan finds it difficult to resist; and the shiners are dealt out, and the rescued animal conveyed to the enclosure, to feed upon dates, until he shall become sufficiently sleek to be conveyed to their sacred land of Hindoostan; which is their home, and where they often return themselves, after an absence of ten, twenty, or thirty years.

We bid the Banyans and their petted animals good-by, as their keepers were giving them their evening meal of dates; and after a few moments, reached the tent of the Bedouin chief. Two or three of the Arabs came out to welcome us before we reached the entrance, and the old chief rose from his couch and placed us beside him, with a graceful and cordial shake of the hand. I had no sooner displaced my hat than several of these long-haired Arabs were around me in their beautiful and artless simplicity, while one of their number seized a fan and swept it before me, bearing by me the grateful currents of the cooling air. In a few moments, others brought a dish of halwah, a species of sweetmeats, and desired me to partake as the old chief raised it for me to smell it; of which I partook with my fingers, having removed my glove, and thus we ate it together, from the same dish. Two other Bedouins with their flowing curls approached the one who was using the fan, and with considerable earnestness desired to relieve him. But the first had secured the honor of thus showing a courteous attention to a guest, and insisted upon his privilege of continuing to perform his part in the civilities and simple hospitality of the artless and beautiful Bedouins. He was a beautiful and graceful figure, that half-naked Bedouin, as he stood before me, and swept his fan while I sat with the chief. I would I could ever retain such a picture in the imagination. There he stood, with a smiling countenance, which was the beautiful smile of artless nature—with smooth features, thin lip, and white teeth, and dark amber skin, and jet hair falling in profuse ringlets, with a fillet over the forehead pressing the flowing curls gently back and over his uncovered shoulders, displaying his slim and well-formed person the whole length of his chest. And he not only smiled, but all smiled; and he was not only doing what he believed to be most agreeable to the guest, but all were ready to spring on any errand for the same purpose. And when we had slightly eaten of the halwah, and the chief called for coffee, three equally beautifully curled and raven-headed Arabs shot to the back of the tent, vieing with each other to see which should first bring forth the hot pot of coffee, with its accompanying little cups. In an instant the beverage was at our lips,

and we sipped two cups with the old chief, who in his artless grace and amiable manners, reminds one of a patriarch, surrounded by his hundred grown and handsome children, each delighting to move at his beck, and would be greatly ashamed if all was not done that could be done to render pleased and happy their stranger-guest.

The Sultan of Muscat, it is said, at a short notice can call to his service eight or ten thousand of these Arabians of the interior; and on any march through his possessions, their numbers would be continually increasing. Three or four hundred of these Bedouins are continually retained, at the expense of the Sultan, without the walls of the city, to which they have ingress and egress at their pleasure during the day. And you see them during the hot part of the day, in the pride of their own free and bounding elasticity of disposition and person, arrayed along the narrow and shaded bazaars; and with their flowing and full dishevelled curls, bearing their match-lock, or shield and Damascus blade, or spear and kinger, mingling with the turban-headed Arabs of the city and Banyan merchants; and exhibiting an acceptable and picturesque contrast with all else about them.

The interior of Oman, which yields allegiance to the Sultan of Muscat, is divided into different tribes, with a chief at their head. And in each jurisdiction there is a castle or stronghold. The shiek, or chief, administers the law in his own tribe, who have a right to appeal to the Sultan in case either party deems itself aggrieved by the decision of the shiek. The chiefs of these different divisions are appointed by the Sultan, and hold their place with the simple condition of fealty, to be manifested by the supply of men as soldiers from his tribe, according to the Sultan's requisition. It is the old feudal system of Europe, in many particulars. And in case the Sultan should abuse his power, the different chiefs, like the old barons, can and have retired within their strongholds, and brought the Prince to their terms. It is the policy of the present Sultan to preserve the friendship of the Bedouin tribes of the interior; and he is said to treat them with the greatest liberality, never dismissing any that call upon him without a present or some mark of particular kindness. The consequence

is, that he has secured their affection and attached devotion.

We parted with no little interest with the aged chief of this Bedouin encampment, and his young and dark-haired attendants, whose glossy ringlets so gracefully hung in long curls upon their necks and shoulders, or in some other instances were gathered in a tie behind, with the ends hanging loosely, in the mode of the Greek. Their fine features, soft smile, and incomparably beautiful heads of hair, curled and glossy, and daily dressed with oil of cocoa-nut, together with their beautifully developed muscles of the shoulders and arms, rather effeminate than otherwise, and yet not unmanly, presented a more picturesque and interesting bust than has met our eye besides, and is more in keeping with nature and taste than the shaved and turban-headed Arabs of Muscat.

We returned, by invitation, to Captain Calfaun's, to take tea with him, this evening, and found a cup of the delicious beverage refreshing indeed, after the heat of the day and the stroll of the evening. Captain Calfaun's, and one or two others, are the only families in Muscat who are in the habit of serving tea. Captain Calfaun and some of his guests were reclining upon Persian rugs and bolsters, while I occupied a comfortable couch. After tea we were shown through several of the upper apartments of the house, besides the well-furnished and large room in which tea was served. One or two of these rooms were surrounded with lattice-work, constructed from the split bamboo, which is so graceful and light a thing for ornamenting the upper and even lower apartments, in warm climates. Two rooms which we entered, one quite on the top of the house, were without roofs; and the bright stars were looking down upon us, with their sweet smiles, as we gazed delighted from the turreted chamber up to the blue halls above us. It is not astonishing that an Arab of ancient times should become an astrologer, reader and worshipper of the stars, when his home is so constructed as to catch the smiles of the heavenly goddesses, so graciously contemplating their worshipper, and holding their night-vigils above his sleeping-couch.

Captain Calfaun has shown himself every way attentive to the officers of the Columbia, in contributing to their pleasure and convenience, and left with them a feeling of great kindness towards himself for his polite attentions to them. And as this gentleman has been the object of frequent mention in the accounts given of the visits of our ships to the port of Muscat, his character may naturally awaken some interest with those who may peruse these pages. He is a fine specimen of an Arabian of his own tribe and sect. A perfect gentleman in his simple, easy, and unostentatious manners; moving with ease in his graceful costume, and doing every thing with a fitness which prevents the attention from being arrested by any incongruity, eccentricity, or personal peculiarity. And this, whether he is in the presence of his Prince and other members of his Highness's family and his own people, or on board of our ship, moving among ourselves, with manners and customs totally unlike the habits and usages of our Arabian friends. His costume is a red or black cloak with sleeves, over a thin white and long under robe, buttoned low at the neck. These are gathered about the waist with a sash, in which is placed a silver-mounted kinger. A turban of fine check-linen, edged with red and yellow stripes of silk, wreaths his head. This, with sandals, which are composed of a sole of leather for the foot to rest upon, and an ornamented strap to cross the instep of the foot, compose the costume of this Arab gentleman. Besides the kinger in the sash, he bears a long Damascus blade in its sheath, in his hand.

This dress, as described here, is the same as the costume of the Prince, only the outer robe of the Prince was black, and laced with a fringe of gold thread about the neck, and down the front on each edge of the folds.

Captain Calfaun seems sincere in a cherished purpose of visiting, at some time not far onward, the United States, and evidently is partial towards the Americans. We doubt not but that he would receive a welcome, that would re-assure him in the kind feeling he has cherished towards the citizens of the United States, and find his own hospitality and politeness reciprocated when visiting their shores. He, at least, may have the assurances

of a cordial reception from those who have been so happy as to form his acquaintance in his own native Araby.

As evidence of the continued good feeling of the Sultan of Muscat towards the Government of the United States, we found that the John Adams, having met his Highness at Zanzebar, brought to Muscat an order that the Columbia should be supplied with water and provisions, on her arrival at this place, on her way to Bombay. Water has been conveyed to our ship in the Sultan's own boats, and by the Sultan's own subjects, at the Sultan's own expense. We have received, also, almost daily, since we have been lying here, fruits, as presents from his Highness—grapes, pomegranates, etc., together with sheep and goats. The Commodore expressed a hope that his Highness would, at least, suffer him to pay the men, who, at the expense of so much labor, watered our ship after we had been eighty days at sea; but it was replied, that his Highness would not allow it, and if any thing were received in his absence, it would meet his displeasure. Now, this is all a generous action on the part of this Arab Prince, which exhibits his hospitality in a light that should, at least, make the American people feel that some handsome compliment from them would receive a worthy disposition, should it reach so magnanimous a Prince as the Sultan of Muscat. And though I know not how far our commercial interests shall be furthered by the treaty which has been formed between the two governments, I yet should be ashamed of my own country, should it be justly said, that the generosity and hospitality of an Arab Prince surpassed the munificence and liberality of the American Government.*

It is our purpose to weigh anchor, and leave the cove of Muscat this afternoon, October 25th. The evening breeze regularly prevails, and with it we expect to gain an offing that will leave the high shores of Oman, by the morning, low in the western distance.

* Since the visit of the squadron to Muscat, a vessel belonging to the Imâm arrived in the United States, bearing presents; and on her return, she conveyed from the President reciprocated testimonies of good feeling between the two powers, to the Sultan of Muscat.

SYED SYEED BIN SOULTAN'S FAMILY.

It may not be uninteresting, in connection with this Arabian Prince, whose possessions we are on the eve of leaving, and by whose government our ships have been so generously entertained, to give the following brief statement, in connection with his Highness's family.

The Mohammedan system entails endless dissentions on those governments where it is embraced, in connection with the title to the throne. A Mohammedan is allowed, by the Koran, four wives, and his children by his concubines are also heirs to his father's titles.

Seyd Syeed Bin Soultan is descended from Almed, (to go no further back,) who, at his death, left five sons. Their names were Seif, Kis, Soultan, Thabit, Mohammed.

Kis was chief of Sohar, a town less than a hundred miles from Muscat, on the Persian Gulf, during his father Almed's lifetime, and at his death.

Seif, the heir apparent, being the eldest son, was elected Sultan* by the chiefs at the decease of his father. The son of Seif, whose name was Almed, succeeded his father. But on this Almed's death, who is said to have been himself a wise prince, the government was left in confusion. The chiefs, however, made Soultan, the third son of the elder Almed, Sultan, who was afterwards slain by the Johasm pirates. This prince left two sons, the present Sultan and his brother Salem. On the death of Soultan, however, Kis, the chief of Sohar and brother of the deceased Sultan, intrigued for the Sultanship.

On hearing of the death of the Sultan, Budr, a cousin of the present Sultan and his brother Salem, and son of Seif, having previously retired into the interior, and living with the tribes there for some time, now returned, and agreed to live on terms of amity with his two cousins. While in the interior he had joined the tribe of the Wahabis, who were rapidly extending their power. The three cousins now united their influence against the encroachments and pretensions of their uncle Kis, the governor of Sohar. But Budr having ingratiated himself

* Imâm is the Arabic title.

with the interior tribes, they were desirous of seeing him made Sultan; and aware of his influence with these tribes, he entered into a secret treaty with the Wahabis, that if they would place him in the Sultanship of Muscat, he would contribute fifty thousand dollars to their tribe, and hold his power as Sultan of Muscat, as a tributary Prince to the chief of the Wahabis.

Syed Syeed, being now assured that his throne would be insecure so long as this intriguing cousin Budr lived, contrived to have him assassinated at a village named Namhan, near Burkæ, on the sea-coast.

The struggle, however, was not yet over. Saoud, chief of the powerful and increasing tribe of the Wahabis, who styled themselves reformers, with whom Budr had entered into a treaty, as previously stated, now demanded that Syed Syeed should ratify it in his own case. Syed Syeed refusing indignantly so to comply, the Wahabi chief waged war against him; and with a force of 4,000 Arabs, under Syed ibn Matack, a warlike and enterprising chief, so reduced Syed Syeed, that he was under the necessity of seeking assistance from the Persians. Eventually however the death of his uncle Kis, followed by that of Saoud and the dispersion of the Wahabis, left the present Sultan Syed Syeed Bin Soultan in undisturbed possession of his dominions.

These particulars of the family of the Sultan are given on the authority of Welstead, a Lieutenant in the English navy, who has lately published an account of his survey and travels through the interior, and along the coast of Oman. He pays a high compliment to the present Sultan for his liberality, and the assistance which he derived from him in furthering his purposes of science and travels. This book, which was loaned me by our Consul for a hasty perusal, I should like to have taken with me. But I had heard an anecdote of another work, which would have become too pointed towards myself, had I forgotten to return the volumes to the courteous gentleman who afforded me the pleasure of their perusal.

Captain Calfaun (as the story goes) possessed a copy of the "Naval Monument," which contains a description of all our engagements with the British, during the late war

with England. An English officer, while one of their vessels was lying in the harbor here, seeing the work, desired to borrow it. But when the English ship was about leaving the cove, the officer assured Captain Calfaun that the book had gotten overboard in some unaccountable way, or was otherwise displaced, and greatly regretted that *it could not be found to be returned.*

The general smile at this statement, as the circumstance was alluded to at the ward-room table, was sufficiently significant; and as there happened, very opportunely, to be a copy of the same work on board, Captain C. was asked to accept it, who assured the donor that he would be more careful of the present copy, and would see that it did not get wet or overboard if he loaned it again.

Captain Calfaun had translated some of the scenes in this work, at the request of the Sultan, that he might learn something of the actions of our navy. And while Captain C. was reading his Highness the account of Perry's victory on the lake, at that part which describes his leaving his own ship, on account of her being so much cut up, in his small boat for another, the Sultan rose from his seat, and exclaimed, with an emphatic gesture of his hand "THAT'S A HERO!"

SECTION VIII.

BOMBAY.

Bombay. Call upon the American Missionaries. Bishop Carr. Archdeacon Jeffries. Rev. Mr. Fletcher. Stroll on shore at evening. Funeral pyre. Breakfast with the Lord Bishop of Bombay and Family. Family prayers. Schools for the children of the poor. The power of *Cast.* Governor Farish. Call on the Governor's lady. Douglass. Evening prayers. Governor's dinner, at Parel. Sir John A. Sir John Kean. Ride from the Governor's to the Bishop's by moonlight. Caves of Elephanta Island. Tea at Dr. Wilson's, Scotch Missionary, and President of the Asiatic Society, at Bombay. Walk in the evening to the Hindoo temples. The long-nailed devotee. Farewell to Bombay.

Well, if, as they say, Bombay will give a stranger a fever should he move much abroad, it is worth one fit of illness to look at the medley of the fine and the finical; the grand, the great, the good, the grovelling, the gloomy, and the grievous; the nondescript, and the non-to-be-forgotten, which this very strange city of Bombay presents.

I have been on shore this evening, after a busy day of writing to friends *at home*, by an American vessel, which we fortunately chanced to intercept while standing into the harbor, and detained for our letter-bag.

It was rather a late hour when I reached the shore, but I saw enough to assure me that there is much to be seen, and yet much more which cannot be seen in a passing week. It is all a vast and mingled variety, which strikes with deeper impressions than would be the case if addressed to an eye that had contemplated the different parts which go to form the variety, at the different spots of the world with which they are severally and singly associated. It is England abroad, here, that meets the eye—it is the French, and the Portuguese, and other powers of Europe, in the East, and specimens from all India, gathered at this point, with their gray hairs of olden years and crowded masses.

The object of my visit to the shore, this evening, was to make some inquiries for future convenience; and on landing, I was trotted away and around in a palanquin, borne on the shoulders of four Hindoos, a guide pacing at my

side, to direct this Eastern car whither I desired. What would my friends have thought of me, could they have taken a peep at me, just at the dusk of evening, borne on as I reclined in so strange a machine, on black shoulders of black limbs, with turbaned head and ambling elbows? They would have seen me, as before I had not dreamed ever to be seen. In all this varied and mingled vision of the city, there are a thousand things of light and shade, and oddities and fantasies, which must long lie in the memory, when reviewing the ever-varying forms, in which the character and the taste and the religions of mankind present themselves, in this very strange city of the East.

As my sympathies directed, my *first call* made in Bombay was upon the American missionaries. I passed through the city at an early hour the next morning, when all is life and bustle. And what a city is Bombay! Some may be disposed to accuse me of painting. But I paint only from my own feelings. And he who has feeling, and loves to look at mankind in its varied forms, with susceptibilities capable of fresh and deep impressions, and has contemplated mankind, with but few exceptions, in its better and similar forms of European and American peculiarities, will not accuse me of heightening the coloring, if he should chance ever to move, at this same hour, and at his own lounging ease and leisure, through the streets of Bombay. It was a new world to me, though in the old world, a far-wanderer from the new. I had read of Hindoos. I had read of Banyans, Bramins, Gentoos. I had read of the Parsees, Mohammedans, and Sepoys. But it was never among the young dreams of my earlier years, while musing on Rome, and Greece, and blessed England, and Europe, and the Holy Land, that I should look upon these hundred casts of Arabia and Persia, and India, in their variety of costume and manners and religions. But now, I was set down amidst all this medley of casts—these unique forms—these strange incongruities and endless varieties—these naked busts and robeless legs—and thousand-formed and colored costumes of those who were robed—and the tattooed, with ringed toes, and foot, and ancle, and wrist, and hand, and nose—and numberless and ever-occurring varieties of enslaved or degraded, and rich and proud, and mean

and good and noble men, with every colored skin—from the jet of Africa and amber of Asia, to the lily of Europe. And then, the describable and the non-describable animals —the Banyan and sacred cows, and buffaloes, and sparrows, and ravens, and pigeons, and goats, and other things innumerable, all crammed and jammed and jumbled and huddled, and yet all a mass of moving and acting life—this, *this* is Bombay, to the newly arrived stranger, as he is borne through the capital of an English-Asiatic presidency.

If this be a confused collection of appellatives and blended images, none but a jumbled and almost accidental combination of words, could rightly or naturally describe the confused, and varied, and ever-varying scene, as it breaks on the eye of the stranger, as he moves, for the first time, through the streets of this epitome of a world. Some days pass on, and the newly arrived begins to analyze and arrange. By the time he has traversed the length of one of the streets, he finds himself beginning to class the different casts, as they pass him by, and are known by their different turbans—these head-dresses varying with the cast, but alike to all the members of each—and the cut and make and color of the flowing robe or tighter costume, and the religious mark, lined in yellow paint, in curve or oval or straight lines or dots on the forehead, or eyebrow, or ear, or naked chest, begin to take, in his mind, their appropriate classification.

With this varying and apparently ever-changing vision of a phantasmagoria before my view, I had gone some two miles or more from the walls of the fort, which includes some large portion of the city within its winding defences, when I came to the residences of the American missionaries The buildings are sufficiently spacious, to afford convenient and comfortable rooms, for the purposes and the dwellings of these worthy disciples of the religion of Jesus Christ, and philanthropic exiles from their country and home to the shores of India.

The gentlemen of the mission were out at the moment of my call. I sent my card to the ladies, and immediately followed the messenger, who informed me that they were in. I could have left my shoes at their door, so profoundly do I venerate the character of the sincere missionary, and

admire his self-sacrifice for the welfare of his fellow men. I was introduced to Mrs. Webster, the interesting wife of Mr. W., of popular and just fame as an ingenious man and accomplished printer, as well as a man of benevolence and Christian philanthropy. Mr. and Mrs. Balentine, missionaries from the interior, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Webster, at the present moment, having, with Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, and Mr. and Mrs. Munger, come to Bombay, at this season, for mutual consultation in connection with their labors. The two first gentlemen with their wives are staying with the Rev. Mr. Allen. I gave Mrs. Webster my hand with feelings which were most cordial, for the love wherewith she serves the cause of our common Lord. The Rev. Mr. Allen soon after entered, who occupies another house in the immediate neighborhood, whom I afterwards called upon. Ere long the Rev. Mr. Balentine and Mr. Webster entered—all gentlemen, whom the cause of missions may justly be glad to have attached to their interests.

I sat for a considerable time with this band of Christians, and was glad to witness so much simplicity of character and Christian adornment, with minds so respectable for their intelligence and refinement. I thought, as I conversed with Mrs. W., that there was a propriety of expression, a clearness of thought, and a simple chasteness of manners that would have adorned any sphere in which she might have been placed. And nothing but ill-bred jealousy, profanity, or bigoted sectarianism, could offer aught against such a becoming combination of Christian propriety and unaffected example of Christian sincerity and propriety in manners.

During the day, I was introduced to Mrs. Allen, of whom I might repeat, with striking propriety, what I conceived of the character and appreciated in the manners of Mrs. W. These ladies have not forgotten that society has its technicalities and refinements, and that religion is a system of good breeding, which makes it a school of true politeness as well as of morals and devotion.

Mrs. Allen's health was not good, but her heart poured forth its sympathies in the cause in which the missionaries are engaged, and I shall remember with pleasure her gentle manner, and the social repast, of which I partook with Mr. A. and herself.

I went with Mr. Allen to call upon Dr. Carr, Lord Bishop of Bombay—the Rev. Mr. Jeffries, the Archdeacon—and the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, the Bishop's Chaplain. The Bishop was out, but we sat a short time with Miss C., the Bishop's daughter, a young lady of gentle and agreeable manners, and were soon joined by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher and lady. Mr. F. is son-in-law of the Bishop, and resides in his lordship's family.

We conceive of an India Bishop as we have learned of a Heber, and know of others, who have left so favorable an impression of their evangelical piety on the mind of the American church. I sat with this family with these associations, and left the Bishop's residence with Mr. F. and Mr. A., to call upon the Archdeacon, whom we found at home, although just returned from sitting in committee with the Bishop and others connected with the charity schools, which are established here on a commendable scale, with government patronage, and are creditable to the cause of British philanthropy. The Archdeacon is deemed a benevolent and devoted man. The cause of temperance has elicited his feelings and action, very much, as I am informed, to the extension of so meritorious a cause. "America," said the Archdeacon, "has achieved a greater victory, in her efforts in the cause of temperance, than her annals, however proud, can otherwise display. We admire her for her action on this subject, and have just received the intelligence of the resolutions in the Legislatures of Massachusetts and Tennessee, not to issue a single license for the sale of ardent spirits in either of those states." Our countryman, Mr. Delavan, so justly known and estimated for his unceasing efforts in the cause of temperance, is a correspondent of Archdeacon Jeffries, who admires the spirit of this American patriot and philanthropist. While the action of America in the cause of temperance is awaking so much admiration, even in the distant regions of the Indies, shall she herself slacken in her efforts, and suffer the fields of so many victories to be resumed by the devastations, desolations, and death, which spread so fearfully beneath the tramp of intemperance?

The English army is continually augmenting at Bombay, as the rendezvous for the troops from different parts of the

Indies, destined to the Indus, with a design to carry on the war with the Persians. A document of interest, showing the comparative health of the temperance men of the army and those who continue to draw their grog, was lying on the centre-table, and doubtless will be published. At times the difference rose to four per cent., and was never less than two and a half. This speaks volumes to our army and navy department. It was a matter of exhilarating information to the excitable Archdeacon, to learn that more than 150 men of the Columbia did not draw their allowance of liquor.

In the Indian army, the cause of temperance has found many advocates; "and the commander-in-chief"—so said a gentleman of the party in conversation—" by some public act in favor of the temperance cause, before he leaves for the Indus, is going to do the Archdeacon's heart good."

I parted with these clerical friends, with the expectation of taking breakfast with them at the Bishop's, by invitation, on Monday morning.

The American missionaries stationed at Bombay, Messrs. Allen and Webster, and the gentlemen from the interior, Messrs. Boggs, Munger, and Balentine, now with their fellow laborers at this place, have visited the Columbia. I was glad to pay them the civilities due to a class of our own countrymen, who have left their native land to devote themselves, with philanthropic and Christian benevolence, to the cause of humanity and religion.

The Commodore sent a special message to invite them to the cabin, when they should have finished their walk through the ship, and with great good feeling evinced his desire to assure these gentlemen, that he appreciated their characters as Christian missionaries, and in that character, and also as American citizens, was happy to welcome them on board the Columbia. On their taking leave of the ship, after having spent some time with the Commodore, he invited them, if it would be a matter of interest for them to visit the Elephanta Caves, to make up a party, and he would accompany them, in the ship's boats, to the island, some six or seven miles distant.

I am sure that the Christian people of our country will thank Commodore Read for his thoughtful and courteous

attentions to these generous exiles from their homes ; and they will be happy to know that our ships were not forgetful of the courtesies due and cordially accorded to our missionary citizens, so worthy, and so far from the shores or their native homes, and the scenes of their earliest and happy recollections. The Commodore desired me to say, that he would be happy to have one of their number give us a discourse on board the Columbia the succeeding Sunday, and that he would send a boat ashore, at the appointed hour, in the morning. I was glad that the opportunity was presented still further to show our feelings of approbation and commendation towards these gentlemen and their amiable associates ; and their number being increased at this moment at the station of Bombay, by the visit of the missionaries from the interior, it was arranged that one of them should be with us on the succeeding Sunday.

FUNERAL PYRE.

I took a stroll on shore in the evening. Having witnessed the drilling of the Sepoys, native troops in the service of the company, at their evening exercise on the esplanade, and passed the worshipping Parsees with their face turned to the sea as one of the elements which they adore, and who were now in considerable numbers gathered, at this hour of sunset, on this beautiful ground of the esplanade, to gaze on the departing god whom they worship, with other sects and casts at their sundown prayers, I passed further on to the western side of the city, where we had been told the Mahrattas burned their dead. The sun had already gone down ; and when we reached the beach, several fires were seen yet burning along the shore. We approached them, but they were so nearly expended that we saw but few indications, in the glowing embers, of the relics of the cindered bodies. The uncrumbled ashes of a few bones assured us, however, that we were gazing upon the residuum of what, but a short time before, was the articulated mass of sinew and bone and muscle of a departed Hindoo, whose spirit his brother Mahrattas now believe to have gone on its round of new births, or, as the consummation of their ideas of the greatest conceivable

good to the departing soul, was now absorbed in the spirit of the Eternal.

While we were gazing on this expiring funeral pyre, a person approached us, and pointed to a group not far beyond us, who were raising a new pile, on which they were to place the body they had borne with them but a few moments before to the beach, attended by the sounds of discordant music, for his last funeral honors. We were glad that we were so opportune in our visit to this beach of death, to gratify the curiosity that led us there. Three upright sticks had already been planted in the sand to confine the pile within its proper dimensions, and the friends of the deceased, now lying near on his bier noteless of the preparations which were making to reduce his unconscious relics to ashes, were arranging the large and dry sticks of teel-wood, which is kept prepared and vended for the funeral rites of the Hindoo. When they had raised the pile to half the height they designed it, they bore the body forward and lodged it on the mound of wood. There was an old man there, who, like all the rest that had gathered to pay the last honors of the cast to one of their departed number, was clad only with a cloth around the waist, as is usual on the occasion of the Hindoo obsequies. He had gone to the edge of the sea, which at this hour of low tide was some rods from the pile, but soon returned bearing a jar of water, and placed himself at the head of his sleeping kindred. When he had poured from the palm of his own hand a small quantity of water upon the face and into the mouth of the unconscious sleeper, each of the surrounding cast dipped their hands in like manner into the jar, and poured from their two palms the water which they had thus taken from the vessel, into the mouth of the deceased. They now completed the pile, by adding as much more of this heavy and dry material above the body as lay beneath it. A small pile of light wood had already been enkindled, and the burning fagots were placed among the timbers of the funeral heap, and in a few moments the drawing eddies of the wind fanned the flames, until the pyre was enveloped in one ambient and glowing sheet of fire.

The Hindoos now seated themselves in a crescent

around the burning pile, and the glare lighted up their dark faces and naked shoulders, and threw a gleam of light around, only to render doubly more deep the gloom that had gathered on the adjacent cocoa-nut grove, and the clouded bosom of the neighboring sea. We watched the glowing mass as the body began to melt before the dissolving power of the resistless element. The swelling muscles, with their boiling fluids, bursted the outer and blackening coats of the body; and soon the limbs were dismembered at the knee, when the swollen feet, by a long pole, were forced yet further into the glowing pile.

It was a thrilling scene, and we gazed upon it until the dissolving body lessened before the flame, while the head had melted away and still away, as the burning pyre sent up and around its glowing and intenser heat, and yet brighter and augmenting volumes. We bowed to the surrounding and singular crowd, who rose from their sitting posture as we left them, and retraced our way along the shore. Having passed through the town on our way back to our landing place, a boat soon took us to the ship.

According to the regulations of the cast, the heir of the deceased is obligated to perform the funeral obsequies of the connection, and at stated periods, afterwards, to attend to certain rites, agreeably to the Hindoo customs—such as the offering of rice, flowers, water, and so forth, to the deceased and to the manes, that the departed spirit may ascend to the paradise of the Pitris, as they call the divine progenitors of the human race. These offerings are to take place on the eleventh day succeeding the death of the deceased, and afterwards monthly, and on the anniversary of the death of the departed one.

VISIT TO THE LORD BISHOP OF BOMBAY.

Having received an invitation from Dr. Carr, Lord Bishop of Bombay, to breakfast with him on the morning of the sixth, I left the ship a little before eight o'clock, and found, on my reaching the Apollo-bunder, a carriage waiting for me, through his Lordship's politeness, to take me to Byculla.

The Bishop is a venerable gentleman, simple in his man-

ners, with an air of kind diffidence in his address which makes you esteem him and believe you would love him for his goodness on an intimate acquaintance.

I reached the Bishop's residence a little before nine o'clock. I was shown into a spacious upper room, into which other rooms, nearly as spacious, communicated. In front of these rooms runs a spacious and covered verandah, constituting, itself, an upper hall, and extending quite the length of the building. The verandah is common to the best style of houses in Bombay, to protect the rooms from the intense heat of the day, and affording a most agreeable lounge in the cooler hours of the morning and evening. A centre-table, with a large family Bible and Prayer Book upon it, occupied its appropriate place. A piano forte, also, particularly attracted my attention. And I never look at this instrument when abroad, without having my sympathies awake

"Some remembered notes of a mute lyre,"

which carry me back to friends and kindred, to whom I have listened almost in enchantment in past hours, but whose voices now, in repetition of air, and song, and sacred hymn, would hold me in deeper charm than ever, after an absence of months away from home and sounds of familiar voices.

The Bishop entered with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Fletcher, leaning upon his arm. Who does not love to look at such a sight—a lovely and loved daughter, grown to the pride of young womanhood, pressing gently on the parental arm of a venerable father? Miss Carr, a younger daughter still, soon after entered the parlor; and the party now gathered around the centre-table, when the good, and I am sure, kind-hearted Bishop, opened the sacred volume and read a chapter from one of Saint Paul's epistles, and added his own reflections upon it. We all knelt, and together prayed to the God we worship. I could have wept; for it was the first scene of social worship at the family altar in which I had been privileged to mingle, since I left the United States.

I am sure the susceptibilities of our nature are both

deepened and augmented for the reception of impressions, by one's seclusion for months from society on shore. And how like one's father's house, that morning and evening service! There is a beauty in the domestic scene, when the family gather at early morn to testify their gratitude to our almighty Preserver for the mercies of the night, and at eve, for the blessings of the day.

The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, the Bishop's chaplain and son-in-law, joined us at the breakfast-table.

The family are on the eve of leaving Bombay for the interior, where they spend some months in the mountains, for health and pleasantness. The Bishop is just commencing an extensive visitation through the interior. He leaves, with all his family, on Wednesday.

At 11 o'clock I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, to visit the schools for promoting education among the poor. They are, in many particulars, conducted on the principles of our Free Schools in the city of New York. The Company has constructed two ranges of fine buildings, for the separate accommodation of the boys and girls, which do credit to the Presidency of Bombay, and speak well of English benevolence and charity.

The schools are composed chiefly of the children of soldiers, being mostly of the mixed cast of Mahratta and English. The children exhibited a very neat appearance. We have no schools in our country with which we could with propriety run a parallel; as these children, I am told, originally speak no English, and have to acquire that language as they proceed in their studies. Most of the scholars whom I saw were under the age of twelve. They read English with very considerable accuracy, and seemed to comprehend, as far as children of their age usually do, the instructions which are given to them, in illustration of the religion of Jesus Christ. The Bible is the principal and last class-book used, and explanations in connection with it enter into the plans of the directors, particularly for imbuing the minds of these scholars with Christian knowledge; while they attend to reading, writing, and arithmetic during the time of their connection with the schools. The boys, when they have reached the suitable age and acquired the necessary attainments, are apprenticed to the different

trades, or taken as writers into the Company's offices; or, at the present moment, are attached to the army as drivers of the teams, at a certain rate of pay, to be gradually increased to the maximum allowance of the first of that class.

I did not visit the schools composed purely of natives, which are under the direction of the same gentlemen. But the schools already described seem to be favorite objects of the gentlemen connected with the superintendence of the institution; and they certainly deserve great credit for the exertions, appropriations, and successful efforts which have presented their benevolent institution in a very favorable light.

The Right Honorable the Governor is President.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese, Patron.

The Members of Council, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Superintendent of the Indian Navy, are Vice Presidents.

The Archdeacon is Vice Patron, and

All the Chaplains of the establishment, who are subscribers, are ex-officio Directors.*

There is an hospital department attached to the institution, with a medical attendant.

Morning and evening prayers are read; and when the pupil leaves the school, a Bible and Prayer Book are presented to him, with a testimonial of character when deserved.

The Lady Patroness and Directresses transact the business of the girls' department.

The fiftieth and fifty-fifth articles of the institution provide that the boys shall be instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic; the girls in needle-work and household duties; and in both schools every endeavor is to be made to "impart such information and useful habits, as the situation of the charity renders most desirable; but particularly they are to be instructed in the principles of the church of England, and trained up in habits of piety and good morals. And before the time at which they are to leave school, the

* To these gentlemen, and other ex-officio Directors, is confided the government of the institution.

boys are to be bound as apprentices if practicable, and the girls disposed of by marriage, or with due consideration restored to their friends."

The hope of the success of missions in the East must continue to lie in the education of the native children. Nothing else can break down the powerful influence of *cast*, which with an iron chain binds each man to his own peculiar clan. To lose one's cast, to a Hindoo, is to be an *outcast* from a father's family, and an object of execration to all relatives and acquaintances. A beautiful boy of the Gentoo cast, who was riding with me in a buggee, with a turban more elegant than usual and a hand that would have graced a lady's arm for the roundness and smallness of his fingers, tapering in perfect symmetry, replied to me, as I was urging him to accompany me to America: "Me no go, master—me no go—me eat no pork—me eat no beef—*me lose my cast.*"

"What of your cast, Alee? American cast as good as yours."

"Yes, master," continued the sincere Hindoo, "your cast good to America—English cast good to English, but no good to Gentoo. Friend be dear to each other—I no have my friends more if I lose my cast."

"But if you come back and have your pockets filled with money, you can get your cast again."

"Yes, master, I have two or tree hundred rupee, me get my cast again."

"But, Alee, what would your cast do with the money you would give them?"

"Cast give great dinner—all can't come to it, but all invited, and all come, who come."

We thus see that both prejudice, inconceivably strong, and moneyed interests are against all innovation on the old system. And no one can adequately estimate the strength of this feeling of cast. It hoots at a renegade. And it is almost impossible to approach the convictions of the mass who are grown to manhood, if for no other reason, yet, for their little or no acquaintance with English, as well as their settled habits connected with their own creeds, which are interwoven with every thought and action of their being, and preclude the expectation of their appreciating or list

ening to the argument for the truth of Christianity. The setting in of English influence, however in some instances it may tend to corrupt the people, must eventually carry with it, over this empire of millions, a respect for the Christian institutions; and by the constant exhibition of the superiority of their English masters, the Hindoos must finally come to attribute this greater excellence to the superiority of the Christian system over their religion. And this is in fact the secret of the national greatness of their British conquerors over the submissive and superstitious millions, adhering to their own Hindoo follies of religion and cast.

And it is in this view we see the importance of the schools of which we have been speaking, and others within the boundaries of the Presidency, whether under the care of the Government, or under the management of American, Scotch, or British missionaries. The yearly throwing of five hundred or a thousand children, who are to become the heads of families, into this mass of heathenism, with a knowledge of the two languages and the better principles of the religion of Jesus Christ, cannot but have a gradual and permanent influence upon the heathen population, and in time, render idolatry a thing of ridicule; and an adherence to it, a matter of disgrace and shame to its devotee.

We passed by Christ's church, in which Mr. Fletcher officiates, as we left the school buildings, with the intention of calling upon the family of his Excellency the Governor. The building is a creditable specimen of architecture, but mostly interesting for its twelve or fourteen fluted pillars of cast iron, of the Grecian order, extending in two rows from the door to the altar, equidistant from the sides through the nave of the church. Pilasters for the side walls of the building correspond with the two central ranges of columns. The beautiful capitals and the shafts of the pillars are in one piece, and the diameter of the columns I suppose to be a tenth of their length.

It was the day on which Mrs. Farish, the Governor's lady, received her company. And the Governor had been kind enough to say that he would see me when I called upon Mrs. Farish. We were introduced by the Governor's Aid, and sat a short time with Mrs. F. and

her daughter, a young lady of seventeen or eighteen; and met at the Governor's residence, which is a charming spot, other ladies, who had called on the Governor's lady at the same hour.

The character of Governor Farish is well known for its benevolence, and the happy Christian influence which he has thrown over the state of society in which he moves.

To the American missionaries, I have been assured, he has been very kind, and advanced their desires as far as they have come within the influence of his station, as a member of the Council and as a Christian citizen. I conceived a most favorable opinion of this worthy gentleman at our short interview.

An invitation had already been given by his Excellency to our Commodore to dine with him on the succeeding Wednesday, with such of his officers as he should choose to have accompany him.

We returned to the residence of the Bishop; and at five o'clock sat down to dinner, the company having been increased by the acquisition of a number of ladies and gentlemen. A Captain Douglass of the Indian service, formerly of the Royal Navy, was at the table.

"The Douglass." I cherish but little deference for titles or names, or admiration for great men *in loco*, merely, and believe that "nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus."* Yet there is a charm in the name of Douglass which I greatly appreciate, in connection with its olden associations. I have even formed an affection for the memory of the Douglass and the Percy, associated as they indissolubly are together. And if the impression which I gained be true, there is generosity and nobleness remaining in this blood-descendant of the ancient house. The Captain displays from his mast-head, as his private signal, the emblem of his house. Allusion to the Douglass coat of arms led to the remark on the part of Captain D., that he was once sailing from England, when he discovered a vessel with her union down, and made her out to be in distress. He bore up for the ship, and as the two vessels neared each other, he run up his private flag. "I know

* Virtue is the only and true nobility.—*Juvenal.*

that emblem," exclaimed the master of the distressed ship as the flag unfurled itself and discovered the arms of the ancient house. "It is the Douglass; he will not forsake me while my ship swims." The Douglass did not—for the distressed captain and his crew had barely reached the deck of Douglass's ship before the wallowing vessel went down to the deep currents of the deep sea.

It is said a Scotchman never forgets the land of his home. Like the New-Englander, he may wander far from his native hills and the remembered lawns, which have left their unfading visions among the early impressions of his mind and the young loves of his feeling heart. And when he has wandered far, and made himself rich and honorable, he yet often returns in his happy memories, and not unfrequently re-seeks, in person, the home of his infancy, as the sacred spot to enjoy the calm of his old days, and to repose, for its long rest, the urn of his ashes. The Hon. Mr. Dunlop, member of Council, is a Scotchman, and was of the company at dinner. Scotland seemed to be a word which had not lost its music for him. And that lady now at the piano, he said to me, in the evening, learned her music in Scotland.

And in the evening we had music. I shall not forget it. The Bishop's two daughters played and sung. Their voices were soft and gentle like themselves. And the lady of the Highland associations also sung. There was a *thrill* in her voice, which rendered it characterisic of herself and agreeable.

After tea had been served, and the hours had advanced into the evening, the party adjourned from the parlor to the drawing-room, which communicated with it by folding-doors. There was an organ in the room, and the family Bible and Prayer Book occupied the centre-table. The Bishop placed himself at the centre-table, and his daughter at the organ, as it had been proposed that we should have prayers before the party separated. A hymn was read by the venerable Bishop; and he who has been a wanderer over the world afar from his friends in his native land, can appreciate the sentiment it contained, as well as every Christian, to whom alike it is applicable:

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade."

The organ was accompanied by several voices. The Bishop read a chapter from the Bible and added his comments, and then, together, we knelt in prayer.

Is there any heart so callous that would not love such a scene of quiet and social worship, exhibiting the beauty of household religion? And who, after the confusion and the unrest of the day, would not repose with a more assured and composed heart, after mingling in such a scene of evening worship? And who can behold a venerable father, surrounded by his offspring and friends, thus devoutly engaging in social and sincere worship, and not give him the earnest of an enduring friendship?

Douglass, (I like that name,) had said to me in the early part of the evening, that if I designed to return to the ship, he would offer me a seat in his carriage to the Apollo-bunder, and then send me on board the Columbia in his gig.* I accepted the polite offer, and accompanied Captain D. and his lady in their carriage, and bid them good-night when they had ascended the deck of their own vessel, to which we had been pulled in his own boat, which soon after conveyed me yet further out in the stream, to the good frigate Columbia.

* The boat of the Commander of an armed vessel is called a gig.

DINNER AT THE GOVERNOR'S.

The Governor gave his dinner at the government-house, on Wednesday evening, in compliment, in part at least, to our Commodore. At half-past seven the carriages disgorged their red-coats, and blue-coats of the English army and American navy, and the black coats of the civil list, composed of the Council and the bench of Judges; together with the Bishop and Chaplain and the variously robed ladies, who, though mentioned last here, in this instance is somewhat after the manner of their own postcripts; for which, it is said, a lady ever retains her most interesting intelligence, or what, at least, is most interesting to herself.

The Governor's house is a spacious building, said once to have been a Roman Catholic cloister, the chapel of which, on the lower floor, now serves as the dining hall; while the spacious room above it, to which you ascend by two or three flights of steps, with suits of rooms and a verandah on either side of it, forms the reception hall. But the building has been refitted and enlarged, and now is every way a creditable establishment for the purposes for which it is appropriated, as the residence of the Governor of the Presidency. Its distance is some six miles from the inwalled portion of the town, and the ride to it is a delightful one through extensive country residences, built by the Parsees for the purposes of being rented to the English; and at this hour of the evening, when the company were gliding by them, were lighted up with their hundred lamps, giving forth the beautifully clear flame of the cocoa-nut oil, burning in open glasses, around which rose a yet longer one to protect the light from flaring in the evening breeze, which comes deliciously through the open windows, swinging on their hinges quite down to the floor, that every breath of the refreshing gale may sweep through the open rooms.

The large room with the spacious lobbies on either side formed by the verandahs, were soon enlivened by the crowd that entered, and advanced to be presented to Mrs. Farish, the Governor's lady, who had taken her place near

the centre of the room. The ladies were presented by the Governor's Aid, a young officer of gentlemanly manners.

Miss Carr, the Bishop's daughter, with her cousin, Miss Farish, were the first two who entered the room after the Governor's lady had taken her seat. And Miss Carr, I am sure, will be remembered as an interesting vision of amiableness, as if some ineffable beam had gleamed from the benignant and subdued brow of her father, and lighted on the sweet countenance of his child. We admired her as possessing more truly an American face, manners, and fashion than any others who were present. Her cousin, the Governor's daughter, in blue, in contrast with the plain and tasteful white of Miss Carr, is also an interesting young lady, and seemed to be a worthy representative of her excellent and very lady-like mother. There were a number of other ladies present, generally plainly dressed and without a superabundance of ornaments decorating their persons, and therefore, more in taste than otherwise they would have been.

The Governor was conspicuous in his civilian dress of plain black, moving unostentatiously among his guests. His face is strikingly benevolent; and he is one I would venture to take as a pledged friend, were circumstances such as to secure from him, in an hour of one's need, the plighted hand of sterling worth, and the action of a generous nature. In consequence of the death of Sir Robert Grant, he is now the acting Governor of the Presidency, an appointment which falls, ex-officio, on the demise of the Governor, upon the eldest of the two civilian members of the Council.

The Hon. Sir ——, Knight, Judge, etc., was of the number to whom I was introduced. I should suppose him (but my impressions were the result of a short interview) a man of great amiableness of character, with a smack of letters, somewhat gifted, read in polite literature, and withal *amiably eccentric*. His manners are certainly so, resulting (is it not?) from his keen perception of the ridiculous. And when he would express himself in connection with a subject, his own mind rejects the common-place replies, and seizes hold of a more distant

association; and the very consciousness of its peculiarity produces a peculiarity of manner which is his own, though perhaps, from natural diffidence, the manner is defective in its correspondence with the sentiment expressed; while, at the same time, it betrays his own consciousness that his remark has the merit of originality in its associations, and is peculiar to himself.

"We are happy to acknowledge England as our mother-land," I observed in a conversation upon the two countries, and added, after the usual self-complacence of an American, notorious for having quite enough of it in relation to his own country, "we trust England is not less happy in owning us her child."

"That is," said the knighted Judge, catching at the first part of my remark, "when we go back to the age of Milton or Addison, we have the same progenitors."

And what American of English descent but cherishes with laudable consideration the knowledge that his fathers were of a nation that has so many names justly famed and loved, as they have been chronicled in the rolls which narrate their glory in action, their attainments in letters, and their general excellence, goodness, and piety of heart?

And here, too, was Sir John Kean. And who was Sir John Kean? He was an English officer in red regimentals, who entered the room with a bow, and a smile, and a bend, and a *nonchalance*, speaking to one and to another as he advanced to make his compliments to Mrs. F.; all which he did as one would do who knows that he is among his own acquaintances, and that his acquaintances know that his position is one that enables him to smile and notice those he passes without compromiting his dignity of station; and who knows himself that his rank gives him the precedence, and the privilege, as its legitimate consequence, of acting just as he chooses, while he keeps within the bounds of politeness. But who was Sir John Kean? A man who can enjoy a joke, even at his own expense, and can acknowledge that he has been most shockingly whipped, *and that it was at the battle of New-Orleans!* Sir John was one of the principal three English officers engaged in the battle of the 8th of January, and on him devolved the command when Packenham and Gibbs fell. He led

off the British forces from the deadly field. "Yes," said the good-humored Sir John, "we were whipped, most thoroughly whipped, by the Americans." Noble confession, Sir John. It does thee no discredit, nor others, but honor, to acknowledge the truth, though the action, involved in that truth, in the ever-varying chances of war, contributes nothing to the well-known and well-earned glory of the arms of the British nation.

The company gazed at each other, and said what they chose to anybody they knew, for a half-hour; when they adjourned to the dining-hall below.

The Governor's band gave forth the rich strains of its music to regale the feasters, who had served before them the variety and abundance of several courses, and some Indian fruits which I had not before seen.

The gentlemen were not long after the ladies in their adjournment from the table to the rooms above. And the hours passed rapidly into the middle-watch of the night, when the company left the palace.

A polite note from his Lordship the Bishop, who, with a part of his family, had delayed his departure into the interior for a day or two, had early in the morning conveyed to me an invitation to accompany him, from the Governor's, to spend the night and the succeeding day with himself and his family. I therefore paused, until the spacious halls were vacated by all, save the Governor's and the Bishop's families. Sir John A. also delayed. It had been proposed by his Excellency, that family prayers should be attended, before the Bishop departed. It was indeed to me an acceptable termination of a dignified and social entertainment, where had been gathered the principal dignitaries in the civil and military service of the Presidency, and from the first circle of the society in Bombay. It was now an hour of stillness. The rumbling wheels of the last carriage had rolled through the extended grounds. The brilliant lamps still lighted up the spacious rooms, but no step was moving where, but a moment before, the throng passed in social vivacity and friendly cheer. The Governor's lady and daughter, and their cousin, Miss Carr, had withdrawn to the room at the end of the hall, where the gentlemen soon joined them. And

was not this a worthy example to our men in power? There had been nothing in the entertainment of the evening inconsistent with the propriety of a Christian household. And his Excellency's family, with some of his guests, had now gathered to make their acknowledgments to the High Power that had protected and blessed us for the day. It is religion which hallows all our enjoyments —gives additional dignity to the man in station—ennobles the man of lower degree—and yields consolation, contentment, and happiness to all. We knelt around the family altar in the Government-house; and when we had risen from our worship, we made our adieus to his Excellency and his Excellency's most worthy and interesting family. A lovely drive by moonlight, as the moon's bright beams gleamed through the foliage of the tall cocoa-nut trees, brought us, in a half-hour, to the residence of the Bishop.

The succeeding morning I took leave of the Bishop's family, having engagements for the remaining part of the week, which would prevent me from again calling at his residence. The Bishop himself however designed, with the Archdeacon, to visit the Columbia on Saturday morning. On Monday he would leave Bombay, accompanied by his daughter.

I am greatly indebted to his Lordship for the attentive politeness received from himself and family; and I regretted most sincerely that our early sailing would prevent me from accepting his invitation so cordially given, that I would accompany him and his family into the interior. It would have gratified my desire of visiting the adjacent country, and given me the happiness of attending him on his visitation, and yet to prolong my acquaintance with his amiable household. I know not that this page will ever greet his Lordship's eye, but it is yielding a tribute to my own agreeable and grateful remembrances, here to record the pleasure of my brief but most acceptable acquaintance with himself and his estimable family.

ELEPHANATA CAVES.

"Elephanta—who goes to Elephanta to-day?" "I would not give a fig to see Elephanta." "I should not

like to have been to Bombay, and have to answer, on being questioned, that I did not go to see Elephanta." "I should care but little not to have seen the Elephanta caves, so far as the mere having seen or not having seen them is concerned; but if, after leaving Bombay, the thought should occur to me that a pleasure to be derived from a visit to these caverns was within my reach and I neglected it, I should be unhappy. To save myself from such a haunting thought, I shall go to see the Elephanta caves."

Such and other expressions were made by various persons, who felt more or less interest in connection with the celebrated caverns which are excavated in the hills of the island of Elephanta. I had myself fixed on Friday for making an excursion to the Elephanta caves. I confess that my own curiosity had diminished, in view of other things of interest which were inviting me in the city. But two days remained for our stay at Bombay. Having been detained on board the frigate until ten o'clock in the morning, the delay gave me an opportunity of going alone, to visit this curiosity, justly reckoned among the most interesting objects that can attract the inspection of the stranger.

The bunder-boat which I had engaged to convey me to the island, had a nice little cabin, large enough comfortably to seat five or six persons, and in which three might most comfortably lounge; while sixteen men pulled the boat over the water. Lingo, who had often accompanied me on my excursions through the city and without it, was ready to share my fortunes to-day. Off we glided, as I threw myself upon a comfortable cushion and bolster; and owing to the few hours of sleep I had enjoyed the preceding night, I now yielded to the promptings of nature and comfort to take a doze, during the two hours I expected to be in reaching the island. And what else should I have dreamed of but olden giants, and hobgoblins, and screech-owls, bats, and such like things, which are said to dwell in the deserted haunts of men of other days, and these now forsaken recesses of yet cherished and venerated temples of ancient and superstitious Hindoos? But ere long I regained my waking consciousness, and amused myself for the rest of the way, with a story of

the once celebrated Goa, the capital of the Portuguese East Indian dominions of olden and glorious memory, which we are next to visit on our leaving Bombay.

I ascended from the beach, which is edged with dark rocks at the point of my landing, along a path, leading over patches of clay baked to a brick by the intense rays of the sun. This path, winding along the ravine, soon ascended the side of the hill, covered with scattered trees and undergrowth; and more than half way up the elevation, a diverging path conducted me to one of the lesser excavations in the rock of the mountain. As I diverged from the main track, I turned an inquiring look to Lingo.

"Not that way, master."

"Doubt that, Lingo; come on, and we will see." A few paces more satisfied Lingo, that I had either awakened a suspicion that he was desirous of getting too rapidly over the examination of these cavernous recesses, or that I had fallen upon one which he had not before seen. I stood before the entrance of one of the smaller excavations.

To gain a correct idea of these artificial excavations into the rocky hill, we must imagine a mountain-side, studded with cocoa-nut trees and other ever-greens, shrubs and vines, but thinly wooded, which forms one side of a deep ravine. Half way up this hill-side your eye meets a stratum of dark rock, rising abruptly and slightly receding. At the base of this rock, where the ground assumes a comparative level, extending in a narrow strip in width from the rock to the edge of the steeper part of the ravine, the excavation is commenced. This is carried into the mountain-side for a few feet, when a fissure, some six or eight feet deep and as many wide is sunk in the rock, from which, as the level of the floors of the excavated rooms, the rocky chambers recede, though at the point which I was at this moment contemplating they are but one room deep. In front of you, when you have descended the fissure, you have three rooms, about fifteen feet square and nine or ten feet high. A partition of solid rock, smoothly chiselled, is left between them, separating them into distinct chambers; and the same is the case with the outer wall, through which three entrances are cut, one for each room. The centre one of the three entrances is orna-

mented with various devices, chiselled in the solid casement and lintel, and high over and wide around the passage way; together with two immense figures, standing in lone solitude and silence, as I now saw them, like two mighty giants, or huge knights of olden days, posted at this portal of the entrance of the sacred room. Within the centre room stood the altar, consisting of a base three or four feet high and five or six feet square, with a broken pillar two and a half feet in height, rounded at the top, and rising from the centre of the base.

There was a stillness reigning here which rendered the scene imposing. The large but mutilated figures, and the many lesser ones above and around, exhibiting in contrast the huge proportions of the two principal statues which had remained, in their speechless and grave attitude, longer than tradition tells, contributed (with the occurring impression on the mind of the great labors that must have been expended here, and the mystery and the solemn shade that now rests on all that connects these cavernous rooms with the past) to render yet more still and yet more sombre, the silence and the shadows which now pervade these sacred and forsaken haunts, as you stand and muse on the generations and the superstitions of the past, and the Hindoo in his darkness and ignorance of the present.

"Come down here, Lingo," I cried to my guide, who was sitting at the outer entrance above me, as I was about to enter the centre room, containing the altar, after having examined the devices and figures on the outer wall, "Come down, Lingo, and enter this room with me."

"Me no come there, master."

"Come down at once, boy, and enter with me."

"Me *no* come, master," continued the yet submissive Gentoo, with a touch of his hand to his forehead, and then, impressively upon his breast.

"Why not Lingo?"

"Gentoo nc go in there, master, sargeant tell you why," added the dark-featured Hindoo, with his hand pointing further on, with a persuasive look that I would go to the principal cave.

I advanced to cross the threshold of the entrance, and was surprised at the apparent cleanness and smooth surface

of the ground floor. Another step, and I was ankle-deep in water; and had not boots prevented, I should, beyond a conjecture, have gone through the ablution of the feet as my initiatory rite of entering into the mysteries of the Hindoo temples, according to their many washings in their superstitious observances. At each end of this range of rooms, and at right angles with them, is a recess with three pillars, forming two more rooms or courts, which, together with the central chambers already described, constitute half a hollow square.

An excavation, quite similar to that now described, I found adjacent to it, though upon a yet larger scale; and the knights, in alto-relievo, at the entrance of the central room, were yet huger in their proportions, and the surrounding groups of figures more numerous and more distinct. And yet, the faces of all the figures have been mutilated; and in instances, so entirely, as hardly to leave a trace of many features of the face remaining. This profanation of these Hindoo temples is said to have been done by the *great guns* of the Portuguese, in that age of zeal for the extension of the Roman Catholic religion and for the destruction of all idols of every other system. But this big gun story, I take it, is something of a big gun itself, so far as the big guns are concerned. For, in the first place, a very large gun could not conveniently be transported up such a steep acclivity. In the next place, it would be rather difficult, when the guns were in the caves, so to elevate them and with accuracy so to point them as to take off so invariably the noses of all these rocky deities—a point towards which the mischievous despoiler seems to have particularly directed his shots. And what is a further and pretty conclusive consideration on this subject is, that a *sledge-hammer*, in the hand of an athletic man, would have done more rapid execution and with far greater convenience, in de-facing, *de-nosing*, *de-cheeking*, and *de-legging* all these figures, as they are now presented to the visiter, to awaken his regrets that greater taste had not been displayed for the preservation of these peculiar specimens of the arts of an ancient people, instead of the indulgence of an unenlightened, misjudged and superstitious zeal, in the demolition of these figures, which,

unmolested by the destructive hand of man, had remained as enduring as the mountain rock, in which, in relievo, they have been chiselled.

Lingo's patience, seeming to be waning to its lowest point, although he sat as submissive as a fawning spaniel that longed to return home, I delayed no longer at these lesser excavations, and wound still further around the mountain to find the principal entrance to the most spacious and interesting cavern.

I walked on but a few moments more in this winding path, when a charming view opened to the eye, exhibiting in its beauty the water scene on the opposite shore, lying in front of the winding path of the island by which I had approached these mountain temples. There, lay the lovely expanse, with green islands yet beyond it, with the still bosom of the mirroring water, sprinkled with numbers of the graceful lateen boats, whose sails, in the distance, rising in their spiral cut, give them the appearance of so many butterflies, with their light and bright wings sailing over the waters. And at the right, appeared the white mosque of the Mohammedan worshipper, lying in picturesque and beautiful relief against the green mountain-side of the opposite shore.

I had now reached a wide level which spread out from the rising conical rock, to the steep of the hill-side. Here was the sergeant's house and the corporal's shantee—these two personages being retained at this point to prevent the caverns and their remaining curiosities from being further mutilated. Commanding the view of this beautiful prospect, lies this little green level, more than half way up the mountain-side, from the inner edge of which the rock again raises its heavy bulwarks in limestone masses.* And here, in that massive rock of the mountain, coated with trees and shrubs above it, you see the great entrance to the caverns of the mountain, called the Elephanta Caves, and which tradition tells, and which the books of the Hindoos yet preserved narrating the actions of their gods declare,

* I took this rock to be limestone, and still believe it to be so, though a gentleman of science in Bombay assured me that it was basalt.

to have been, as they still are, the temples of the Hindoos. In the niches of the walls, and on the side ranges of the rooms are chiselled the incarnations of the gods of the Hindoostance.

The front view of the rock presents a portal, with four pillars and two side pilasters, supporting a horizontal entablature slightly ornamented with mouldings. The pillars are fluted and large, and considered as capitals of unfinished pillars might be considered as approximating to some beauty, but as they are, exhibit no idea of correct proportions, according to our appreciation of the perfect models of Grecian or Egyptian architecture. These pillars are cut from the solid rock, and are ten or twelve feet high. As the excavation extends into the mountain, four ranges of similar pillars yet stand, as they were left, chiselled from the solid rock, and receding in regular distances and regular intervals in straight lines back from the front pillars. Two additional rows correspond with the pilasters on each side of the portal. When you have entered the portal, the excavated hall branches off wider yet to the right and left, giving an internal room of spacious dimensions. In the back wall fronting the entrance, and seen between the central ranges of pillars extending from the portal, is a niche excavated in the rock, its distance from the front being some sixty or a hundred feet from the entrance. In this niche is seen *the principal figure*, which attracts the attention of the visiter, and remains there in its three-faced form, looking east, west, and north, as the only perfect statue which remains. This triad figure is in keeping, in the proportions of the several faces; and the execution, though presenting little to win our admiration for the beauty or manliness of the features, is deemed to reflect credit on the artist. The heads may be four feet in diameter—the lips large—the noses well chiselled—the cheeks rotund—the neck decorated after the present style of the Hindoos, in the wearing of their ornaments circling the neck in a crescent and low on the chest. The heads are decorated with a cap unlike any I have seen at Bombay, but resembling others worn further east, rising high and receding somewhat like the upper part of a helmet, and ornamented with various devices.

It cannot be interesting to the reader, to follow the minute description and measurements of these caverns. The general appearance and the impressions they leave on the mind of the visiter, are the principal things to interest the reader, in the absence of visible inspection.

The excavation here, constituting the principal room, is spacious, embracing thirty or forty pillars in their regular ranges, which support the rocky ceiling, and are parts of the rock left in excavating. On one side of this spacious hall is a cubical room, higher than the square of its base; which is also an appendage of the solid rock, and excavated, within itself, for the purpose of embracing the altar, corresponding to those already alluded to. On the sides of each corner of this cubical room, an immense figure, making eight in all, is chiselled ten or fifteen feet in height, exhibiting an imposing attitude. But all these figures are defective in the proper development of the muscles. The limbs are particularly so. The curve line seems to exist only as encircling the limbs; while the lines from the knee to the foot are nearly straight, giving to the limbs the tameness of a pipe-stem, or more properly a regular pyramidal form, unlike the varied developments of the different muscles as seen exhibited in the natural figure of man himself. The same is true of the arms. They are invariably cramped, or make acute angles as stiffly as the adjustment of two straight sticks, intersecting each other, would do. The head and the chest are the two parts of the figures best executed, while the waist reminds one of the sole-leather corsets of olden days, or one half of an hour-glass. And this we would deem surprising, when it is considered, that the human form is continually exposed in these eastern countries, thus giving the artist the opportunity of daily studying the muscular action of the body and limbs, so essential to be noted and to be understood by the sculptor to enable him truly to delineate his figures according to life, in the different positions of attitude and action in which he places them. And yet, the effect of the main figures of the principal groups is striking, and must have been particularly so upon the minds of the common people. The larger number of lesser figures around the principal, exhibit the god in a conspicuous and imposing form, the

effect being derived principally, however, from the idea of power, inferred from dimension in contrast. In the groups of figures occupying different excavations in the walls, and describing various actions of the gods of the Hindoos, there are a great variety of heads crowded together, as they are often seen on Chinese carving in ivory—elephants and lions, grotesque winged animals and serpents—while the principal one or more large figures are thus shown off in bold relief; and in all these representations, the strictest modesty is preserved, though the figures are slightly dressed, after the manner of most of the native Hindoos.

There is one figure cut in a recess on the inner wall, which attracts the interest of the visiter, and is on the right of the triad, or three-faced god, and by some called the Amazon though the peculiarity of the figure emblems forth a very different legend of one of the Hindoo gods. The figure is nearly perfect, more so than any other besides the triad. Yet the same objection applies to this figure, tall in its height, which I have stated of the others, though some speak of it as a creditable specimen of sculpture; and probably it is the best, with the exception of the thre faced Vishna or Sciva, which decorates the rocky walls of this spacious excavation. Indeed, there is in all the figures, without an exception, the absence of all anatomical correctness. Straight lines prevail, and the limbs are like tapering poles, and the faces remind one of the rude cuts seen on the old English grave-stones of the 17th century, with cherub wings attached to their young and rounded cheeks, though here, where wings are introduced, they are the more tasteful, being of the sylph-like form.

From this principal room, a passage on the left as you advance, extends to a yet more interior excavation, with like groups of figures studding the excavated niches in the inner walls. And here is an inner saloon, longer than wide, with pillars in front, and the wall constituting the back part of it is studded with a range of statues. These extend quite the whole length of the wall of this apartment, in alto-relievo, on the wall, exhibiting a variety of male and female figures, men, women, mothers with children in their arms, in different attitudes, and all constituting a row of statues which must have been imposing

when in their perfect state. But now there is scarcely a statue of the whole number undefaced.

On my entering a small cubical room containing *the altar*, in this range of the excavated rooms, the soldier, a native Hindoo, who was now accompanying me, signified, with considerable emphasis, that it was not allowable for me to enter the room of the altar. He had not marked me entering the other, and now remonstrated at my attempt to enter this—"Gentoo might go in—but no English go—no American go." "Nonsense, Sepoy," I said to him, and mounted the altar, which I conclude, from its being more polished than the others, still serves as the altar where the Hindoos offer their gifts when they assemble here, as they still do on holidays, to worship agreeably to their own rites. "Nonsense," I again added, still further to try the sincerity of the sentry. "Make any resistance and I take you, in good haste, to the hearing of the Governor."

"Against order, master," added the doubtful soldier, with his present hand to his forehead—"no order to let English enter. Hindoo only enter."

"Well, Sepoy, do you not know that I have become a Gentoo since I reached Bombay—go to Gentoo church—have a mark put on my forehead? See, Sepoy, see you it not?" I added, touching my finger to my forehead between the eyes.

Lingo and the Sepoy both laughed roundly, and made no more opposition to my entering the consecrated room of the altar, but their incredulity was observable enough, and their horror of my polluting their temple I took to be more a matter of affectation than otherwise.

But what was the propelling motive which led the enthusiast, or devotee, or prince, or potentate, or genius, struggling in the infancy of the arts, to give development and immortality to his swelling conceptions, in the execution of these mysterious works, of which no record now retains the traces of their origin, or the progress and the completion of these stupendous works—stupendous, at least, when associated with the age in which they must have been executed? And even now, they are gazed upon as astonishing demonstration of the labors of the past.

Nothing that narrates of them is found—nothing is known. A shade, dark as the stillness was deep, which pervaded the caverns at that moment as I mused on the revolutions of empires, religions, and even the mountain-rock, now rests over the story of their past; while at the same time here live, in visible characters, the rocky records which chronicle, and which shall chronicle for ages to come, the religions, the habits, and the manners of the Hindoo of other times. How profound is ignorance! How fleet the years of man! How unbecoming is pride in a mortal! How low may superstition bring him in the scale of intellect! How sublime and elevated his nature, when fixed on divine things! How vast his capacities, when directed by the beams of intellect and the elevating influences of the true system of worship recorded for the otherwise benighted spirit, in the gospel of Jesus Christ!

I returned to the boat, and our two lateen sails soon bore us on to the good frigate Columbia—my home on the deep—whose deck one is ever willing to reach, after a day of toil on du'y or on pleasure; and whether his rambles have been accompanied with happiness or disappointment. To-day, the field of that ramble was curious, unique, and deeply interesting. None will regret the effort which it may cost to accomplish a visit to the Elephanta caves—and none, having examined it in connection with the religion of the Hindoo, will forget their temples in these mountain rocks.

VISIT TO DR. WILSON AND FAMILY.

On the evening of the tenth I visited at the Rev. Dr. Wilson's, agreeably to an invitation to dine with him, with the expectation of meeting other religious persons whom the Dr. had politely said he would invite to meet me. The Rev. Mr. Nesbit, and Dr. Smitten, a benevolent gentleman who has long been in India, were there; and the two Misses Baynes, the sisters-in-law of Dr. W.

Dr. Wilson is a gentleman of attainment in letters, and his conversation is greatly interesting in connection with the Hindoo religion—their ceremonies, their habits, their manners, and incidents in his own experience among the

natives. His courteous attentions will be remembered with very acceptable associations, in connection with the pleasure received in my interview with himself and family.

Dr. W. is at the head of the Literary Asiatic Society of Bombay; and, with his modesty of character, he exemplifies the truth of the Scripture, that he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. He excels as a linguist, possessing great natural readiness in the acquisition of a new tongue, already understanding many of the languages of the East, Arabic, Sanscrit, Hindoostanee, etc. etc., and has written with effect in several of them against the systems of the Mohammedans, Hindoos, and the Parsees.

In the evening we took a walk through one of the streets, near Dr. W.'s residence, in which almost every house was a temple, or contained a Hindoo god. We saw enough to interest, to pity, to grieve us, and to disgust in the worshippers, who entered their temples and prostrated themselves before their wooden deities, whose forms were hideous for their shapes and paints. One of these gods, in an apparently greatly frequented temple, contained three heads, resembling the swine's more than aught else, though called the monkey, with its three-formed shape, painted red, with glaring white and black eyes. Before this ill-formed block of wood numbers prostrated themselves and worshipped—asking their god for whatever might be the object of their particular desire, and tendering to him offerings of rice, or cocoa-nuts, or money—at times beseeching his assistance, or at others threatening the painted deity, that if the request be not granted his godship would get no more cocoa-nuts. This seems a peculiar kind of worship, but the Hindoos both threaten and entreat, in their approaches to their gods.

We wandered by some thirty or forty and more of these idol-houses, to examine their many and various appearances. The houses differed not much from the indifferent residences of the lower classes in the bazaar part of the town. Others presented more respectable piles of buildings; and in a few instances the temples were embraced within a court of considerable spaciousness.

HINDOO DEVOTEE.

At length we came to the tent of a noted devotee, who has made himself conspicuous as a sacred character for his abstinence, mortification, and by the peculiarity of the form of his penance. He holds in his left hand a small flower-pot, containing a rose-shrub, with its branches protected by a light frame-work. The finger nails of the hand, which embraces the flower-pot, wind in their uncouth and spiral shape, six or eight inches in length. They say he has held this flower-pot in the position he now carries it for thirty years. The fleshy part of his fingers, under his nail, has also oddly elongated itself. Whether he has thus preserved this flower-pot this length of time or not in this position, he evidently has well played his part, as the result of this action, deemed self-mortification and penance, has been to accumulate from the multitude who visit him, some 20,000 rupees, equivalent to more

than nine thousand dollars, a part of which he is now devoting for the establishment of an institution, in which shall be inculcated the sentiment and the habit of one's personal consecration to some act of similar devotion. This singular personage is now, from his appearance, between the age of fifty and sixty years, and is not deficient in sprightliness and shrewdness. "I'll get no money to-night," he said to Dr. W. "You are the enemy of all religions here, and persuade people from giving *pice* to the devotees."

The old man was nearly naked, with his white beard brushed up to the cheek, and smeared over with white-wash, or something like it, which covered his whole face and brow and most of his exposed body; with a tint of red-like blood on the brow and breast, contrasting with this wash of white overlaying his darker skin. It is generally supposed that this old devotee's arm, which supports the flower-pot, has become emaciated. But it is not more so than the other. The muscles of each were alike, and so appeared, when the devotee, at my request, put his right arm in the same attitude as the left which supported the flower-pot. He seemed not unpleased by our call; and as we left, without marking that my friend Dr. W. saw the action, I dropped a piece of silver into the old man's hand, which the next moment I regretted, although I had done it as I would have given pence to a conjuror for amusing me with tricks of his art and enchantments of his snakes; or to the keeper of a menagerie of odd and curious beasts of the country. Should Dr. W.'s course be pursued by all who visit this long-nailed Gentoo, he would soon be seen making an effort to earn his rice and curry in some more industrious manner, and the leisure-penance of the devotee would be changed for the reality of self-denial, which the laborious poor man is often called on to experience in the honorable effort to give support and comfort to his household.

Returning late to the ship, I found the sea rolling higher than is usual, or than I had before seen it, in the harbor. The oarsmen pulled to the boatman's cheerily tune; and ere long the sail was set, when our boat leaped from wave to wave as she glided over the water, and dashed the

spray before her in the dark night like a spit-fire, spreading the phosphorescent light every way around her.

I have made my last visit on shore, and in the morning our ship stands yet again on her eastern course. And there are more than one to whom I may repeat with most acceptable memories, as I leave the strange, the curious, and the interesting city of Bombay:

"Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,
Which awakes the sweet night-song soft in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have lightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you."

SECTION IX.

GOA.

Goa. Row up the river to the site of old Goa, now the city only of churches and convents, and once the seat of the Inquisition in the East. Returning, wind and tide ahead. Passage through the breakers. Unable to reach the frigate. The ships stand out to sea. Sleep at the fort. The next morning the ships stand in, and the author regains the frigate.

We came to anchor in Goa Roads on the fourteenth of November. The basin of water in which we are now lying indents a very picturesque shore, broken into ranges of table-land which stretches along the shore, and high ranges, more elevated, rising in double tier of mountains, in the blue distance of the interior.

This morning, succeeding the evening of our arrival, I jumped into a shore-boat, with the understanding that the ship would go to sea in the evening, and with the purpose of getting a larger boat on my reaching the shore, to take me to Goa, some six miles and more distant. Should I happen to be left in these regions, why, the only

alternative will be, to go over land to Madras, to regain the ship at Colombo, or to make the best of my way back again to the United States of America. However, it would be

"Pitiful, wondrous pitiful,"

to come into these Roads, with all the olden associations connected with this ancient capital of all the Portuguese Indian possessions, and not to look at the far-famed city of Goa, now in its ruins, and so memorable for its former magnificence and ecclesiastical associations.

I had marked a picturesque building before I left the ship, situated on one of the prominent elevations, near the landing-place at the fort; and receiving the courteous salutation of the Captain of the fortress as I passed through it, I sought this building on the heights by a path which had been pointed out to me as leading to the residence chapel of the Padre, while my boat was ordered round to another point on the opposite side of the island to wait for me. But when I had reached this pile of buildings on the heights, I found it like most of the olden Portuguese ancient edifices, more beautiful in the distance than on near inspection. The Catholics are tasteful in the selection of the locations for their public edifices; and the chapel, the cathedral, the monastery, are mostly found to occupy the most conspicuous points of high ground wherever their religion prevails, and the effect of the *tout ensemble* of their religious buildings, at a distance, is almost invariably fine and imposing.

The view from this church of the mount was very fine, and no little interest was given to the scene of the water expanse which lay before the eye, by being varied with our own two men-of-war, riding on the bosom of this beautiful indentation of the sea. The Padres whom I met here, had nothing about them which was attracting. After a rapid view of the chapel, the principal room within which contained a saint with a small ship poised in his hand, I bid the brotherhood adieu and descended to the boat, which I found waiting for me as directed—the peasantry at the foot of the hill showing me courtesy and kindness as I passed their tents.

We soon crossed over to Pangim, or New Goa, where I again changed my boat for one still larger, with ten oarsmen, that I might more certainly accomplish my excursion and return in time for the sailing of the ship Comfortably seated in the cabin of this boat, and gliding to the dip of ten oars up the stream, I am now penning this nota bene of the way to the old city, some four miles further up the stream, which runs between the island of St. Pedro and the opposite shore. Church edifices, Portuguese, French, and Mohammedan mosques, are frequently occurring on either side, in agreeable relief of white plastered walls and the groves of cocoa-nut and banana-trees, with their peculiar and characteristic tops.

THE RUINS OF GOA.

After a pull for a couple of hours, we reached the Deserted City—once the proud, the lofty, the superstitious, and the overbearing city of Goa. It still stands a beacon of what once was; but it is like the hall deserted of its feasters, when the revellers have gone; while the stillness of the present contrasts, in sad eloquence, with the hour of carousal. I walked through the streets overgrown with grass, with reflections which I could have cherished nowhere else. Scarcely a being was to be seen moving throughout the city. The olden churches, the spacious and massive cathedral, the private chapels, and the nunneries, the crumbling walls, and the cocoa-nut groves, and the banana-trees, were seen in their profound solitude, where once was bustle, and where the mighty and the proudest moved forth in state and affluence; and where the mighty Inquisition ruled in its terror and sublimity. A cross on its base of rock, composed, itself, of imperishable material, was standing at the corner of almost every street, telling the universality of the Roman Catholic religion. The walls lining each side of the streets were generally falling, exposing the areas that once composed the gardens and the sites of private mansions and palaces, but where now scarcely a private residence can be found or bamboo hut can be seen; while the rank and luxurious vegetation mellows all this ruin and decay, of fallen walls,

and terraced mounds, and filling avenue, and broken passage, in embowering green of vine, or shrub, or thatching tree. Here is indeed a field for the imaginative to wander in. Here are all the elements of romance, of poetry, for the tragic and the lyric muse. Goa! how art thou fallen! The huge walls of thy spacious churches, and cathedral, and monastery yet stand, while the dust is gathered on their altars, and the gold of their candlesticks is dimmed, and the images that once moved in procession and parade in holiday scenes, are veiled and crowded, in their tarnished gilding, into the dark recesses of the interior rooms. Ye ghosts of departed saints, said yet to walk on your rounds through the silent recesses of these almost deserted temples, tell us, what is the blight which has come over all, that now, only the stately pile of cathedral, and chapel, and nunnery, in decay and dust, mark a solemn city of churches, where once stood the ancient, the famed, and the prosperous Goa of the East? And why, all around you in the same eastern seas, are another people, with a different but Christian creed, springing up in successful prosperity and irresistible prowess? Must the religion of the Catholics for ever leave blighted, whatever it touches?

I walked through the cathedral, an immense pile of buildings, which once must have been imposing. The entrance door opened into a passage-way lined on one side with paintings of a large and corresponding size, of inferior merit as to their execution, while the scenes were often such as to produce a great effect. One represented Saint Augustine, suspended with his head downwards. Another, the devil in interview with a priest; and Saint Augustine seeing the visible Christ, while partaking of the eucharist. This passage communicated with the door, which opened into the spacious chapel, with its lofty ceiling. I passed rapidly through the different rooms, some containing various images of large sizes and of lesser dimensions—the twelve apostles and various saints, and the Saviour represented in different scenes;—one with the thorns upon his brow, the image being larger than life; and others, in other scenes of corresponding proportions.

From the cathedral I went to a nunnery. A cup of tea

was handed to me by the Lady Abbess, from whom I gained some little things, to be retained as mementoes of my visit. I wandered, at random, into another nunnery, and other churches, but, in haste to return, I made my way back from the heights on which these buildings are mostly situated, covering grounds, which with their adjacent lots must have been beautiful and valuable, almost beyond account, but now neglected, with the walls of the surrounding areas fallen or falling, and overgrown, exhibiting long ranges of neglected fields and gardens in ruins.

RETURN TO THE FRIGATE.

On reaching the boat, to my no small surprise and no very inconsiderable alarm, I found that the wind and the tide had both changed against us, while I had been wandering through the solitary streets and stately piles of churches and nunneries of Goa. The boats were now streaming up the favoring current, with their canvass spread to a fair and strong breeze, while I had been calculating upon both to secure my return to the frigate by four o'clock. No time now could be lost, it being already near three o'clock. I passed into the boat, and directed the ten oarsmen to put forth their strength. They did well. Our boat dashed back to Pangim, or lower Goa, from which our ships were lying some four or five miles—the sea setting in with increased power, and the opposing wind strengthening every moment. We paused only for the men to take a draught of water, when they again started for the frigate. We had passed the inner fort of the Portuguese, but every moment was convincing us that it was almost impossible to accomplish our purpose against the opposing wind and tide. But the two ships still lingered in the offing, the John Adams apparently just standing out, while the Columbia had shaken out her topsails, and was lying lazily in the wind. The men were encouraged to pull to their utmost, but the ground-roll of the sea was pitching in, and we had now reached a position where the breakers combed high and fearfully. The men, however, were true to their oars. As the high wave came on with its curved edge higher than our boat, fear-

fully threatening to flood it, the oarsmen for a moment would rest on their poles, and as the breaker struck the boat they broke the profound silence of the preceding instant by their own peculiar prayer, as they ejaculated in their own tongue, "Jesu Christe!" when again they dipped their oars with their greatest effort, to send the boat still further ahead, only to meet another mountain-sheet with its distinctly defined curl, inclining towards us. As the second breaker struck us, it was waited in silence, but with the blow of the wave, the ten oarsmen, at the slight indication of the steersman, again sent forth, in their suppressed and reverential tone, "O Jesu Christe!" I thought it would be impossible to drive the boat through these foaming breakers, which came down against us in succession with their almost perpendicular fronts. But so long as I saw the features of the steersman, while they were profoundly solemn, quaked not, I encouraged the men with the exciting words of "Cheerily O, cheerily all!" which they caught with spirit, as I applied my own hands to the oar guided by the nearest man. The boat at length was forced through seven or eight of these tremendous and fearfully dangerous rolls of the sea, which would instantly have swamped us, had the prow of the boat not been kept perpendicularly to the line of the waves, as they came successively, at this point of the way, some fifty rods and more apart from each other. We were now beyond these breaking surges, our boat having taken in a considerable quantity of water, sweeping from the bows nearly to the stern and entirely drenching the men. But the wind fell not and the tide seemed still stronger, while we continued to pull out as we saw the Columbia still lingering, with her anchors evidently weighed, and, as I concluded, only waiting for myself. But I was doubtful whether, in her far-out position, she yet saw me, although my boat was a large one. Yet at this moment she run up her gib, and seemed to ware as if she were standing in for the boat. But with the strong breeze blowing directly on this iron-bound shore, at this late hour, I knew that she could not, with propriety, venture much further or delay much longer. The sun was fast declining, as our boat seemed only inch by inch to gain her distance out-

ward; when, ere long, the sun fell beneath the distant rim of the ocean, with the Columbia directly in its wake, which longer and more distinctly preserved the frigate in our view. I had spread my handkerchief above the poop of the boat with the hope that it might attract the attention of the quarter-master, who is always keeping a look-out with his glass; and at the time the ship seemed to veer, I supposed that I was seen. But as the red bank of a glorious sunset began to die away into the dun of the palest twilight, the distant ship also began to fade, and at length, as she lined herself on the horizon, I could plainly see that she was standing out to sea, with evident propriety of not lingering longer so near the shore for the night. In a short time, in the increasing darkness, the ship was entirely lost, and the boatmen, already exhausted, were directed to put about and stand in for the shore.

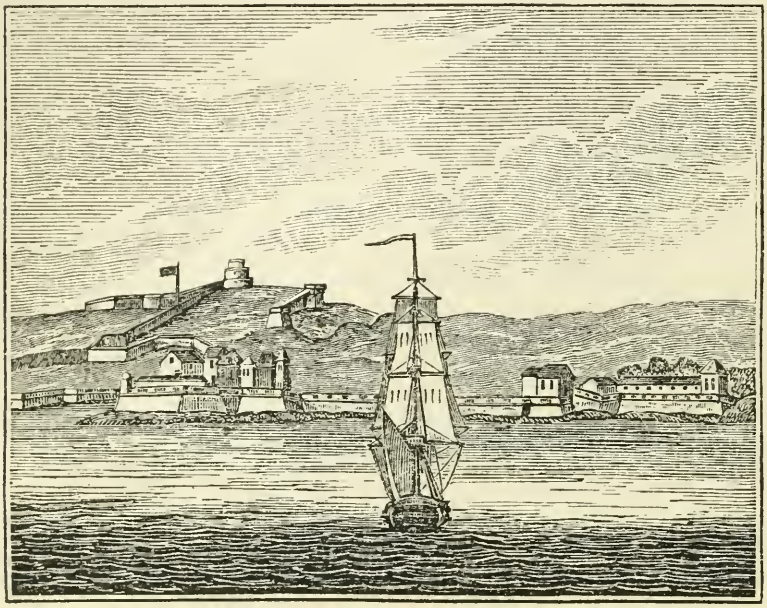
The only hope that now remained, was, that Commodore Read, although he had expressed himself to me with more than his usual earnestness about sailing during the evening, would stand off during the night and put back again in the morning, and take me up, as I then would be able to stand out with the land breeze and a smooth sea. But should he proceed directly on his course to Colombo, as the John Adams seemed to have done, my situation might become very peculiar, at least for myself. I had taken but twenty dollars in my purse for the day's excursion. As I had gone by myself, however, I took a sword in my hand, as a walking stick, and possessed a watch of some value. At the worst, I concluded I could manage, with these, comfortably to reach Bombay, where I had no apprehension but that I could get any amount of funds I might desire, and letters of credit to meet my wants, whether I should make my way back to the United States through the Red Sea, the Isthmus of Suez, the Mediterranean, France and England, completing a desirable tour; or, if opportunity should present from Bombay, to take passage to Macao, and rejoin the ship at Canton, where I should probably anticipate her arrival, as she would call at several places, and be for some time detained before reaching Macao. And should I not meet her there, a Canton packet would take me comfortably

back to the United States. These were the dreamings of a moment, while our boat was standing back to the fortification where I had landed first, in the morning, and the bearing of which I had been sufficiently considerate to take by the stars, before it had become so dark that the land could not be seen.

But in the unrest of the night, other thoughts presented themselves, though they were too gentle in their alarms to frighten entirely from me, after the fatigues of the day, a welcome refreshment from sleep. But what, if circumstances should so conspire as to reduce me to the necessity of begging? No one person knew me on shore. And then, the symptoms on board the John Adams had been such, since she left Bombay, as to leave it doubtful whether the cholera was not in our squadron. And in a climate deemed unhealthy, and exerting myself in the excitement of the moment, beyond my own strength and habits, it might be my destiny to be prostrated suddenly among strangers of a different faith and language, and where I knew not twenty words of their tongue. But necessity in the unexpected circumstances in which I had been placed, could not be resisted, and God Almighty, in whom I trusted, I did not doubt a moment, would direct and provide.

The fortress, which is an extensive work, was already shut, when I had reached near the landing-place opposite one of the gates. The occupants of a boat, lying a little way in the stream, assured us that the Captain of the fortress was already in his bed; and my boat's crew appeared to regard it as equivalent to a capital crime to wake him. and they now insisted that they would not land, but they must take me up the stream some three or four miles to Pangim. I told them that they *should* land me, unless the breakers prevented, which were now roaring horribly on the ear in the darkness of the moonless night; and I took my sword in my hand, without any further threats than my manner indicated, which once before, when the men had become exhausted nearly to a rebellion as we were pulling for the ship, I had, with yet more positiveness assumed, although I am sure I could not have injured the head of one of the miserable cowards. They yielded, and said

they would try; and we pulled to the north side of the stone pier, over which the inswelling surf now rolled, as if it were another cataract of Niagara. We kept the boat off from its side, or the waters, in the immense sheets as they rolled over the pier, would instantly have filled the boat, and dashed her away like a speck drifting on the boundless billow.



FORT AGOADA.

Watching my opportunity, I sprung upon the part of the pier nearest the shore; and approaching the gate of the fortress-wall, the sentry hailed me. I told him I wished to speak with the Captain of the fort. The Captain, with half a dozen other Portuguese, put his head out the window of a stone building, which formed something like a bastion of the embattlements of the fortress, and said that he was the Captain. I told him my story. He apologized for his soldier-like quarters, but soon the gate was thrown open; and as if he thought some secret design was being made upon the fortress, or else for effect, I was ushered through the portal, along a line of guards of some twenty dark-faced and dark-dressed soldiers, who had

been gathered at this point of the fort at the opening of the gate. The Portuguese officer showed me to a small apartment, through a passage which led for some short distance without the main wall, but where two sentinels were stationed, and which constituted the quarters of the Captain. I was glad to be there, notwithstanding some big stories I had heard of Portuguese treachery, and many more I had read of it; and now I was a stranger, within a Portuguese fortress, in most treacherous times. I was sufficiently tired to find the spread cot of the Captain, notwithstanding the immensity of his mustaches, a very acceptable tender, although I felt a reluctance to avail myself of it, as this Portuguese officer, with true soldier-like generosity, threw a piece of matting into another corner of the room, and said, "This, to-night, shall be my bed;" inviting me, at the same time, to slip off my coat and to lounge, after my fatigue, upon his clean-spread and tendered cot. A cup of tea was ere long served, with bread and butter, curd, cheese, eggs, and cake, the last being taken, with a nonchalance du corps, from the wall, were it had been suspended by a nail in a wrapper around the plate that contained it. "Eat, my good sir," said the Portuguese with the huge mustaches; "you no eat any thing;" notwithstanding I had already finished a couple of eggs, drank one cup of tea, and a round glass full of most delightful water. I was greatly refreshed, and threw myself upon my cot to get some rest. I slept;—and I remember, in my visions of the night, to have seen two gallant ships standing in shore for me, which reassured me that however unsailor-like it might be for the ships to be there, or that I should be here, the generous Commodore would not leave me behind. But my dreams were unquieting. I had a rencounter with two banditti and mastered them. But these were plantoms of the brain; perhaps the real banditti I should not be able to master, if about me there were those who might be disposed to attack me. Besides, there was something peculiar in the cup of tea which I, almost from necessity on account of the politeness which had prepared it for me, had drunk. I now remembered that the officer had poured some drops, as it seemed to me, from a junk-bottle into the small teapot, in which the

tea was drawn. What on earth, or in the name of poison, could he pour from a junk-bottle into a teapot, without a design to get rid of me? But we had shown, only a few hours before, a sufficient force, at least, to induce respect, so long as there was a probability that the ships would return. Therefore, I slept, and was refreshed and much recovered from my fatigue the next morning, and my nervous excitement was past. The broad daylight brought with it the assurance to myself that my good health continued. But the daylight was abroad, and the sun was up, and the look-out from the high point of the flag-staff reported, to my great disappointment, "*no ships to be seen in the offing.*" I quietly yielded to my apparent fate, and began to make some inquiries, to enable me to decide upon my best course, when I learned that the Captain of a Portuguese brig was in the fort, who was designing to get under way in a few hours for Bombay; but only a few moments longer had passed, before a paper was handed to the Captain, as a second report from the telegraph, containing the words, "Two large three-masted vessels in the offing, standing to the north." "They are the frigate and the corvette," I exclaimed; "I thought they would not leave me." I went myself, at the suggestion of the Captain, to the top of the hill, embraced within the extensive fortification, and where the flag-staff is fixed, to see what I could make the vessels out to be, while he ordered breakfast to be prepared and to be in readiness for me on my return. The flag-staff I should judge to be 400 feet above the walls of the fortress. These walls stretch along the shore, and are themselves a part of the works; and a distinct fort, above all the rest, with covered passages leading to it, is almost if not quite impregnable to any force, should the lower works be taken. You ascend to this high point by inclined planes, so arranged that provisions and ammunition may be conveyed to the elevated position, while the artillery above commands the whole ranges of the steep passages. The view from this point is at once beautiful and grand. The wide ocean extends as far as the eye can reach, north, south, and west, with the adjacent county around, in its peculiar features of inland, island,

and mountain, in their perpetual green and foliage of the tropics.

I took the glass, and at once recognised the long side of the good Columbia, standing in, and with grateful feelings believed that I should yet reach her. The Adams was further out, but standing on the same tack, north. I had already provided a large boat with sails and ten oarsmen to take me out, at the first appearance of the ships in the offing, should they again be seen.

Taking another cup of tea, (which, in the daylight, at its making, I now more particularly observed to be taken from a junk-bottle, in which it was preserved instead of the more usual domestic tea-caddy with which I have been familiar,) I entered my boat, and cheerily, with her canvass spread and ten men at the poles, the boat made good speed towards the Columbia, still some ten or twelve miles in the distance. When she perceived us, she tacked ship, and bore down for us as far as practicable with the head wind; and, ere long, I was again, with a very comfortable feeling of convenience, on the deck of the frigate. Advancing to the officer of the deck, I reported myself, as is usual, as having "returned." "Very well, sir," was the courteous and officer-like reply. "Please report yourself to the First Lieutenant," who was standing not far off. "Very well, sir," was repeated, with as much gravity as the countenance of this amiable gentleman could assume, "please report to the Commodore."

I made the best of my way to the cabin. Our Commodore was sitting over his private journal; and whether it contains a private record of my own name or not, I do not know; but I do know that Commodore Read has invariably treated me with gentlemanly kindness; and that, in a few moments more, the ship, with a crowd of canvass set, was pressing on her bounding course to Colombo, the capital of the island of Ceylon.

SECTION X.

COLOMBO.

Colombo. Church in the evening, on shore. Differences between the English and American prayer book. The Governor's dinner to the Commodore and his officers. "Grace." Sir John Wilson. The Governor's house. Promenade with his Excellency. Governor Mackenzie's opinion of the American Missionaries, and liberality towards them. Music. Early fortifications in the East. Mess-dinners. Mrs. Steward Mackenzie. Sail by moonlight, and dinner at Sir John Wilson's. Sir John's mansion. Bouquet. Cooper's Switzerland. Willis's poetry. Lord Cochrane at New Orleans. Hospitality of British officers. "West coast disaster." Murder of Captain Wilkins of the barque Eclipse, by the Malays. Tiffin with Rev. Mr. Bailey. A drive. Shells. Ceylon the best place for making a collection in conchology. Breakfast to Governor Mackenzie on board the frigate. Leaving Colombo.

We anchored in Colombo Roadstead on Sunday morning, November 25th, 1838, having made land the preceding evening and standing off during the night.

After the services on board, during the day, I accompanied Lieutenants Magruder and Turner and Dr. Hazlett to the shore, to attend the services of the church in the evening. It was dark before we landed; but the Colonial Secretary, who had called on the Commodore, politely accompanied us to the church within the walls of the fort, and obtained us seats. As we landed we passed within the gate, along a street with its white colonnade lining on either side the whole range of the low buildings, and producing a fine effect in the bright moonbeams; while the mellowing shade of the hour concealed all that would diminish our favorable impression, as we reached the church, lighted up for the services of the evening. The congregation had already mostly assembled, and the faces and the dress of the female part of the congregation were so like our own congregations at home, and the prayer book containing our own prayers, and the English service in our own tongue, and the like ceremonies of rising, sitting, and kneeling, all made it seem like being in one of our own temples in our own western home, among our own acquaintances, on the still eve of the Sabbath day.

Most of the gentlemen attending the services of the evening, were the officers of the barracks, in their red uniform, accompanying the ladies present, who were generally of the officers' families.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN EPISCOPAL SERVICE.

The American is struck with the slight variations in the services of the English from the American Episcopal church. And where this variation occurs, I think it must be conceded, that the alterations, in our American service, are decidedly an improvement. The English clergy so consider it; at least the Rev. Mr. B—— thus expressed himself to me, when the two services were a subject of remark. There is also a difference between us in pronouncing several words of the service. In the opening exhortation of the clergyman to the congregation, the attention of the American is particularly arrested by the pronunciation of the word acknowledge, which the English clergyman pronounces as if written ac-no-ledge: "The Scripture moveth us in sundry places to ac-no-ledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness;" "And although we ought at all times to ac-no-ledge our sins before God," &c. And in the *Te Deum laudamus*, "We praise thee O God, we ac-no-ledge thee to be the Lord." And yet, Sheridan, and Perry, and Jones, and Jameson pronounce this word as if written ac-nol-ledge, as also do *Walker*, Fuller, and Knight, while they are the only three who give their authority also for ac-no-ledge.

As we returned to the ship, the sea was running high. The anchorage ground is an open roadstead; and sometimes the swell is threatening to a small boat. And yet there is a species of canoe here, constructed with an outrig. It consists of light pieces of wood, narrow, and nearly as long as the canoe, and is parallel with it. It has two arched bars, extending from the canoe to this stick, thus enlarging the base of the little boat by several feet. This fragile thing, with this construction, rides on the heaviest billow, like a wafer or a cork.

DINNER WITH THE GOVERNOR.

The Commodore and some of his officers dined with his Excellency the Governor, last evening, November 27th. It was a beautiful night. We reached the Governor's house, a spacious mansion, at half-past seven o'clock Commodore Read and his officers were severally presented to Mrs. Mackenzie, the Governor's lady, who entered the room with her hat on, as her head-dress, which we humbly conceive to have been in great bad taste, while her ladyship was prodigal with her smiles, and with great frankness and goodness of heart, placed her guests at their ease. The Governor's self, in lace and silver epauletts, soon presented himself, that others might be presented to him. He entered the reception-room after a number of the guests had arrived, with ease, but less with the air of a polished courtier than the plainer gentleman of education and great good sense, who had seen the world and knew its different phases and its fashions, and relied on his personal merit and conscious mental acquisition for consideration, in connection with his station, rather than on mannerism, or on a polished address that excludes mannerism, in the faultless but marked attitudes of graceful and elegant demeanor.

An hour passed after the arrival of the Governor's company—few ladies and more gentlemen—when there was a movement from the antechamber to the hall, where the guests placed themselves on a range of seats around a tasteful and well-spread table.

It contributed much to my gratification to be seated on the right of Sir John Wilson, the Commander of all her majesty's forces in the island; a gentleman of great amiableness, worth, and popularity, and distinguished for his services in the peninsular war.

His Excellency called upon myself to "say grace," as the guests were about to take their seats, and again to return thanks before the ladies left the table. I note this here, as illustrating the custom of those in high stations, in the East, of whose hospitality we have participated, and to commend what we deem laudable at their tables.

At Bombay, at the Governor's table, the same was true. A blessing was asked and thanks returned. And there was no blush for the name of Christian, nor felt apprehension that this act of devout acknowledgment to the Giver of all our mercies, might be unwelcome to the pleasure of any at the extensive table.

The gentlemen sat longer after the ladies had retired than was the case at Bombay, but it was not in the turbulence of noise and excess of wine, but to indulge in the vivacity of free and social conversation. We had already learned of the frank hospitality of the residents at Colombo; and our anchors had hardly dropped before we were partaking of it in a manner that assured us of its generousness and entire cordiality.

Before I had risen, myself, from the table, earlier than others, Sir John Wilson had politely urged that I would dine with him, at his lovely villa, on the beautiful little lake in the neighborhood of the city. Leaving the day to be named by myself, and proposing to invite some friends whom he supposed it would give me pleasure to meet, I was happy to accept his politeness, even to the necessary omission of courtesies proffered in notes of invitation to the ward-room mess generally, and some others individually, which had been received for every night of the week. The number of English officers at this station is numerous, and the officers of the different brigades have their different mess-houses. Each of these messes sent invitations to the officers of the Columbia. And though I did not make it convenient, myself, to be at either of their dinners, the officers who were, found the entertainments to be most creditable to the messes, for the taste and elegance displayed; and in every instance they were particularly complimentary, in the sentiments which were expressed, towards the American nation, and personally to Commodore Read and his officers.

As I vacated my seat at the table, I strolled into the verandah, extending, with its colonnade of pillars, quite the length of the main building with its extensive wings, and adjacent to the garden grounds, which surround the house; but ere long I passed to the upper chambers, delightfully disposed for receiving every breath of air which

sweeps with the sea-gale, through the windows, quite down to the floor of the verandah. And the sea! the deep rolling sea, the surf-sounding sea, the beautiful, the sublime, the eternal sea, with its now calm and now turbulent and now throwing bosom, spreads its vast expanse before the commanding residence of the Governor. The building consists of a centre and two long and low wings, surrounded by the verandah already alluded to, with its massive pillars in front and rear, with also an upper verandah to the centre building, which opens at each of its ends, directly upon the flat roofs of the long wings of the mansion.

As I ascended the inner flight of stairs to the upper verandah, the Governor approached me; and as we leaned over the balustrade, contemplating the scene in front of us, his Excellency soon discovered the elements of poetry to be in his make; and for a while, we promenaded this sweet balcony, overlooking the grounds between the near sea-shore and the garden, with the white pagoda-like lighthouse in the perspective. And the moon, the bright moon, on one of her loveliest passages through the clear and deep blue sky, was moving to-night, in her meekness and softest sheen of glory, with only here and there a collection of fleecy clouds, which, drinking in her prodigal beams, added new beauty to the scene, as they cast their mimic shadows on the illumined bosom of the far-out deep.

"That scene reminds me," said his Excellency, "of a print which I have seen, representing *night* in its composition, and another of *morning*. The night-scene was composed of the particulars as they now lie before us."

"It is beautiful," I replied. "I have seen *night* represented by a black horse with a dark cloud curling upon his neck; and *morn*, by a courser striking his small hoof upon the fleecy folds of a golden-edged cumulus, as his nostrils snuffed its vapor as the early dew. But this is indeed a charming view—the queen of night, as she is now seen reclining on those clouds, as Cowley describes her, like a Sultana pillowed on couches of silver. And then, that mighty ocean, and that dashing, cascading, eternal surf which beats upon those rocks, throwing up

their jets in crystal sheets of foam, to drink in the moon-beam, in contrast with the deep shades of those young forest trees—certainly there is composition here, to delight; and how the soul loves the hallowed impressions received from the pure sounds and pure visions of nature, when addressed to the mind which sometimes lives in itself."

"You see those shrubs," said the Governor, as he led the way from the verandah to the promenade on the top of the wing of the building nearest the sea, and the ideal visions of improvement in his garden-plots warming his imagination, as the capacities of his grounds were alluded to; "scarcely one of them was here seven months ago;—so luxuriant is the vegetation in this climate, that they have been brought forward in their cultivation, in so short a period."

The Governor devotes his mornings to the improvement of his grounds, and pointed out to me the different plans, as they lay in his own imaginative mind. He has but lately, comparatively, come to the island, as Governor of Ceylon, but evinces an enthusiasm for its improvement, and the development of its resources, and the promotion of its interests as a statesman, a Christian philanthropist, and a man of literary taste and acquisition. He has already found materials of interest in the old Dutch records; and is having translated a manuscript document composed by one of the old Governors, on the eve of his leaving the island for the benefit of his successors, showing what he had done, and proposing measures which would facilitate and extend further improvement.—"Just such a thing," said his Excellency, "as I should like to leave to my successor." The paper is a curious document, and will form a treat to the antiquary and the politician.

His Excellency talked of the interior—gave a graphic description of the reception of one of the chief men of Candy, who lately visited Colombo, whom he presented with a medal, and who, of his own accord, has lately manumitted all his slaves. This man, though of little importance in a political point of view, in the present firm establishment of the power of the English in the island, yet retained all the airs of one who still deemed himself a

prince among his own people. And of the scenery of the interior, on the route to Candy, the olden residence of the ancient powerful chiefs of the island and the capital of the empire, the Governor gave a description, which, doubtless, was colored by an imagination and a sympathy which he legitimately inherits, as the birthright of one who has been born in Scotland, and has roamed in his young days among its mountain ranges and highland hills.

I was glad, also, to hear from his Excellency, an unequivocal commendation of our missionaries, who are situated in different parts of the island. During the late embarrassed state of the finances of the people in America, which affected the resources of the missionary stations, the government here contributed £200 or nearly $900 for the benefit of the American missions. And his Excellency, in making up his private budget this season, was so thoroughly impressed with the commendable zeal which actuated the American missionaries, and the happy results consequent on their labors, that he did not wait to hear of any embarrassment of theirs, or allow an application to be made in their behalf, but anticipated any thing of this kind by asking if the allowance of the preceding year would be acceptable to them. It was added to his list of expenditures.

"And believe me," was the sentiment of his Excellency, "we think the Government to be under a greater obligation than this, for the efforts which the American missionaries are putting forth for the education and the religious welfare of the inhabitants of the island."

We had been promenading for more than an hour on the top of this wide and extended west wing of the Governor's house, with a bright heaven above us, and a rich landscape and glorious moon-lit sea-scene around us, uncovered, and with the moonbeam glancing back from the rich lace of the Governor, as we turned or paused in our walk, to express an agreeing sentiment on the topics already alluded to; or which the works of Scott, and Bulwer, or Cooper and Irving, (the last, all Englishmen bless,) or the general theme of England and America awakened. And now, a strain of music, borne from the inner rooms along the verandah, met our ears, in the

open air, as the vibrating zephyr came dancing and delighted by us. It had attraction for both of us, and we sought the company, who were listening, with a marked compliment, to the fine execution of one of our officers on the Spanish guitar.

"Americans," said an English officer in red, who was near me, "excel in music. I have had the pleasure of spending some time among them, and longest in New York. I speak from observation and feeling."

"At least," I rejoined, "I know some New Yorkers who have a love for music almost to a passion, whatever may be their execution; still, the inhabitants of the Eastern States have the highest reputation for excellence in the art, which, you know, it is said, and I should question the sensibility of the man who doubts it, once had the power to move stones into regular built palisadoes. And your particular friend, Miss B——, I should think had inherited the lyre of Apollo, as his favorite muse. At least she has the song of soul which is the soul of song, if I have read rightly the spirited play of her features."

The Colombo people were ever ready to say kind and complimentary things of America, and I had no reason once to question the sincerity of their expressed sentiments towards our nation; but without an intended compliment, merely, to the young lady, to whom the gentleman I then addressed, as rumor that evening said, was soon to be joined in matrimonial nuptails, I thought her face strikingly pretty, as the simple fillet of braid confined her luxurious ringlets from off her beautiful and pure brow.

The ladies gave us music, with the piano-forte as their accompaniment; and the evening was spent in social and agreeable interview.

Sir John, lounging at his ease on a rich ottoman, had passed to me the word, "dinna forget," just previous to our leaving; and the Commodore and his officers, at a seasonable hour, returned to the ship.

DINNER AT SIR JOHN WILSON'S.

On Wednesday evening, a large number of officers went on shore—some to the "mess dinners," some to meet other

invitations, and most of them, finally to gather at the ball of Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie,* the Governor's lady, later in the evening. Dr. Hazlett and myself found Sir John Wilson's carriage waiting for us, as the last boat from the ship, over a high sea, reached the shore. We entered it, and accompanied by Sir John's aid, Major S., on horseback, who was politely waiting for us at the dock, we were soon rolled without the gate of the fort.

These early fortifications of the East generally embrace a large space of ground and at first must have contained all the European residents; and now, the wall of the fort at Bombay extends for six or nine miles in circumference, embracing a large portion of the city; and the wall of the fortification at Colombo, though not as extensive, embraces the long lines of spacious buildings constituting the barracks, and nearly all the houses of the European residents.

Having passed the gate, we rolled almost insensibly over the first part of the smooth road that runs along the exquisite beach, where the surf is ceaselessly throwing up its crystal cascades, with the dashing murmur of waters, so grateful in a warm climate; but we soon wound along the diverging way around the fort, and to our delightful surprise, were brought suddenly to the lip of a beautiful lake, where a boat was waiting for us.

"We will give you a sail by moonlight," said the Major, as he rode up to the carriage door and dismounted.

* Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie is the daughter of Lord Seaforth, whose family name is Mackenzie. She was the only child, and married Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards an Admiral in the British Navy. She inherited the estates of her father on his death, but her husband dying without issue, she lost the title. She afterwards married General Alexander Stewart, her present husband, who at his marriage took the family name of Mackenzie.

It is said that his Excellency has been offered knighthood, but has declined it, in view of obtaining something yet more acceptable, which, it is thought probable, will await him on his return, when he shall have conducted with satisfaction to her Majesty his Gubernatorial term. Lord Seaforth, the family title of the Mackenzies, is what we presume would meet his Excellency's desires, and the family's expectation. And the peerage would receive an acquisition in the person of his Excellency, that would add honor to its number.

We skipped from the carriage to the boat, while the horses were ordered around, by the road, to Sir John's.

"And be assured we will not forget the moon-lit scene, as we glided over the sweet lake in 'bonnie bark,' to Sir John's," was the reply.

"Beautiful, indeed," exclaimed the doctor, who is as susceptible of the poetry and romance of nature, as good taste united with goodness of heart, always begets. Dr. L., of the John Adams, a gentleman of great excellence of character, and little Read, a sweet boy and bright youngster, were also with us.

Our guide had evidently studied effect in giving us this variety, on this enchanting evening.

The gentle breeze, puffing from the land, soon filled our sails, and the ripple curled around the prow of our boat; in a moment more, we were cutting the moon-lit bosom of the lake, most gently and pleasantly, as the mimic wave sent its music along the sides of our boat.

"Surely, night has a lovely face in your clime, Major L., and I see she has her tasteful admirers. There is witchery in the blending of light and shade of the tall trees of that cocoa-nut grove, and the shady indentations of that border line of the lake."

We were now gliding some distance outside of a little island stretching itself in the lake, and in fifteen minutes more, our polite guide, by a gentle veering of the boat, brought us in full view of the mansion of Sir John.

There it stood, as he pointed it out to us, brilliantly illuminated, with the bright lamps gleaming among the colonnade pillars of the extensive verandahs, which overlook the beautiful sheet of water, and reach quite to the margin of the lovely expanse. We continued to near the beautiful mansion, as the guests already assembled were seen moving in promenade among the pillars of the spacious portico, extending along the whole front of the gorgeous edifice. Our boat came quite up to the steps of the verandah, and we were welcomed by Sir John, and others whom I had seen at the Governor's dinner, on the evening but one preceding.

We were soon seated at the dinner table of our amiable nost, ourselves being the last arrived.

Sir John displayed his taste in the decorations and the substantials of his table. But being myself no epicure in meats, or connoisseur in wines, which, on this occasion, were varied and abundant, I take but little notice of the dishes which are passing during the different courses at a dinner table; and am much more attracted by a beautiful vase of flowers which may be displaying its lovely and gorgeous collection of colored bell and virgin cup, and varied hues of corollas and chalices, and pistils, and stamens, and giving forth to all, their beauties and fragrance. And therefore, I ought not to forget the beautiful vases of flowers which decorated Sir John's dinner table.

"Did you mark it, Mr. T.?" he asked, as a splendid vase was removed from the table.

"Did I mark the bouquet, Sir John? I was thinking that it even surpassed the Governor's for its richness and varieties. And I shall remember it too, and the mango, and the place where you showed me how to cut it."

"And you will remember that the bouquet was collected in the month of *November, and the twenty-eighth day of that month*, hard on to the approaching Christmas."

The residence of Sir John was once a government or private botanical garden; and he has, as he said, always been famous for his boquets. Only in the sweet and flowering isle of Madeira, should I have looked for so rich a chalice of these beautiful smiles of nature.

The manners of Sir John are as gentle as his flowers; and I am sure no one will forget their kindness who has been the recipient of his amiable and elegant courtesies.

The Rev. Mr. B. sat on my left, who had lately been reading Cooper's Switzerland, and a collection of American poetry—all which he was polite enough to admire. I led him to expect that I would send him some further specimens of American poetry, when I returned to the ship, with a copy of the Prayer Book as used in the American Episcopal churches, which he regarded as a very considerable improvement upon their own. He had not read Mr. Willis's poetry, and I was desirous of furnishing him with some pieces from the elegant pen of this American bard. I cannot conceive how it could otherwise than please the taste which can appreciate the delicate tints in coloring

and the exquisite beauty of the poetic comparisons with which Mr. Willis's poetry abounds in its imagery. It is said that Mr. Willis seldom reaches the sublime. Is it not enough *always* to be beautiful, and a master in it? But this gentleman has outlived the envy and the jealousy which I am sure some of his young contemporaries cherished, and used to his disadvantage as they started together in the race of writers in polite literature. If Mr. Willis shall continue to dip his pencil only in the beautifully *pure and virtuous*, which characterizes his own pieces particularly, and almost all American poetry, to the shame of many of the writers of Europe, who have corrupted rather than benefited their species, he will continue to hold the consideration in the esteem of his countrymen, which is now awarded to his productions, and do the greatest justice to himself.

There was an English officer of rank at the table, who spoke of his having been taken prisoner on the northern boundary in the last war. He recurred with pleasure to the gentlemanly conduct of Governor Cass, who was then an officer under General Harrison. There can be no doubt that the English nation duly appreciate the prowess of the young America. And the two rencounters which the two nations have had with each other, have contributed to induce great respect, on the part of both, for each other. The battle of New Orleans was alluded to at the mess-dinners by the British officers, as an intentional compliment to our arms. And however much General Jackson's administration, at home, may have excited the opposition of the respectable minority of the people, it is no less true that the eclat of his military fame has added reputation, with himself at the head of it, to the American government, abroad.

It is a circumstance which develops another secret motive which induced an attack on New Orleans, that the eye of Lord Cochrane was on the cotton bags and hogsheads of tobacco, which at this time were supposed to be, and were in reality, deposited there. Lord Cochrane thought of *the prize-money*, or the price of plunder. And we have the word of one who must have known, as he was then high in rank as an English officer, that "the attack on New Or-

leans would never have been made, had it not been to gratify Lord C.'s desire for enriching himself. For this the blood was shed, and it mattered not how many lives of English soldiers should be sacrificed for it."

If such a motive could actuate, almost exclusively, a commanding officer, we should think that, whatever may be the fact as to what has been denounced as calumny by the surviving officers who were at the battle of New Orleans, it yet might be true of such a commander-in-chief, that *he* promised to his army the privileges of plunder and rapine, as rewards of victory.

But those things are past; and English and American hearts can now, and do now, respond to each other when they meet, as descendants of a common parentage, and as mutual admirers and friends of each other. And at Colombo, where the largest number of its European inhabitants are British officers, our Commodore and his officers have received an unbounded, and generous, and frank hospitality and courtesy, which, while it evinces the noble heart of the Briton, declares also the partiality of the two nations for each other. May it long continue in their mutual prosperity, as is their interest; and in unitedly carrying forward the noble enterprises of the age, the improvements in science and the cultivation of letters, and in the efforts of philanthropy and Christian benevolence, for bringing a world to the participation of the blessings proffered in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Such, surely, is the becoming and wise course to be pursued by two nations deriving their being from a common ancestry, of the same language, domestic associations, sympathies, and religion.

When we rose from the table, near ten o'clock, the carriages were at the door, to take most of the party to the Governor's, as it had been understood that the officers at the different dinners would attend Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie's ball for the evening. I had engaged to ride back as far as the Governor's in Sir John's carriage, on the evening of accepting the invitation to dine with him, without giving it to be understood that I should stop at the ball during the evening.

We drove back from Sir John's enchanting residence, through his beautiful grounds, along the road of the ever

surf-sounding beach, with the sea on our left, which is the avenue for the fashionable drives at the hour a little before sunset. And a most delightful drive it is. Having re-entered the gate, and approached the Governor's, the music soon reached the ear on the balmy air of the evening, as it came from the well-lighted halls of the Governor's mansion.

Here I said adieu to numbers of the company, who were gathering for the dance; and having lingered one moment at the carriage door, as the fine strains of music from the full band came to the ear, I walked with Dr. H. to our boat; and ere long we reached the ship, after an agreeable entertainment at the courteous and amiable Sir John's.

I had now visited the shore at Colombo four times, but *in the evening* of each day, since our arrival. And therefore my views of the city, thus far, had been entirely by moonlight; and of the *elite* among its inhabitants, in the gleam of the mellow light of the chandelier and lamp, and lesser tapers. But I had hoped for a number of days in the coming week, both for the purpose of making a very desirable excursion into the interior, to Candy, which place the Commodore had almost made up his mind to visit, and also for examining some objects of curiosity in Colombo; and more particularly to re-visit the places where I had already called. I was quite desirous of again seeing the beautiful grounds of Sir John Wilson, who had obligingly pressed me to do so. But all these purposes were destined to be frustrated, by our more speedy departure from the Roads of Colombo than was the Commodore's first design.

DISASTER ON THE COAST OF SUMATRA.

The following document appeared in the Colombo Observer, purporting to be extracted from a Penang paper, of Prince of Wales' Island. It determined Commodore Read, without delay, again to put to sea, for the purpose of gaining all the information possible in connection with the alleged outrage, and if the particulars affirmed should be substantiated, and render action on the part of the squadron, in connection with the case, justifiable and obligatory, to pursue the course which circumstances should require.

The Observer thus prefaces the document which he quotes:

"From a number of the Penang Gazette, of the 13th of October, we extract a description of the murder of the captain and some of the crew of the American ship Eclipse, by the natives of the west coast of Sumatra, published at the request of the Consular Agent of the United States, at Penang. Perhaps COMMODORE READ may be induced to bend his course, with the Columbia and the John Adams, now in our Roads, to Sumatra, to avenge the death of his countrymen."

MALAYS TAKING THE ECLIPSE.

"To the Printer and Publisher of the Penang Gazette:

SIR—I will thank you to insert the accompanying letter, addressed to me, in your next paper.

Yours, obediently,

J. REVELY,

Consular Agent of the United States of America, at Prince of Wales' Island.

Penang, October 12, 1838."

"WEST COAST DISASTER.

"SIR—Agreeably to your request, with the greatest pleasure, I send you an official narrative of the murder of Captain Wilkins, of the American ship *Eclipse*.

"From the 24th June, the day of my arrival at Tulloy Pow and Muckie, and also the day I spoke with the *Eclipse*, to the 26th August, I know very little about her operations; however, I was informed that Capt. W. was many days trading at a village called Trabangan, a distance of about twelve miles from Muckie. On the night of the 26th August, at about two o'clock, a man from a jolly-boat hailed the ship in French, and begged for hospitality, saying they were from the barque *Eclipse*, that the captain was murdered by the Malays; and the second mate, who was then in the boat, severely wounded in the loins, who, with two sailors wounded in several parts of their bodies, with great difficulty got on board. After dressing their wounds, they communicated to me the following narrative:

"On the evening of the 26th August, two sampans with twelve men in each, having a small quantity of pepper, came alongside the ship and offered it for sale, as it frequently happens. The second mate, whose watch it was, being particularly acquainted with Lebbey Ousso, juratoolis of Muckie, and knowing that he had assisted Captain W. in his former voyages, thought it no harm to allow him and his people to come up, as they were very good friends, notwithstanding it was then night-time. When they came up, he told them the captain was asleep, and had been indisposed many days, and that they would be obliged to wait until he awoke to weigh their pepper and settle the price. He also told them that the custom of the ship was, by way of precaution, to ask for their weapons, which they without any objection, immediately gave up, and he got these secured under lock and key. After which they feigned to sleep in different parts of the deck, awaiting the appearance of the captain, who came up about ten o'clock, when they asked him to weigh their pepper. Lebbey Ousso, feigning friendship for the captain, complained of the distrust of the second mate, and requested to have his

own and his friends' daggers given back to them, which was accordingly complied with. From his long acquaintance with the man, the captain did not think that he was doing an act of imprudence in giving their daggers. During this interval, the second mate and two sailors were busy in getting ready the scales for weighing the pepper that was on deck. As the second draught was being weighed, the captain, who was seated by a light near the binnacle, cried out, 'I am stabbed.' The second mate, who was stooping to take up the bags, was stabbed in the loins. At the same time, the apprentice, who was near the captain, was killed by the very same hand that slew his commander. The second mate jumped overboard, notwithstanding his wound. Part of the crew followed his example, and the rest went up the masts and yards. The mate, and those who followed him, afterwards returned to the ship, by the ropes that were hanging from the quarter-deck, and went up the masts to join the others. Several among them were wounded. During this time, the murderers were looking out for other victims. They found the cook in irons for insubordination. He begged for his life, promising to show them the place where the *dollars* and *opium* were deposited. They immediately broke his fetters and set him free, and took four cases of opium and eighteen casks containing 18,000 Spanish dollars, and left the ship in company with their good friend the cook. The second mate and four sailors who were on board, armed a boat and came to us, leaving the ship without any guardian to take care of her. The carpenter and two sailors went on shore to join the chief mate and four sailors, who were left there for the purpose of procuring pepper.

"On the morning of the 27th, we unanimously agreed that the sailors should return to their ship and hoist the signal of distress, to call the chief mate, and if he did not come, to fire a gun, which they did on their arrival on board.

"The second mate and sailor that had two severe wounds in their bodies, and another wounded in the foot, remained on board of my ship for four days, after which we took them on board of an American brig, that was trading at Assahan.

"On the 27th, at two in the afternoon, Tunkoo Datoraga of Nunpat Tuan, sent his schooner in quest of the robbers; she returned the next day without being able to discover any thing.

"I was afterwards informed, that the ship *Eclipse*, under the command of the chief mate, sailed for Muckie, to take one of the chiefs of that place to Soosoo, to recover his losses and part of the opium, which the Rajah of that country got from the robbers. These he refused to give up.

"This statement contains all that I know, and which I give as authentic.

"I have the honor to be, sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"A. Van Iseghen.
Captain of the barque l'Aglee of Nantes.
Penang, October 12th, 1838."

"A true copy,
J. Revely,
Consular Agent of the United States of America,
at Prince of Wales' Island."

It may be a fortunate circumstance that our arrival at Colombo occurred just at this time, for the accomplishment of some part of the purposes for which our ships have been sent into these seas. We have, by the coincidence of our arrival and the publication of the preceding paper, obtained this intelligence four days after our reaching this port; and there seems so much probability of the truth of the statement, that it becomes a matter of interest that the squadron should be prepared for the exigencies that may occur, and that the ships should hasten to the ground where this outrage is said to have occurred. And although it would be most grateful to linger here, where the hospitality of the people is so unbounded and cordial, and at a moment when aquaintances have been formed of so much interest as to make us greatly wish to prolong that acquaintance, and in some good degree to reciprocate the courtesies which have been received from the residents on shore, yet pleasure always should yield to duty; or rather, our chief pleasure should be in doing our duty, whatever temporary sacrifices it may cost.

TIFFIN AT REV. MR. BAILEY'S.

On Friday, the day after the preceding document appeared in the Colombo paper, I took tiffin, as an early unceremonious dinner is called, at three o'clock P. M., with the Rev. Mr. Bailey, and met the Rev. Mr. Marsh, and one of the Wesleyan missionaries, with a Mr. S., and a Lieutenant in the English navy. I had purposed to spend the evening in riding, as it was understood that we would sail on the morrow; and expecting a longer delay at Colombo, I had willingly postponed my intended drives and some additional visits on shore for the succeeding week.

After partaking of this no unsubstantial meal, which here corresponds more with the southern snack rather than the northern lunch, at home, Mr. M. proffered to take me in his carriage on the drive, while the one I had ordered was directed to follow.

We nearly encircled the lake, passing through the cinnamon groves which lie adjacent to the suburbs of the city, and finally reached a prominent position occupied by the Rev. Mr. M. Here we gained a view, which on a clearer day must be peculiarly fine. And far across, on the lake, as seen on this showery evening, my eye rested with pleasure on the lovely mansion of Sir John Wilson.

Returning to the town with my cinnamon boughs, and various leaves of various plants, I drove at a late hour to a Moor-man's shop, to complete a collection of superb and curious shells, which a good fortune had given me to find, in Colombo. I sat for some time with Corin, the shell merchant, who has his shells in baskets, piled up in a miserable hut, like almost all the native shops of the bazaars of the East. This said Corin, the Moorish shell-merchant, might be of some convenience to those who may follow us, with like desires of my own to make a collection in conchology. At the same time, it will always be advisable for the purchaser to be careful in the prices he offers. Generally the venders in shells, and in all other things in the East, will take half, and often less than half of what they originally ask. It is a confirmed habit with them, to ask double the value of the article they would dispose of, and were

you to give their price at once, you probably would very much astonish them, and do injustice to yourself.

I purchased a large number of shells from Corin. Two boxes packed with taste, and others in baskets. Ceylon is evidently the best place in the East for making a collection in conchology.

Several men took my boxes and baskets, forming a little cavalcade, to the customhouse, for the night, whence they were to be taken off to the ship the next morning. They made their appearance accordingly; and I think they will gratify the eye of the common gazer, on their reaching the United States; while the duplicates may form an acceptable acquisition to any cabinet that may so far secure the complacency of the possessor, as to induce him to make half the collection a donation to it.

On Saturday morning, December 1st, agreeably to invitation, his Excellency, lady and daughters, and others of the powers that are of the Ceylon Isle, of whose hospitality the Commodore and his officers had been the recipients, came off to the Columbia, to breakfast. It would have gratified Commodore Read, to have given a very general entertainment before he left the Roads of Colombo, and in that style, which would have evinced, at least, the desire to please the generous people whom he had met; and more creditably, than was now in his power, in consequence of his sudden departure, to have reciprocated on board his ship, the courtesies which he had received on shore. And a like feeling prompted the desires of the officers of the ward-room. But the only practicable thing, in the time that was left, was to manifest to his Excellency and the authorities, his sense of their politeness, by an invitation to breakfast—a popular meal, according to the custom prevailing through the East, and borrowed from the mother country; and of late somewhat introduced into our own.

The Columbia's boats were sent to the shore between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, and a salute in compliment to his Excellency, ere long, announced his arrival on board. The breakfast passed off with apparent pleasantness to the party—his Excellency, in an apt and pretty speech complimenting our nation and expressing his happiness to have enjoyed the opportunity of meeting with our Commodore

and his officers, and desiring prosperity to themselves individually and to the nation, in the accomplishment of whose commissions we were sailing.

Commodore Read, deeming himself called upon by the national allusion in the Governor's remarks, replied, in equally complimentary terms to the British nation, a people, whom we not only more than respected, but to whom we gave our preference among the nations of the globe. The courtesies which we had received were acknowledged; and with cordial sincerity it was believed, that the interest and the happiness of England and America lay in the perpetuity of that good-will and friendship which he knew, so far as the feelings of Americans were concerned, now to exist between the two nations.

The ladies seemed pleased with the ship; and it would have been a pretty compliment to have weighed anchor, and put to sea for a few miles, favored with their company, and then to have tacked ship, stood in, giving them our last adieus, as the ship was lying aback and the boats took them to the shore, and then filled away again, on our bounding track of the boundless seas. As it was, the party left the ship at about twelve o'clock—the yards being manned as his Excellency left the deck; and the crew, in their three cheers, bearing to his ear what the pulses of our own hearts would have conveyed to his, that we left him with cordial feelings of interest for his welfare, and due appreciation of the courtesies we had received during our short delay at the spicy isle.

The shades of the night-fall were on the sea, ere many hours more, and the moonbeam fell again upon our spread canvass, bearing us on our course to the yet further East.

SECTION XI.

General preparations for an attack on the Malays. Ships anchor off Annalaboo, island of Sumatra. Sunset. Ships at anchor off Kwala Batu. A Malay comes on board the frigate. Po Adam follows him. His statement of the murder of Captain Wilkins and the distribution of the property found on board the Eclipse. Landing of the first boat at Kwala Batu, for a talk with the Rajah. Instructions to Captain Wyman. Second interview and talk. Po Nyah-heit. A beautiful wild buffalo. Malay wit. The ships prepare for action. Cannonading of Kwala Batu. Christmas in the tropics. Ships sail for Muckie. Boat goes ashore for a talk with the Rajahs of Muckie. News from home. Things are valuable for their association. Destruction of Muckie. Captain Wyman's Report. Soo-Soo. Po Chute Abdullah's obligation to pay two thousand dollars. Commodore Read's paper to the Rajah. Talk with the Rajahs of Soo-Soo. Pledge of the Rajahs. A stroll. Interview at Pulau Kayu, with Po Kwala, Pedir Rajah of Kwala Batu. Agreement, and the scene of affixing the seal to the instrument. Po Kwala's visit to the frigate.

We have now been out from Colombo for five days. In view of the possibility and probability that we shall have something to do, ere long, with the Malays, the ship's crew, in their different divisions, have been grinding their cutlasses, battle-axes, pikes, and putting their guns and pistols in order, for immediate use.

The men are deemed to be well drilled for sailors; and, as sailor-soldiers, doubtless will accomplish any thing on ship-board or on shore, which can be reasonably expected from them. The increased probability, however, that the services of a detachment from the ship will be required, has led to more particular exercise with the small-arms since we left Colombo. The target has been rigged out at the yard-arm, for the men to practice at, with their fire-arms; and another, in the gangway, for improving them in pistol-shooting. Every preparation is made, and the ship is now in perfect readiness to act with promptness, when information shall have been obtained in connection with the affirmed murder and robbery, which shall render action justifiable and obligatory.

We are now nearing the ground of the murder of the crew of the ship Friendship, some few years since; and where the late additional scene of perfidy, murder, and

robbery, is affirmed to have taken place. Ere long, at least, all suspense will be relieved by the reality, which must soon present itself; it is to be hoped, however, not at the expense of the lives of any of the officers of the Columbia or the Adams. But no one on board, when necessity and propriety direct, will be found one moment to hesitate, even critically to expose his life in the accomplishment of duty and orders. And the expedition, if it land, will, no doubt, be conducted with judgment, and most certainly with no lack of recklessness and courage. Bravery is never wanting in the young gentlemen or older ones of our navy, whenever an order is to be executed; prudence and maturity of judgment may be, frequently. In all that relates to the circumstances of these miserable people, and the safety of our own officers and men, in the event of a landing from our ships, may a *merciful* as well as a *just* God direct.

The John Adams, ahead of us, signalized to the Columbia, at meridian to-day, Dec. 19th, that she saw two vessels anchored in shore, which we soon made out to be on our larboard beam. We are now off Annalaboo, island of Sumatra. The Commodore gave an order for the ships to stand in shore; and having done so, we came to anchor within some five or six miles of the land, near which the two brigs are lying, to which a boat, with the First Lieutenant, has been despatched, to gain all the information possible in connection with the affirmed murder of the captain and part of the crew of the Eclipse, and the taking of her money. The boat, like a speck, was seen, and scarcely seen, in the distance, as I last looked at her, nearing the largest of the two brigs, whose English colors were flying.

I watched the sun as it went down to-night, beneath the rim of the far-out ocean. How often have I thought of home, as I have watched the beautiful illumination in the west, at the sunset hour, which always points out to me where the land of my home lies, in its distance and blessedness! And I never tire in gazing at the sunset scene. It ever awakens feelings that make me happy, often melancholy, and always gathers over me a species of the serene in emotion. How beautiful! how glorious!

how devotional! It seems the hour of nature's evening worship. There, in the west, she lights up her temple, every eve. How gorgeous are those spacious vestibules, that lead into her garnished inner courts! The sapphire-pillars stretch themselves in endless colonnades, enclosing other massive and gorgeous shafts, supporting their entablatures of mammoth emeralds, with frieze and cornice inlaid of pearl and amethyst, and on which are resting a hundred golden domes! And the lost sun, pouring forth its flood of glory from a central point in the foreground, throws up from the evening's golden censer her oblation in burning incense, as it tinges the fleecy folds of the clouds which linger over the scene as spirit-worshippers in saffron, and carmine, and vermilion. Who could not almost become a Parsee at an hour so beautiful, and fall before the setting sun and worship its hallowing glories?

The boat has returned from the brig. She is just from Penang, and arrived here only a few hours before us. She had learned the same particulars there, which we received through the Colombo paper, as extracted from the Penang Gazette. The captain is acquainted with the consular agent at Penang, who transacts the business both for the French and American vessels at Prince of Wales' Island.

The captain of the trader has been on this coast for fifteen or twenty years, and says that the Malays are treacherous and can never be trusted. He invariably requires that their arms be resigned before they are permitted to come on board his vessel.

We get under way at about three o'clock to-night, and stand on our course to Kwala Batu, where we expect to be, at some hour of the day to-morrow. Things look a little more like an expedition on shore. And should it be found that the Muckie people are implicated in these treacherous and murderous proceedings, we learn that our ships can lie close in to the place, and, without ceremony, batter down their town, a thing which the information obtained may require to be done. The distance, nor time, can be very long before our position and action will decide.

OFF KWALA BATU.

We have come to an anchor, in thirty fathoms of water to-night, December 20, in sight of the lights on shore which we take for Kwala Batu.

"The probabilities seem to augment a little, to-day as to an expedition on shore, do they not Mr. T.?" asks one young gentleman, approaching me on the quarter deck.

"Should think they did, while it yet remains, as I take it, but a perhaps."

"The plot seems to be deepening, Mr. T.." adds another, approaching from another quarter.

"And yet the fifth act may be wanting—at least it is so to be hoped, so far as it may involve any but the guilty."

The ward-room mess have gotten nearly out of "fresh grub," as fresh provisions are called on ship-board; and in the length of time we have been out, we are now reduced to "hard tack," also another phrase for ship-biscuit, which would require a sledge-hammer almost to break, at least that quality of it which was purchased at Bombay, having nearly exhausted our American biscuit, which was quite eatable even to one who has some regard for his teeth, in comparison with the flinty substance obtained at Bombay.

"What a rush there will be for the hen-roost," adds a third gentleman, with a little spice of an epicurean in his nature, "when we shall have frightened the Malays from their bamboo palaces!"

The mess-table of the ward-room has been well supplied with fresh provisions, nearly the whole time we have been from the U. S., as also with soft bread, newly baked, for each day. And the deprivation of fare so respectable and acceptable to voyagers so many days at sea, makes a small interruption to such things observable, even if they should never lead to unamiableness.

The tea-table had been cleared, when one of the Lieutenants called for a glass of water, and had spent some time in vain endeavor to take, with his silver trap, three

skippers, which were sailing deep down in the sea of his tumbler.

"Well, my nimble fellows, if you will not resign yourselves complacently, to be removed to other quarters, you must enter on a traverse of unknown but not unfrequented coast for the like of ye," said the Lieutenant, with a very considerable threat that the three skippers should, without much further ceremony, be submitted to the chemical alternative of the gastric laboratory.

"And there, then," continued the officer, on re-examining the glass after a moderate sip of the fluid, "one of your triad seems to have trailed on a new path of wilderness to him."

"Thanks, Mr. skipper-destroyer," added the Lieutenant's neighbor, "for your benevolent consideration of the public good. I take it, that same small draft of yours will save me from the serenades of at least one nearly-to-be-born musqueto, as his chrysalis took his gauge of the vasty deep."

"There is still one way more of securing the remaining duet," continued the same gentleman as he dipped his spoon into the clear water, minus the two remaining skippers.

"That is what one may call running them aground, I suppose," added another neighbor, at his end of the table, seeing the water diminishing by spoonfuls.

A silence of some three minutes, (a long and profound, for a ward-room table,) now prevailed, while the First Lieutenant was examining the external coat of an insect, which, by some presumptuous intrusion had presented himself as a self-invited guest, or had boarded us, with unknown malicious intent, from the Malay coast. "Shall we have mercy for him or not?" asked the tender-hearted officer.

"No mercy," seemed to be the sentence of the majority. Every kind of insects on board of ships have no quarters appropriated to them, and, therefore, he was denied both "light and air."

Another silence of three minutes! "It is my deliberate opinion," abruptly added the surgeon, "that they are holding a *town-meeting* on shore to-night."

The doctor's supposition seemed to be a very sensible one, to which all assented, with the expectation of hearing the subjects of their discussions on the morrow. And this sketch is given here, merely to show how devoid of all sense of danger or feelings of solicitude were any of the officers of the Columbia on this eve, preceding, perhaps, a morrow which shall find them on shore, receiving the shots of an enemy. And this, too, after the discussion of the Dutch expeditions, the first and second of which were cut off, and another was sent to engage the people, whose town is now lying near us, with the loss of sixty or seventy of their number, within a few years back.

The probability, however, of an expedition going to the shore, I deem to be involved in considerable uncertainty, and from this cause, doubtless, those who are included in the detachment to be sent from the ship, in case the exigency requires their going to the shore, may feel differently from what might be the case, were their landing a certainty. But were the shore expedition fixed upon, as a thing certainly to take place, no particular anxiety, even then, would be manifested. So profound is the habit of military life and of naval action, where duty and orders lead. It is, with them, no more than the laboring man going to his daily work, and the professional one to his speech, with the agreeable excitement of interest, rather than with any fear or anxiety.

We wait until daylight, when the ships again get under way, to stand nearer to the shore. Ignorant of the soundings, it would be imprudent to put further in for the night. The further action of the ships will depend on the information that may be obtained.

Our ships were not under way so early the succeeding morning as was anticipated, owing to the want of a sufficient breeze to drive our vessels through the water. A canoe, however, ere long was espied in the distance, making its way towards the Columbia. On reaching our ship, the principal Malay came over her side and reported that he had been sent by Po Adam, who, it seems, has made out our vessels aright. The Malay stated that Po Adam was ready to come on board if the Commodore desired it. He also confirmed the truth of the reported

murder of Captain Wilkins and one of the crew of the American barque Eclipse, and the plundering of the vessel. One of the murderers, he affirmed, was now at Kwala Batu, and two thousand dollars of the money taken from the ship, was in the hands of the Rajah there; others of the murderers are at Soo-Soo, and others at Muckie, and the rest of the money had been distributed among the Rajahs of Muckie and Soo-Soo.

PO ADAM.

Our ships having stood in some distance with the freshening breeze, another canoe was seen in the distance, and

in a short time Po Adam's self, big as life, came over the gangway, with a cordial expression of countenance, as if he had gotten among friends. He greeted the officers, and was re-greeted by them. The name of this man has been very favorably heard of, as one who rendered effective assistance to Captain Endicott and others of the crew of the Friendship, when a number of her men had been cut off, and to whose kindness and assistance Captain E. thought he owed, in no inconsiderable degree, his safety. His assistance contributed to his support and comfort after they had put off from the shore, and for several days were in the small-boat along the shore. The story is told in the narrative of the voyage of the Potomac, so as to produce a favorable impression of this trusty Malay, if the word *trusty*, in any one instance, can be applied, with propriety, to one of a notoriously treacherous people.

Po Adam repeated what he had directed his man to communicate, and added many other particulars, and represented things with so much apparent fidelity, that it was decided that a boat should be sent ashore for the purpose of gaining an interview with the Rajah.

FIRST TALK WITH THE RAJAH OF KWALA BATU.

The officer was instructed to make known to the Rajah that we had received information of the robbery committed on board of the Eclipse, the murder of her captain and one of her crew—that we were informed that one of the murderers was at Kwala Batu—that we had come with friendly intentions, and wished to know if the Rajah will give up the murderer, which it is expected that he will do, if he values and would continue to value the friendship of the Government of the United States.

Po Adam had assured Commodore Read that the persons of the officers who should go on shore would be safe, and run no risk in visiting the Rajah with him. But as all the Malays are treacherous, implicit confidence could not judiciously be placed in this man, although he had given so conclusive an evidence of his former honesty. Still, as the probabilities were so preponderating in favor of Po Adam's statements and trusty character, the Commodore deemed

the risk to be small, in sending a boat in, and did so accordingly.

The boat started from the ship with Lieutenants Parmer and Pennock, and Lieutenant Baker of the marines, accompanied by Po Adam and one of our sailors, who has some familiarity with the Malay language, as an interpreter.

The hour had already advanced towards evening, and the boat neared the beach only a short time before sundown. If there had been doubt as to the propriety of sending a boat ashore before it left the ship, the officers' suspicions were now but little allayed, as they saw the shore lined by more than a hundred armed Malays, who had unsheathed their weapons and wielded them above their heads, as the officers supposed, with an attitude of defiance. It was the same movement among these treacherous natives which had prevented the boat's crew of the Potomac from landing, when that frigate was on the coast, to punish these same people for their treachery towards the crew of the Friendship. But notwithstanding every dark-skinned and frowning-faced Sumatrian raised each his krís, a weapon of fearful association in connection with their treachery, to the number of a hundred glaring blades, with nearly as many more small daggers in their girdles, the boat was driven boldly upon the beach, and the three officers jumped, without hesitation, into the midst of this wild and armed multitude, who immediately surrounded them as they walked up the beach, and entered the pass to the Rajah's fort. As they were moving on with the armed crowd, Po Adam seemed not unfrequently to laugh unnaturally loud, as he talked with the crowd, which pressed on even against his apparent remonstrance. And when they passed the furthest stockade, through a gate that opened into another, which contained the bamboo palace of the Rajah, they found the chief upon an elevated stand, presenting a person of a larger frame and of finer proportions than had been seen among his retainers, or the mob upon whom the gate had now been shut, while numbers had managed to throw themselves into the enclosure before the passage had been closed.

The greeting passed, and Po Adam manifested great respect and considerable ceremony towards the Rajah; when

it was indicated that a talk with the chief was desired, to communicate the Commodore's sentiments through the officers from the Columbia. The Rajah, unwilling that this talk should proceed in so open a position, led the way to his adjacent council-chamber, into which only one of his friends was admitted, while the conversation was carried on in a whisper.

"It would be something of a difficult matter for them to board us here," said Moses, with a slight squinting of his eye, which at once took in the bearings and defences of the room.

Moses, one of the quarter-masters, had followed the officers, with two pistols in his belt and a cutlass at his side, giving him, in spite of his amiable phiz, something of a Bucaneer-rake, in the favoring shades of the night, which had now advanced upon them.

The party seated themselves for the talk, some with the apprehension of receiving a slight piece of steel through their ribs before they were done with it; and that no such inconvenient weapon might reach them through the bamboo floor, which their imagination had constructed for them, some of their number, by a species of intuition, placed themselves above a sleeper, or leaned against a stanchion, or other more solid piece of material than a bamboo matting. They had heard of the Malays finding the life-blood of their enemies through the slight partitions of bamboo, or matted walls of cane, or other light material, of which they construct their buildings.

But the talk was over, and with all the excitement of awakened imaginations, the known treachery of these people, and the scene through which they had moved from the beach, full before them, the officers left the Rajah, and made their way back again for the boat, anticipating the same crowd to be around their path. But they wound through the several passes, finally reached the open beach, and to their own surprise, with the certainty that their heads were on and their sides unriddled, they entered the boat, but not without a drenching from the high breakers which were rolling in, through which they had to pass to reach the cutter, which was lying moored a short distance from the shore, to save her from thumping in the surf. The party

having returned to the ship, expressed themselves as having passed through one of the most exciting scenes, in view of the known treachery of the Malay character, their own helpless situation, and the unknown disposition of the mass of the Malays who surrounded them. But the Rajah was sufficiently courteous to them, and the result of the conference was, that he would, during the night, send his men and take and confine the murderer, now at Kwala Batu, and he should be delivered up to-morrow.

Po Adam returned with the officers, and seemed to think that the Rajah was sincere in his intentions to take the man now at Kwala Batu, who had been concerned in the robbery and murder committed on board the ship Eclipse.

The Rajah denied nothing in connection with this man and the transaction; but consented to the truth of the occurrence and the fact of one of the murderers being in his town, by affirming that he would use every effort during the night to take him, that he might, on the morrow, be delivered up as demanded.

As Po Adam was going over the side of the ship to enter the Columbia's boat, for the shore excursion already described, he was in considerable good cheer; and left as hostages, to assure us of his fidelity, the men who had come off with him in his canoe. When he had mounted to the top of the steps of the gangway, he turned round, seeming to catch the spirit of the officers and the crew, who were looking upon him; and with a cunning laugh and shake of his little hand, he added, in his broken English, "Neber you fear—me come again—*look sharp!*" The last expression had reference to the four Malays he left on board; and Po Adam's whole expression of face and person, and significant and broken English, caused the officers and men, for once, to forget their gravity; and to Po's no little delight, a general smile passed over the countenances of the more than a hundred faces which were, at the moment, gazing upon him.

It was believed, notwithstanding the professions of the Rajah, that he would not make any particular effort during the night to take the murderer whom he had protected, and with whom we have every reason to suppose he shared the money, to the amount of two thousand dollars.

SECOND TALK WITH THE RAJAH.

It was therefore the wish of the Commodore to let this Rajah know at once what was expected of him, and on what he should insist. He accordingly made out the following instructions to Captain Wyman, of the John Adams, now lying near us:

"SIR:—

"You will call upon the Rajah of Kwala Batu, and inform him what we have learned at Ceylon and other places respecting the attack and plunder of the ship Eclipse, and the murder of Captain Wilkins and one of his crew.

"You will make known to him that it is the desire of the Government of the United States to remain at peace and on terms of friendship with the chiefs and people of Sumatra; that we have come to the island as friends, and hope that we shall be enabled to leave Kwala Batu in the continuance of the same sentiments. But this must depend upon the readiness which shall be evinced by the Rajah to give up one of the murderers of Captain Wilkins, who, having taken refuge in Kwala Batu, has been protected by the Rajah.

"You are also instructed to demand all the money and any other property which the murderer brought with him to this place, and is known to be part of the plunder of the ship Eclipse.

"You will endeavor to make the Rajah explicit, by inquiring of him what course he means to take; whether that of a friend or an enemy. If a friend, he will at once give up this murderer; and cause the money and other property taken from the ship Eclipse and may now be found at Kwala Batu, immediately to be returned, through me, to the proper owners.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"GEORGE C. READ,
"Commanding the U. S. Naval Force in the Indian Seas

"To Commander THOMAS W. WYMAN,
U. S. Ship John Adams."

Captain Wyman was accompanied to the shore by two or three of his officers, and three from our own ship. It was yet a matter of doubt what might be the reception of our boats. The threatening appearances of the preceding evening, and the possibility that the Rajah was using a finesse for delaying our action; and the possibility, too, that even Po Adam might be playing his game, and be implicated in the transactions which related to the money, rendered many things suspicious; for Po Adam seemed hand and glove with the people on shore, and yet, when away from them, was obviously concerting their overthrow and destruction. There was, however, but little solicitude felt by those officers who were conveyed to the shore.

The boats nearly reached the beach, when the grapnels were dropped, and the officers conveyed through the breakers to the shore, on the trusty shoulders of the ever-obedient and ever ready tar. The Malays, to the apparent number of fifty or sixty, were on the beach as before, while their weapons now were mostly in their sheaths. We advanced, however, without solicitude, through a narrow passage-way, stockaded on either side, leading to an area lined, like itself, by a stockade of bamboo. Passing through this enclosure, we entered a gate-way that opened into yet another stockaded enclosure, which contained the bamboo dwelling of the Malay Chief. We found the Rajah, as he was found the evening before, elevated upon his bamboo throne of state. He welcome us by rising, and with a shake of the hand—the latter action requiring his chieftainship to bend forward and downward, to receive the proffered emblem of friendship—while his position was such, that it would have been difficult for an enemy to have reached his bosom unobserved (à la Malay) with one of their stealthy weapons. I further remarked, at the moment, that a gate-way leading directly to the Rajah's fort, was behind the elevated position on which the chieftain had placed himself, affording him a retreat, in case of necessity, to his fortress; as in olden times the Baron, when endangered in his castle, escaped for his safety through some secret trap-door, giving him access to some concealed passage-way, by which to elude his enemies.

So soon as the greeting was over, Captain Wyman

signified that he had been instructed by the Commodore to wait on the Rajah, to have a talk with him; and signified that he would proceed to make known his instructions if the Rajah was ready to hear him.

The Rajah motioned that he would adjourn to the verandah of his house, which serves as his council-chamber. We ascended to this apartment by a flight of steps, constructed as a common ladder, with the exception of the rounds, which in this instance gave place for wider materials for the cross-pieces. We entered this balcony-kind of a room, the floor of which was carpeted with matting. A few considerably worn Persian rugs, with some fresher-made mats, had been placed for the guests to sit upon. Two seats also were arranged in the verandah, one a backless chair, the other a chair with a back, which Captain W. and myself occupied; while others placed themselves, à la Turk, upon the mats, or sat on the balustrade—the open side of the room looking directly over the Rajah's fort, towards the sea. The Rajah placed himself upon a mat furthest possible in a corner, to which spot the chairs were drawn, and around sat the officers, with Po Adam and the sailor, who served as our interpreters, on their haunches near the Rajah.

But previous to the entrance upon the subjects which Captain Wyman was instructed definitely to bring before the Rajah, a silence of a considerable length continued; while twenty men, more or less, of the Rajah's retainers, were collecting cocoa-nuts, fresh from the surrounding trees. These they brought to the foot of the ladder below, and with their kríses, a long-bladed weapon, they cut off the outer part of each end, and opened a small vent through the soft material with the point of the instrument, and presented one to each of the officers, to drink of the delicious beverage. This is apparently the universal custom of the Rajahs here, as a prelude to the commencement of a council talk.

The Rajah now untied his knotted handkerchief, in which he carried several small cases, filled with various articles which contribute to the luxury of his taste; and to each corner of the handkerchief was attached a gold nob, both for ornament and that the tie might more conve-

niently be made. The Rajah first opened a silver case, from which he took a bundle of green beetel leaves, put up in a convenient form for him to make a selection. He next opened a golden box, from which he took a substance of the consistency of cream, being a mixture of lime, and spread it entirely over the leaf. He then placed within the leaf thus prepared, a compound make up of various materials, spice, opium, aracca-nut, a little tobacco, etc.; and seemed, like his kindred skins about him of similar tastes, to be much delighted with his cud—quite as respectable at least, in its appearance, as those which often grace to the disgrace of the mouths of many American gentlemen.

The cocoa-nut beverage having been drunk, to the content of all, the council was deemed to be regularly opened according to custom. Captain Wyman stated that we had heard of the robbery and murder committed, and desired to know if the murderer had been taken, as the Rajah had given us to suppose would be the case, last night.

The Rajah replied that he had been unable to take the Malay—that he had endeavored to seize him—had sent fifty men to accomplish it—but he had not been apprehended, as it was hoped would be the case. He had, however, despatched his men, with letters around the country, with the intention of yet taking him; and he should be delivered up as soon as he could be found.

This was all as we had anticipated.

The Rajah was then told, that it had been reported that two thousand dollars of the money, taken from the Eclipse, had been brought to Kwala Batu; and that it was expected that this, with any other property known to have been taken from the Eclipse, should be returned.

The Rajah said that the money had been distributed, in small quantities, to the people—he never had any thing to do with it—he had refused to receive any of it—and he knew nothing about it—and was unable to do any thing about it.

Here, one of the sub-men suggested that some of it had been buried, and could not be found. The statement was entirely unsatisfactory and somewhat contradictory; but

even on the statement of the Rajah himself, the people of his town were responsible, and therefore Kwala Batu has become implicated in the outrage.

Nothing being gained at all satisfactory in the continuance of the talk, the Rajah was again assured that the Government of the United States was desirous of preserving a friendly intercourse with Kwala Batu, but that it would depend upon the Rajah's action whether the United States and himself were to continue friends. If the murderer and the property were brought on board the Columbia, by sundown that evening, the good feeling which the United States desired to preserve towards the Rajah would continue. But if the murderer could not be taken by that time, a deputation from the Rajah of one or more men, (to whom Captain Wyman gave the assurances of safety,) would be expected to make known to the Commodore the reason of the delay; and the Rajah's good or ill will would be judged of accordingly.

The Rajah himself had been invited to visit the Columbia, to talk with the Commodore, but he declined visiting the ship, giving an implied assurance, though hesitatingly expressed, that a message should be sent off by night, if the murderer was not taken.

The interview was here concluded. Gaining the consent of the Rajah, we walked through the town, hastily, and along the beach. I had been left some distance behind the party, while examining some of the houses, and was repeatedly among twenty or thirty of these armed and treacherous men, asking questions of some of them, and giving others a brief reply, which several of them, at different times, caught up and repeated, as a word of a language peculiar in its sound to their ears. They rang their changes on the word "yes," "yes," to the considerable amusement of the crowd, which was gathering around me as I passed along the bazaar; and without waiting for many moments to pass, while out of sight of the other officers, I hastened along the little winding river on the east side of the town, and then wound to the right along the beach. Captain Wyman and two of the officers had already wandered along the shore, to gain a view of the fort which flanks the town on the west; and as I was advan-

cing along the same course, far behind them and near to the edge of the jungle, I came upon thirty or forty men, gathered under a tree by themselves. The chief came towards me as I approached. He was the best dressed man I had seen.

"Come," said he, "let you and me have a talk;" his men gathering around me at the same time.

"Very well," I replied, "and what would you say?"

I had observed this same man in the council, but he did not appear to share the confidence of the Rajah. And before the interview in the council was over, this same chief rose, with a number of his followers with him, and left the verandah.

"Me belong to another king," he continued. "This one king here—there, (pointing to the interior,) another king. *Me* no fraid to go board ship. Me done nothing—me no fight when Potomac here. Me want to make present of buffalo to Commodore and be friends."

I told this Malay, who is the son-in-law of a rich Rajah, said to have more men than any other chief of the island, in this region, that I presumed the Commodore could not receive his buffalo, but that he must come on board and see him.

"Me want to give him a buffalo, and be friends. Me take you to my house and show you buffalo."

I followed the chief, whose name is Po Nyah-heit, with his men attending him, with their weapons; and soon we entered his fort, some distance in the jungle, which includes an area of some extent, with the tall bamboos and other trees embowering the romantic spot. The gate was firmer and in better repair than I had elsewhere seen. And there stood the beautiful, and young, and wild buffalo, with a string through his nostrils, and a rope around his horns and his legs, tying him to three or four trees before and behind him. I saw, from his eye, that he was wild, and requested that one of Po Nyah-heit's men should approach him. As the man advanced, the young and sleek animal snorted and shook his head and rolled his brilliant eye, and bounded up and down as far as the ropes would allow him. He was a beautiful creature, as fat as a well-stalled ox, but like a sleek-limbed

two year old heifer, petted and rendered a prize specimen for the city market. I should like to have owned that beast, could it have remained as beautiful a thing as I then saw it, and would have tamely coursed the fields as a petted animal.

I did not choose longer to delay in so wild a place, surrounded by so wild a multitude, out of sight, and removed from any communication with our party. I therefore again invited Po Nyah-heit to come off to the Columbia, and tender his buffalo himself to the Commodore, and talk with him.

On communicating this interview to Captain Wyman, he proposed to take Po Nyah-heit off in the boats with us, if he would go. The principal Rajah himself had refused to visit our ship, and hesitated about promising to send any communication; and it was in view of this timidity and hesitation on the part of the Rajah, in the council, that he said *he* was not afraid to go—he was innocent—and on being asked by Captain W. if he would like to accompany us to the ship, immediately consented; while, at the same time, I secured the assurance, that his person should be safe, and himself allowed to return to the shore at his pleasure.

After having reached the ship I had a conversation with this Malay. He assured us that the present Rajah of Kwala Batu had received the two thousand dollars, and that he would never take the murderer. He also added, that, in case of difficulties, he wished to come on board with his family and property.

"And what would you do with yourself, after we shall have destroyed the town," he was asked, "should that be our final purpose?"

"I return, then, and be the Rajah," replied the wily Malay; "I get my men around me—I new Rajah—I be friend to America."

From what Po Adam said of this Malay, after he had returned to the shore, there is great probability that his scheme might succeed, if he could get but a little assistance from us. He offered his fort for our forces, and proposed to meet our men on the beach, when they should accompany him and his retainers to his fort, fight from it, and defend his house.

But, unlike the policy of other nations, ours is not to interfere with the petty contentions, or larger broils of a different people. It would be an easy thing for the Americans to set up a Rajah here, and maintain him, at a little expense, in his position, for our advantage. But such a course would deviate from our fixed policy as a nation, and eventuate, as a deviation from our independent and neutral course, to the injury of the greatest good of our Government. And yet, when one looks upon this beautiful island, as it now lies before us in its luxuriant green, the mountain-side entirely embowered in beautiful and full foliage of the trees and vegetation, without a barren spot, one could wish it were in the hands of an American colony, and its resources developed by American industry. But our home and land are far beyond these waters, and there are happiness and riches enough for us at home, if we will but husband them, with gratitude to the God who has given us so goodly a heritage. Po Nyah-heit was assured, that if he came aboard the Columbia with his family, he would be permitted to remain in safety during any difficulties that were being adjusted between our ships and the town of Kwala Batu, without any promise of protection or discrimination as to localities or persons on shore. No other course could well have been pursued with this man, as he was no further known than he had made himself to be during the day; and while there appeared to be honesty and certainly *ambition* in his make and purposes, there might, for all we knew, be deep treachery, though I believed otherwise.

Po Nyah-heit left the ship, as he had been promised he should, at the hour he wished, which was near sunset.

In the evening Po Adam was at the mess-table, while one of the Lieutenants read the account given of his generous action towards the part of the crew of the Friendship, who were not massacred. To him they gave the credit of contributing to their safety, if he was not the means of preserving their lives.

Po seems to be desirous of having all the towns along the coast blown sky high. He has lost his own fort by some crook of a mightier hand, or by mightier men than he. And, doubtless, he would be very grateful to the

Commodore, would he restore it to him again. And were it a consistent movement of our ships, perhaps Po Adam deserves this, and much more at our hands. His house is at Soo-Soo, which is in sight of our ships, some four or six miles east of Kwala Batu.

"Do you like the Soo-Soo people, Po?"

"Me like them here," answered the wily Malay, putting his finger upon his lips, "but no like them here," laying his spread hands upon his breast.

"But, Po, if there is much property in Kwala Batu, and the Rajah would preserve his houses, do you think he would rather pay up the two thousand dollars than have his place knocked down?"

"Rajah is fool. He give up murderer—he give money—then he save pepper-trade. What can Rajah do with pepper—no ships come and buy? He no eat pepper. He give up murderer, he have plenty friends in America—they come and buy pepper. But he will no give up Malayu—he fool—he d—n rascal—he buffalo!"

"Why, Po, we think the Rajah a very bad man, but do not call him by one of those names you have used."

Po understood the allusion, and repeated, "He bad man—he no give up money—me thought he sincere yesterday, no sincere to-day—he no send fifty men after Malayu. I Rajah, I catch the man—Rajah no sincere—he fool—he d—, he one buffalo."

Po now had more than one to join him in a round laugh, at the flow of his Malay wit.

I say *Malay* wit. Po, however, says that he was born at Achin, and has spent twenty-five years on the coast in this region. He is now about fifty years of age, has a very good face, an aquiline nose, and, at times, has a great deal of vivacity in speech. With his mimic attitudes, to render himself more readily understood in English, he often becomes quite amusing.

CANNONADING OF KWALA BATU.

All expectation of gaining any satisfactory action from the Rajah of Kwala Batu being given up, the Columbia weighed anchors to take a nearer position to the town,

that her guns might be brought to bear upon the forts and houses with the greatest effect. Having reached the desired position, a spring hawser brought our broadside to bear, at discretion, upon the forts and town.

The John Adams was now seen standing in to take her place yet nearer to the shore and a little on our larboard quarter.

All things were now ready for cannonading the forts and town. We had been moored in this threatening position for two or three hours. But no boat was seen putting off from the shore, or any sign made by the Rajah that he intended to offer any satisfaction for the injuries he had sanctioned, or further explanation for his delay. It was a moment of intensest interest on board. I am sure there was no one who did not wish that the Rajah should pursue the course of justice, and yield the murderer and the property, which was deemed to be altogether within his power to do, and thus save himself from the demonstration of our just displeasure, which could not long be delayed, to the expected demolishing of his forts and town.

And I am sure that no one more intensely desired this course to be pursued than our Commodore, who had now used every means to induce the Rajah to act the part of a just chief, and what was believed to be the wishes of many of his men. The moment, however, had arrived when further delay on our part would have been treachery to the lives of our own countrymen, and a conniving at the crimes of robbery and murder.

Three taps upon the drum started every man in the ship, as if the wing of some unseen spirit had suddenly swept over each one's face; and the music, the next instant, beat the thrilling summons to quarters. Each man, before a minute was passed, was in his place, ready to do his superior's bidding, to throw destruction and devastation into the forts and town, which lay but a few cables' length in the distance from us. The thrilling excitement now felt was not from fear, for there was nothing to be apprehended, though it was expected that the Rajah's forts might open upon us. But it was the idea, that our own shot would be sending these miserable people into

another world, and crumbling upon their heads the dwellings they inhabited.

The guns in a moment were cleared for action—the tompions out, the shot, grape, canister, and wadding arranged, the matches in readiness—and now, the men, in profoundest silence, stood waiting the order to fire! But a few rolls of the music now beat the retreat; and all, save the excited hearts of the crew, and the guns in readiness for an engagement, were again as if we had never dreamed of treacherous falsehood, infamous robbery, and murderous Malays.

An hour or more had passed. The officers were nearly finishing their dessert when the beat to quarters again rolled through the ship. It was known that now there would be no longer delay. The different forts had been pointed out, as objects towards which the guns were to be directed. The firing commenced. It was an interesting sight. The first shot from the Columbia boomed over the water, and shivered to pieces one of the trees which embowered the fortification, and in their thick and distinct cluster, entirely concealed the fort. A second shot, directed from another division towards another fortification, scattered every Malay who had come to the beach, and beneath a number of bamboo houses, had trusted to the display of a white handkerchief, waving low in the gentle breeze, for their protection. The Rajah's most western fort instantly opened upon the Columbia—the shot striking a few fathoms from the ship. The divisions continued their fire from the frigate, riddling the thick foliage in which the fortifications were concealed, and silencing the Rajah's fort after it had sent three shots, one of which fell just beneath our dolphin-striker.

The John Adams, at the same time, opened her guns upon a fort on the east of the town, and beyond the little river which separates it from the principal bazaars. The clouds of smoke curled from her side, as the thunder of her cannonades, in the repeated concussions on the vibrating air, roared loud and long; while the shots now buried themselves in the fort, or occasionally, by a ricochet upon the water, struck again upon the beach, and threw up, in mid-air, their clouds of sand, and uprooted shrubs and trees.

The cannonading continued from both ships for nearly a half hour, when the order was given to cease firing.

CHRISTMAS IN THE TROPICS.

There are periods in time, that come upon us on their annual occurrence, with an irresistible power of association. And they are happy or grievous, as our experience may have been, as those periods have rolled round, on their yearly returns. To-day is Christmas. And how immediately is the inquiry raised, "Where was I last Christmas? And whom was I with?" And how much there is in the answers, as the mind runs over the objects and their associations, which are recalled in connection with that day! To me, as I go back to the Christmas day, one year from this, all things come back with a freshness, as if I were again standing amid those scenes, so far over the sea, and among friends rendered yet more dear, by the distance which intervenes and the time we have measured since we parted. I remember the clear day that sent forth its beams from a clear sun, but with little warmth in his rays. I remember the church wreathed and festooned, and inly embowered with evergreens; and the pulpit where I stood, and the fixed eyes of the people as they listened to the word of God, and the altar around which they gathered. And I remember the young and endeared sister, so lately attired in her dress of deep mourning, and like a dove whose companion had been smitten from her side by an arrow, seemed an object of lonely loveliness, amid a congregation of lighter robes and lighter hearts. And beside her sat a man of years, who had but a few days before put his lip upon the cold and marble brow of the child he cherished and loved as but few fathers love, ere that child was borne to her cold grave, to come no more, at the Christmas gathering, around the family table, and to mingle in the family's domestic circle. And I remember the letter, which, on that day and at that place, was handed me, which invited me to visit scenes in other nations, and which determined me to start on the course that has brought me to spend this Christmas day nearly half way around the world from the spot where I then was standing, and from the friends with whom I then communed.

And to-day, instead of that neat temple, so tastefully festooned and decorated in evergreens, on the joyous birth-day of the Redeemer of the world, and in a clime where the December gale bears on its wing a freezing and bracing air, and the snow-storm spreads the wide folds of its gorgeous ermine mantle over mountain and meadow, forest and fern, and the ice bridges span the rivers in their flow,—I now look abroad from an ocean-temple, floating in the warm seas of a torrid clime. And before me lies one of nature's sublimest, loveliest evergreen mountains, curving its beautiful outline of embowering trees on an horizon that smiles blandly and serene, as the warmer than the summer gale sweeps along the thick foliage of the green mountain-side of the pepper Isle. And to-day, our still ship slumbers on the smooth bosom of the lovely bay, over which our guns yesterday were throwing their intonations of displeasure and rebuke, into the ears of the abettors and protectors of the robber and the murderer. But, while the thunders of those guns have ceased, the eternal roar of the surf sleeps not, as the undulating wave breaks, in its perpetual rim of cascading foam, along the extended beach of gold. I have always loved this roar of ocean-wave—this loud murmur of the sea-surge, breaking on the golden beach. It ever reminds me of the voice of Niagara, in her perpetual worship of the Eternal. And though the *voice* of man were lost, were he to join in the loud chant, yet the *one emotion* that swells the bosom of the worshipper, as he stands upon the sea-shore, is sublimer far than the loudest roar of mighty waters. But, ye friends, who to-day are more than ten thousand miles away, in the happy land of the west, " a merry, happy Christmas to ye all." And O, that I could hear your response, and greet you for one hour on this hallowed day, at your festive and happy board. I know that your thoughts this day are often with me, and that for me your prayers, in kindness, as certainly ascend. And I——but may God bless ye all.

SAILING FOR MUCKIE.

As the light began to stream upon the mountain this morning, the 28th, our anchors had been weighed and we were starting off from Kwala Batu, for Muckie.

Yesterday, while flags were flying on shore, and some communications passed between the Commodore and the Rajahs, Po Kwala, at whose fort the John Adams particularly directed her shot, sued for peace: "He no have the money—he no have any thing to do with the robbery—he wish to be friends." Po Kwala is a near connection, by marriage, of Po Nyah-heit, at whose fort, also, a white flag was flying. Po Nyah-heit has previously been alluded to; and was desirous of joining his men with ours and Po Kwala's, the Pedir Rajah of Kwala Batu, to fight Po Chute-Abdullah, the principal or Achin Rajah of Kwala Batu.* But while no confidence, it was thought, should be placed in these professions, Po Nyah-heit's course saved his fort from being fired into, unless one of the first shots may have reached it by mistake.

The Achin Rajah, it is said, sent us, as his last communication, that "he had endeavored to take the murderer, but was unable—he had not gotten the money—we had fired into his town and killed his men—their relatives had called upon him for vengeance—and if we wanted to have his life also, we must come on shore and take it." The sequel will show that he was a little more modest at a later hour.

After stretching along down the coast from Kwala Batu, we have come to anchor within a few cables' length of the town of Muckie. While the mountain scenery was deemed exquisite at Kwala Batu—blending the beautiful of the thick foliage of the embowered mountain-side with the sublimity of its height, and the graceful clouds laying their soft folds here and there upon its tops—the scenery now before us is additionally picturesque and equally sublime, and even yet more beautiful. There is a greater space of cultivated field on the mountain-slant, which exhibits every variety of green, from the lightest yellow, through every shade of sea and bottle and emerald, and

* There are two Rajahs at Kwala Batu—one, Po Chute-Abdullah, having the rule over the men from Achin; the other, Po Kwala, called the Pedir Rajah, holding the power over the Pedir men. They divide the revenue of the port between them, and are not always good friends of each other.

yet deeper green. Then comes the wide and high-up slant of the original forest, spreading from the top of the high mountain, until its rim comes down to the edge of the cultivated fields on the hill-side, where the green pepper vines are seen growing in their richness and beauty.*

The town of Muckie, itself, is spread out on a little peninsula or point, with groves of cocoa-nut trees embowering the houses; and the fort furthest out on the point, for the defence of the town, is equally shaded by these trees in Asiatic costume, deep, and spreading, and peculiar.

A boat from the Columbia is now shoving off from the ship, bearing Captain Wyman, of the John Adams, to hold a communication with the Rajah of the town. Two hundred natives are lining the shores, at the landing-place of the town, waiting this boat, which is attended by two of the cutters, whose crews are armed with cutlasses and pistols, that in case of manifestations of enmity or treachery, they may form a force sufficient to defend the boats and the persons of the officers.

The Rajahs manifested great frankness in this first interview; and the next morning Lieutenant Turner was sent on shore, at an early hour of the morning, for the purpose of bringing off the Rajahs to the ship, agreeably to the expectation they had raised in the minds of those officers who had held the talk with them, that they would willingly come. But the Commodore's invitation to them to visit the ship was finally declined, after a long talk among themselves, and evidently on the ground that they feared, if once on board, they would be retained until the restitution of the money and the surrender of the murderers supposed to be at Muckie. And in their way of estimating things, they doubtless also considered that their lives would be endangered. They therefore declined, altogether, a visit to the ships; and Lieutenant Turner expressed himself, on his return, fully persuaded that no satisfaction could be derived from these people. The finesse of yesterday was to gain delay in any attack that might be designed upon the place. It was further believed, and affirmed positively by Po Adam, that Lubby Sammon, a man

* See Frontispiece.

of considerable influence here and a particular friend of the chief Rajah of Muckie, was the instigator of the attack upon the Eclipse; that he induced Lubby Yusuf to select his men, and shared a great part of the booty. This same man is now at Muckie, and will not be given up by the Rajah. The whole testimony, that can be relied on, goes to implicate the Rajah, here, as one of the chief abettors of the murder and the robbery. But as he refuses to make any satisfaction, further than denying any participation in the crime, in the face of evidence which is supposed to be against him, all further hope of getting the murderers or the money is resigned. The infliction of what is believed to be a just retribution, therefore, only remains for the action of our ships, in their attack upon the town, by which our power may be demonstrated, and the natives be further assured that we have a force to protect our commerce; and that it is our purpose to inflict a punishment upon those who shield the murderers of our citizens abroad, or who share in the plunder from our ships.

For making this demonstration of our ability and determinations, the two ships are to be hauled nearer in to the town. And if no deputation shall be sent off during the morning of to-morrow, the last die will have been thrown, to decide the course of our ships. The intention of the squadron is entirely understood by the Malays on shore, with the motives of its threatened action.

NEWS FROM HOME. ASSOCIATION.

While the negotiations with the natives were being carried on during the preceding day, and our ships were resting in inaction, with the evergreen mountain-scene before us and the wide ocean extending far away to the south and west, I spent the hours in reading newspapers from the home we have left so many degrees behind us. A large roll of papers has been forwarded to us from Captain Silver, of the ship Sumatra, which arrived on the coast a few days since; and presuming that we were yet at Kwala Batu, he despatched a native, in his boat, to convey this rich treat to us. The boat found us at Muckie, having reached Kwala Batu just as we were standing

out from that place. We record this act of Captain S., with many thanks for the pleasure he contributed thus to give us. The news brought us intelligence, four months later than our leaving the United States. Besides the papers from New York, the residence of most of my friends, one came from a neighborhood within a few miles of my country home. It seemed as if some mystic hand, unseen, but ever ready to serve me with acts of kindness, had put this sheet, nicely folded, only for myself, among the medley-papers of the large bundle which was conveyed to us. And could all the secrets be told by which that same folio sheet came to me, on the western coast of the isle of Samatra, perhaps we should be more ready to believe in the agencies of unseen powers than the credulities of most of us usually will allow.

And how powerful is association, however awakened! It is a beautiful anecdote, told of a boat's crew of those who attended Captain Cook around the world. They had landed upon an island, and entered a log-cabin. A relic of a spoon, with half its handle gone, met their eye, with the word LONDON stamped on the remaining part of it. This single word so affected them, in their distance and long wanderings from their native land, that it threw them all into tears, as the floods of associations crowded into their minds.

Similar is the effect of a letter, even before the seal has been broken, if we recognise, in its address, the handwriting of one we love. And how we cherish a braid of hair, which has been given us, with the smiles of a friend, as a thing that shall revive agreeable remembrances! And who has not in his choice repository of trifles a thousand and one mementoes of emotions and kind words and loved recollections of persons and things? It is this element of our being affected by the force of association, which makes us civilized and kind beings, and renders life capable of being lived over more than once. I have a little essence bottle —will one of my readers remember it—which I would not part with for the choicest pearl that ever came from the waters of Bahrien. I have a little painting, representing two placid lambs, and called "*peace.*" For what would I part with this? She is dead who gave it. And they have

told me that she died with bright and consistent hopes of entering, and for ever ranging the fields, where no discord comes, where perpetual peace reigns. And I have a gold pencil case,—there is a strange power in that inanimate token,—but I will not speak of that. And I have—it is not a *lock* of hair, it is a *single thread*, which, by itself, I saw floating on the pure brow of a young friend, who did not think me impertinent as I wound it around my finger and plucked it from among its associates as a truant thing that was playing in the breeze, as if it alone were entitled to the favor of the evening zephyr, as that zephyr swept, with the refreshing purity of a country air, through the piazza. And she afterwards wound it around her own delicate fingers, as a plaything; and in the leisure, and luxury, and listlessness of the calm and lovely summer-evening hour, we took a pencil and marked the date of the day on a blank paper; and she scribbled her name upon it; and the little coil was placed within the envelope, laughingly, as if it were all a trifling thing, amusing two happy idlers, at the moment. And now, how at this moment that sweet face comes up in my vision, and seems again to gaze in my own, confidingly, as then she looked; her speaking eye, laughing and floating in its soft light; her cheek tinged with a loveliness of carnation which cannot be imitated, and which nature gives to whom she wills, varying ever, now fading and now deepening with every emotion expressed or felt; and then her lip, inimitable, whether an hour of excitement deepened its carmine, or a calmer hour left it in its rim of highly polished coral. *Once, I saw that lip as pale, as if the wing of the angel of death had swept it.* Should this page happen to meet that eye, which even now I see in all its colors of blended softness and tell-tale emotion, I wonder if she will remember that little coil of hair—the envelope—its date—and the enchanting scene and scenery of that summer-evening hour? And I have—what have I not? I have at least a heart, that bounds over the sea to friends, when incident or circumstance awakens the train of association, that flies fleeter than on the wings of dove, or other bird, to the land of the west. Thanks again to thee, Captain Silver, for thy roll of newspapers.

DESTRUCTION OF MUCKIE.

New-year day, January 1st, 1838. The first morn of the new year has dawned upon us with a clear and pure sky. The sea this morning is sleeping around us, with a bosom bright as a silver mirror, and the roll of the sea-surge has lulled, as if, like the calm before the tremblings of the earthquake, it would smile on the purposes of destruction, which our ships this day seem designing to bear into the town, which now lies almost within gun-shot of our thirty-two and forty-two pounders. Both ships have been kedged into their near positions this morning, it being the purpose of the Commodore to cannonade the town, as the only alternative of showing our displeasure, and to inflict due punishment upon a people whose Rajah refuses to make any overtures, and against whom the evidence is deemed to be conclusive, of his being culpable in the murderous affair and robbery of the barque Eclipse.

The John Adams had early placed herself far into the little bay, near the beach, and taken her position, with her broadside sprung to bear upon the town. The Columbia soon reached her place opposite the principal fort of the town, from which it was expected that there would be some guns fired, but which the Columbia would soon silence. The ships were so placed that their guns would rake at pleasure the whole town, in its length and breadth.

No boat having reached the ship with any overture during the morning, and the ships being in readiness to execute their purposes of destruction, the order was passed to fire. Our first shot was a signal for the John Adams to open upon the town; and the smoke and the flames issued from her side the instant the report of our own long thirty-two pounder broke the quiet still-calm of the surrounding scene.

Every gun from the beautiful corvette seemed to know its errand, as it sent its report distinctly back to the ear when the bolt had struck, with its tremendous concussion, and sent up its cloud of dust as it riddled the bamboo-houses, or evolved a column of smoke, as if a hundred hot irons had been applied to the external surface of the trees,

as the cannon ball rived their trunks, or, like a pruning-hook, lopped their branches to the ground.

The Columbia continued her fire in an almost unbroken succession of shots, directed particularly at the fort, which was embowered in a grove of cocoa-nut and other trees; and the long thirty-two and forty-two pound cannonades spoke loud and long, and rebukingly, as their thunder rolled over the bay, and the echoes repeated their voice from the mountain-side, and died away in deeper and later tones, far back in the defile of mountains, which raise their double tier inwalling an almost concealed ravine, as their ranges stretch south and west. The quick reports of the raking shot came back distinct and clear, as they drove their way into the fort, or sent up the clouds of dust as they riddled the bamboo-houses, and scattered the splinters of buildings of firmer materials, or, point-blank, drove against the cocoa-nut tree, riving it in pieces, and sending up a spiral column of smoke, as if it were curling in a pure blue cloud above the green foliage from a newly lighted fire of some mountain-side cabin.

The cannonading from both ships now continued, by successions of round, and canister, and grape-shot—the heavy balls at times striking the water near the shore, and by ricochet, apparently doing the greater destruction, as crash succeeded crash, while the missile, in its lower passage, felt its way across the little peninsula through the town, and finally went on its course of dalliance over the sheet of water which washes the opposite of the point. Again, some of the shot passing higher than the rest, reached quite beyond the peninsula, to the mountain-side; and their concussion with the hills sent back a reverberating crash, which told the desperate rencounter; and throughout the embowered town, as I gazed from the mizzen-top, the falling bough and felled tree, and cracking and smoking roof, were seen, now together and now separately, tumbling in their destruction, while, at other times, a straggling shot sent up its cloud of sand, as it bored its way into the beach, which throws its lip of gold around the edge of the little bay, dividing the rim of the light-blue of the sea-water from the deep-green of the ever-verdant and luxuriant foliage of the trees that em-

bower the whole line of the beautiful shore. And the rolling volumes of smoke, driving from the heated mouths of the cannon, were borne away by the sea-breeze, which was now beginning to set gently in, and curled the piles of smoke against the mountain-side, which stood in all its beauty, untarnished and lovely, and smiling while all was devastation and anger, and frowning displeasure, on the level below.

A silence for a moment succeeded. The divisions for landing were now called away. A few blasts upon the clear bugle summoned the boats to be manned. A like order was conveyed to the Adams; while the large guns of both ships were continuing their fire, as often as the remaining men could load and discharge their pieces. The starboard sides of the ships had been sprung to bear upon the shore, and the boats were soon manned, as they lay along the opposite side of the ships, unseen by any enemy that might be awaiting the landing of any force from the two vessels. The single guns continued to open their fire upon the forts and town during the manning of the boats. The launch and four cutters, crowded with two hundred and fifty men, were now ready to shove off from the frigate. They lingered a moment, with their oars pointed ready to fall, while silence once more, and profound, prevailed. The Commodore, from the side-steps, contemplated the heroic little force, ready and eager to peril life if dangers were to be encountered by the expedition.

"You have been desirous," he said, "to have an opportunity to land, on an expedition like the one which is now offered you. I have the fullest confidence in your success. Burn and destroy the town, and put to death all men whom you may find bearing arms, and by no means injure the unarmed and the yielding. Gentlemen," he added to the officers, "I wish you success, and shall expect your return to the ship in one hour and a half."

The boats now pulled for the Adams, whose five boats were as instantly directing their way to the beach, the moment they saw our own put off from the side of the Columbia.

It was a beautiful sight, those ten boats, crowded by

armed sailors and marines, their guns pointed with bayonets, or their hands bristling with pikes, with pistols in their belts and cutlasses at their sides. It would have been no small force which could have successfully met that gallant little band, flushed as they now were on their virgin adventure in arms. Not one of those officers now in those boats had engaged in the discharge of hostile guns with destructive intent till within these few days, at Kwala Batu, and now at Muckie. And the young pulse of every officer was beating for the occasion, (however much and deeply they regretted the necessity of the present action.) to show their daring on an expedition, which none could divine should not prove destructive to many of their number. Yet, the silence of death which had prevailed throughout the doomed town—no gun having been fired from the fort, nor man nor living soul been seen during the bombardment, save one solitary being, venturing beyond his fellows to gaze from his nook—gave encouragement that the thousand and probably more inhabitants of the town had retired to the mountain; and the devastating shot—the round, and canister, and grape, which whistled in vengeance through the groves and dwellings throughout the town, would have made it madness for one to have remained. And yet there might be an ambush, although the ground was unfavorable, and every thing contributing to favor the operation of our forces. The guns of the two ships continued to throw their shot to the left of the boats while pulling to the shore, rendering it destructive for any foe to attempt to oppose their landing. It was a wide strand on which the divisions immediately formed, and without delay advanced, in order, to the nearest point, to fire the buildings of the town.

I had watched with excited interest the cannonading, from the mizzen-top, looking far into the town, and over it, to the adjacent bay, marking the falling of the boughs, the dust rising in clouds as the shot riddled the roofs and sides of the buildings, or chafing the trunks of the cocoanut and other trees, or riving them from their stems. But the interest had now deepened in increased intensity The divisions were on their advance; and if resistance

were to be made, the moment had arrived. All was distinctly seen from the ship, left like a deserted hall, where no step nor voice was longer heard, but where half a thousand a moment before were moving. I could distinguish the officers of the different divisions on the beach; and the well-known voices of the First and Third Lieutenants occasionally came over the little sheet of water, and their orders distinctly understood.

Captain Wyman, of the Adams, commanded the expedition. The divisions had advanced to the range of buildings stretching along the beach, with a diverging angle from the water-side; and the "pioneers," under Acting-Master Jenkins, attached to the first division, were seen making a wider breach in the nearest range of the bazaar-houses; while the marines, under Lieutenant Baker, advanced to the neighboring fort, to examine and carry it. It had already been deserted. The guns were spiked, and Lieutenant Pennock ordered temporarily to hold it. In a moment more a smoke was seen curling up from the adjacent building on the right of the effected passage-way, now in its thin blue layers, than yet more dense, and now the flame streamed high above the thatched roof, declaring that the town was fired. Three or four more buildings of the same line of houses, ranged with interlocking roofs, and forming a regular street in front in a moment more sent up their separate sheets of flame; and the resistless element, kindled by port-fires and torches, under the direction of Lieutenant Magruder, gave forth the glare of lurid volumes, rising high and spreading wide, and blending together their expanding sheet, which now extended in rapid and destructive volumes down the line of the bazaars.

Each division had been amply supplied with torches and port-fires. From this point they took their different courses to carry the remaining forts, and to fire the remaining sections of the town. Lieutenant Turk led on his division through the northwestern range of houses, applying the torch and the port-fire as he advanced, till he reached a considerable stream of water, where a number of valuable proas, of larger and smaller dimensions, were found moored and grounded. These and lesser

craft, in considerable numbers, and with their contents, were soon sending up their complement of flames to mingle in the general conflagration. The division was in time, on its return, to assist in case of necessity in carrying the fort on the point, to which the second division, under Lieutenant Turner, after effecting the firing of its portion of the town, with the other forces, had collected. The fort, like the rest, had been deserted; its guns were soon spiked, thrown from their position, and the flames were soon enveloping it.

The town now exhibited one scene of extended and extending ruins. The light and dry bamboo buildings burned like stubble; and the better houses added intensity and continuance to the devouring element. Flame mingled with flame, as the opposite currents converged. The dark columns of smoke rolled high in the rarefied air, and the long and seared leaf of the cocoa-nut, and the crimped foliage of other thickly embowering trees, added to the general mass of fuel; while the spiral sheet of fire wound up the stem and shot through the branches and overtopped the highest trees. The very heat seemed to reach me in the mizzen-top, while the loud cracking of the green foliage, and the splitting of the tall and thick bamboo, in the general roar and loud cracking of a vast and extending conflagration, came distinctly and clear to the ear. The forked and ambient and towering flames mingling with the dark and floating columns of smoke, now possessed the entire town, and all was within the full view of our ships. It was a scene of grandeur in destruction to be looked at with profound interest, while pity, blended with a sense of just displeasure, rose in the bosom, as the eye contemplated the extended devastation. It was a spectacle of grandeur as beheld in the day-time—its magnificence and sublimity could not be described as it would have gleamed, in its terror and illumination, in the night.

Such was the scene of the burning town, when the different divisions had all gathered upon the point, in open view of our frigate. The destruction was complete. The bamboo-bazaars were melting fast to the ground—the better houses crumbling slower but surely, and with intenser

heat. The five forts were in flames. Their guns, twenty-one in number, had been spiked, and thrown from their positions. The flames were yet in the tops of the tall cocoa-nut, the towering and thick bamboo, and other trees. It was a moment of triumph to this little host, having completed their work without the firing of a gun. And it showed the daring and the determination of a gallant band of American sailors on a foreign strand, ten thousand miles from their home. And well they might exult, at the moment, in view of the horrors which might have awaited them. But hark! the report of a cannon now boomed loud on the air. It was one of the guns of the forts, which had been spiked, and was discharged by the burning element which was now raging over it. Again, three cheers came over the water, clear and distinct, as their huzza and the swinging of their hats declared their complete success. The bugle now sounded the retreat in the tune of "Yankee Doodle," of olden and revolutionary associations; and "Hail Columbia" attended their disembarkation.

The divisions reached their separate ships in safety; and their return was greeted with a cordial welcome. The heart of the Commodore unbent itself in generous feelings, as his solicitude was relieved by the return of every man to the ship who had left it.

Captain Wyman, of the John Adams, an officer of great coolness, judgment, and gallantry, led the expedition; whose report to the Commodore, entering into the particulars of the action of the divisions, and specifying the names of the officers from both ships, is here given.

"United States Ship John Adams,
Off Muckie, Island of Sumatra, Jan. 1st, 1839

"Sir,—

"In execution of your order to me for the entire destruction of the town of Muckie, I this day landed on the beach at the head of the harbor, and about one hundred and fifty yards from the town, with six divisions of small arms, men, and marines, consisting of three hundred and twenty men, detailed for the service from the squadron under your command.

"Upon getting on shore, the different divisions were, together with the marines, immediately formed by their respective commanding officers, when all moved forward for Muckie, which was entered about half-past twelve, in the afternoon; and by two o'clock the town was in our possession. Five forts were taken without opposition, and the guns found therein, to the number of twenty-one, spiked and thrown over the parapet into the ditch—the forts set fire to and entirely demolished. The town, at the same time, was set on fire in numerous places, which was entirely consumed, together with all the property in and near the place—consisting of proas, coasting craft, and boats of various sizes and descriptions, and the rigging, yards, &c., &c., found on shore, belonging thereto, were destroyed in the general conflagration; and upon embarking, nothing remained visible to the eye but the ashes covering the smoking ruins, upon the site on which the town of Muckie and the forts once stood.

"The zealous and gallant bearing of the officers, and the efficient discipline manifested in the men by the prompt and firm manner with which every order was obeyed, met my unqualified approbation; and I am certain, that, had there been more for them to accomplish, more would have been done; and, in my opinion, it only required a steady opposition on the part of our enemies, for which they had ample resources, to have rendered this, to us, a brilliant little affair.

"I am much gratified, however, to inform you, that the object of our landing was completely attained, and the several divisions, including the marines, returned on board their respective ships without the loss of a man.

"I enclose herewith a list of the names of the officers of the squadron, who landed with, and belonged to, the expedition, and those who had charge of the boats on that service.

"I have the honor to remain, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

T. W. Wyman,

"Commander, and commanding officer of the expedition.

"To Commodore George C. Read,
Commanding East India Squadron, off Muckie."

Commander T. W. Wyman, *commanding the expedition.*

Purser D. Fauntleroy,
Passed Mid. E. C. Ward,
Midshipman John Quincy Adams,
Midshipman J. M. Wainwright,
Midshipman Robert S. Morris,
} *Aids to the Commander*

(*From the Columbia.*)

Lieutenant George A. Magruder, First Lieutenant of the U. S Frigate Columbia, commanding the first division.
Lieutenant John W. Turk, commanding the second division.
Lieutenant Thomas Turner, commanding the third division.
Acting Lieutenant A. M. Pennock, commanding the fourth division.

Acting Master E. Jenkins,
Passed Mid. D. Ross Crawford,
Midshipmen C. St. G. Noland, Barney, C. R. Smith, C. Sincler, W. W. Green, J. L. Toomer, and Fauntleroy,
} *Attached to Divisions.*

Passed Midshipman James McCormick,
Midshipman Edward Donaldson,
Midshipman Fitzgerald,
} *In charge of the boats.*

J. Henshaw Belcher, Prof. of Math.,
Benjamin Crow, Sailmaker,
} *Acting as marines.*

(*From the John Adams.*)

FIRST DIVISION.

Lieutenant E. R. Thompson,
Acting Lieutenant Joseph W. Revere,
Midshipman John N. Hixon.

SECOND DIVISION.

Lieutenant George Minor,
Acting Master Robert B. Pegram,
Midshipman Robert H. Wyman.

In charge of boats.

Midshipman James H. Spotts,
Midshipman Charles T. Crocker,
Midshipman William K. Thompson.

SOO-SOO.

The ships warped out during the evening after the burning of Muckie further into the offing, and at daylight in the morning, weighed anchors for Soo-Soo.

The ships reached Soo-Soo towards evening of the same day of their sailing from the harbor of Muckie. The boats commenced watering the next morning, and hundreds of the natives gathered on the banks of the little river, where our boats were filling their breakers, all armed with their peculiar weapons. Our own men wear a cutlass, and the boats' crews have their pistols and muskets in readiness, in case of any treachery. The marines are stationed to keep a space sufficiently clear for the convenience of the watering party, and to prevent any sudden attack upon our men.

While our ships have been thus engaged for the two last days, within sight of Kwala Batu and surrounded by the natives of Soo-Soo, the priests of Soo-Soo have been engaged with the Achin Rajah of Kwala Batu, and have come from him with overtures to the Commodore. The Rajah dreads a further bombardment of his town, after we shall have filled up our water. The amount of the overture is, to give Commodore Read a written obligation to pay to the owners of the ship Eclipse, one year from this time, two thousand dollars, the amount said to have been conveyed to Kwala Batu, by the pirate residing there, provided the Commodore will make peace with him, and abstain from further annoying his town. Commodore Read accepts this overture of Po Chute Abdullah, and has exchanged with him for his written obligation, the following document:

"United States Frigate Columbia,
Off Soo-Soo, Jan. 5, 1839.

"I hereby certify that Po Chute Abdullah, the Rajah of Kwala Batu, has given me a note of obligation to pay the amount of two thousand dollars, in twelve months from this date, to the commander of any vessel of war or merchantman who may present the same when it becomes due.

"As this may appear to be a transaction of some peculiarity, the following explanation may be necessary. These are the facts: On the 23d of December, 1838, the frigate Columbia and the sloop of war John Adams were hauled as close in to the forts and town as they could be

with safety, for the purpose of compelling, if practicable, the delivering up of one of the pirates, who was residing at Kwala Batu, and known to be one of the twelve men engaged in the murder and robbery committed on board the American ship Eclipse of Salem. Some time was consumed in negotiation, and the Rajah of Kwala Batu at first promised to deliver up the pirate, but afterwards professed his inability to do so. I therefore deemed it necessary to fire a few broadsides, to bring the Rajah, if possible, to a sense of justice. This, however, at the moment, did not seem to have the desired effect. On my return from Muckie, however, after the destruction of that town, the Rajah of Kwala Batu was induced to pledge himself, that if I would not return to his town for the purpose of annoying him, he would pay the owners of the ship Eclipse two thousand dollars, the amount said to have been conveyed by the pirate to Kwala Batu, on demand, one year from this date.

"GEORGE C. READ,
"Commanding U. S. Naval Force in the Indian Seas."

The Rajah of Kwala Batu has played a politic game; and we have done the best thing practicable for ourselves. Po Chute Abdullah, doubtless, anticipates an increase of trade by the destruction of Muckie, and will be able to meet his engagement by the imposts he will lay upon the pepper exported from his own place; and the people thus reimburse the money which the Rajah declares was distributed generally among them. The trade will continue uninterrupted, and the people have gained the second lesson, demonstrating that the American Government has the power to punish, and is determined to inflict a chastisement on the towns of this coast if their dealings henceforth be otherwise than honest and honorable in their intercourse with our merchant vessels.

TALKS WITH THE RAJAHS OF SOO-SOO.

An interview with the Rajahs of Soo-Soo has been had by the Commodore, on shore, since our arrival this second time off Soo-Soo, and the town generally examined. And

though it appears that there can be no doubt that four of the robbers and murderers have taken refuge at Soo-Soo, and brought part of the money here, yet they will not be given up, nor will the Rajahs be able to pay any amount which may be demanded of them. To destroy their town would be a thing practicable, if deemed best in the probable influence upon the people towards the American traders on the coast. They, however, have had a demonstration of the power of our ships, and of our purposes both at Kwala Batu and at Muckie, which are situated one on each side of them; and clemency shown to them must be taken as such, in view of what they have seen inflicted upon others, and what has been fearfully apprehended by themselves. Besides, we owe, as it is supposed, something to Po Adam. Soo-Soo is his place of residence, and it is believed that its destruction would involve him in ruin, and probably expose his life to be taken on our leaving the coast. The Rajahs at first promised fairly. But, finding themselves unable to fulfil their engagements, they retired mostly from the place, expecting it to be attacked after the cannonading of Kwala Batu, notwithstanding their white flags were waving in the tops of the bamboo clusters immediately after our guns began to play upon the forts of Kwala Batu. Contrary to their expectation, however, we left for Muckie—destroyed that place, and returned to our present anchorage ground, nearer in to the shore than when we first anchored off the neighboring town of Kwala Batu.

It is known that the Rajahs of Soo-Soo, and most of the people, have again returned to their houses. "The women," Po Adam says, "cry, and the men too when the big ships come again." But the Rajahs professed the continuance of their friendship—have suffered the party to water without molesting them, while one or two hundred of their armed men have been collected on the beach nearly the whole three days during which our boats have been bringing off water to the ships.

To-day, according to previous arrangement, the Commodore and Captain Wyman, whom I accompanied, went to meet the Rajahs. There are four in number, having

authority in the town; and they were to be gathered at Po Adam's house.

The Commodore's gig led the way around a reef of coral rocks, over which the breakers dash their white foam; and followed by Captain Wyman's boat, we entered over a sand-bar into the mouth of a beautiful little stream, which empties into the sea, as most of the rivers of the island do, by a curve, when they have nearly reached the beach. The surf of the sea produces an embankment, which forces the rivulet to course for a short distance parallel with the sea-shore; but ere long the stream, gliding obliquely and silverly along, mingles its tide from the green mountains with the deep waters of the blue seas. Our men sprang from the boat as we struck the bar, and bore it steadily forward as a few inrolling breakers swept us over the shoal without delay or danger; and then we glided up the little sylvan way of the narrow stream some yards to a landing point, on the grounds of Po Adam.

Could an American of the north have been conveyed suddenly from his home and placed where we stood as we stepped from the boat, he would have been in ecstasy, if he had any susceptibility to the beauty of nature. The stream was almost embowered by the leaves of the palm, graceful and fan-like, curving over their half circle of gorgeous foliage in their place, and blending with the tall trunks of the cocoa-nut tree, spreading its top like an umbrella upon a pole, but Asiatic and picturesque beyond description in its effect; while the bay-tree, and the banana, and the forest giant, and their lesser and more graceful associates, with the tall and luxurious bamboo everywhere softening the scene, surrounded us.

As our boat came suddenly to the green bank of this little stream, we surprised one of Po Adam's young wives, with her shawl thrown from off her shoulders, leaving her breast and gracefully curved amber arms uncovered, while she seemed like some water nymph just escaping from the stream where she had been bathing. A small dish of fish nicely dressed declared the errand of the Naiad. She was quite pretty, with the exception of the nose—a feature, which the Malays insist on flattening. A nose as wide as it is long is regarded by them as nearly the perfection

of beauty, as it is a perfect square. But nature, in this instance of Po Adam's youngest espoused, resolved not to resign all her rights of sovereignty; and in some other instances I have seen native women of this place who possessed a share of feminine softness, and that species of beauty which consists in the rotund Egyptian style of feature.

A narrow path led us through a beautiful green field of rice, surrounded by a range of banana-trees, contrasting with their light yellow green and wide-spreading leaves, with the deeper green of the bay and cocoa-nut and the palm. We reached the house of Po Adam, surrounded by a bamboo fence, which included several other buildings occupied by his men and friends.

We drank of tke cocoa-nuts, which were brought us; and soon two of the Rajahs, the principal two of the place, were present, with their seals, ready to place their impressions to the following document, which had been previously prepared.

AGREEMENT OF THE RAJAHS.

"We the Rajahs of Soo-Soo, for ourselves and the inhabitants of Soo-Soo on the west coast of Sumatra, sensibly affected by the clemency practised towards us, on the late visit of the frigate Columbia and the John Adams, do hereby pledge ourselves to suffer no American vessel to be molested hereafter, and by all means in our power to prevent all wicked designs for annoying or in any way injuring them.

"Should we ever hear of any plan being laid for the capture of an American vessel, we engage, forthwith, to give notice of the same to the commander or whoever may be on board said vessel, in time for them to prepare themselves for the defence of their lives and the protection of their property.

"And we do further pledge ourselves, that in case any piratical expedition should at any time hereafter be attempted, or successful plunder be committed upon any American vessel, and the plunderers should take refuge amongst us, we will secure their persons and the property

taken, in the best manner we can, and keep them until they can be delivered to the first vessel of war of the United States of America which shall arrive on the coast, or to any merchantman who shall be willing to take them to the United States for their trial. But we profess our utter inability to comply with the demand for the delivering up of the pirates, and the property belonging to the ship Eclipse —the pirates having fled from the place the moment it was known that the United States ships of war had come to Soo-Soo, for the purpose of securing them.

"In short, we promise to do all that lies in our power to cultivate the friendship of the United States, which we know to be our interest to preserve, and which we here solemnly pledge ourselves, henceforth, in every way, to endeavor to maintain.

"In testimony of these our desires and our solemn pledges, we hereto affix our several signatures and seals.

"Datu Bugah,
"Datu Bugenah,
"Datu Modah,
"Datu Umpate.

"To Commodore George C. Read, commanding the American ships of war, off Soo-Soo, January 8th, 1839."

The seals of the Rajahs were made of brass, cut with Arabic characters. The surface of the stamp, for such was its character, being an engraved brass plate, attached to a wooden handle, was now held over the flame of a cocoa-nut oil lamp, until the lamp-black, or the smoke of the lamp had well coated the surface of the seal, and the flame had heated it for the impression. One of the Rajahs, with a small weapon from his girdle, split a green beetel-nut; and with half of it the paper was moistened for the impression of the heated and blackened stamp. The heated seal was then applied, and left its dark ground on the sheet, with the Arabic letters containing the name of the Rajah in a relief of white.

The Rajahs, at the time, seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the transaction; but whether it will result in any restraint upon themselves or people, after our de-

parture from the coast, remains a problem which a short time only can evolve.

Two of the four Rajahs of Soo-Soo not being present when the principal ones affixed their seals to the preceding paper, it was proposed that the names of the other two should be appended to the instrument the succeeding day, in the presence of the Rajahs who had already signed it; and, accordingly, another interview for this purpose was fixed upon, to take place the succeeding morning.

RAMBLE.

I took a stroll from Po Adam's residence, embowered in all the variety of Asiatic fruit-trees, through several adjacent bamboo gates and bamboo enclosures, inwalling a cluster of some four or five houses in each area, alike shaded by the clustering trees. There are no streets through the town, but by-paths, to be threaded only by foot passengers—neither horses nor other animals being used here, either for the purpose of burden or tillage. While passing through one of these enclosures, I suddenly came upon a very respectable looking Malay, who was dandling in his arms an infant of two or three months of age, with its mother near. I felt that I had a secret to the hearts, even of savages, if such were before me, where they felt as much pleasure as these Malays exhibited in their countenances as they petted this rather interesting little urchin. They were parents, and this was their child. I approached them by surprise, and taking a vest button, with an eagle stamped upon it, I placed it to the neck of the little child, indicating that the mother, with a string, should make a necklace of it for the *piccaninny*. The mother received it with a mother's smile; and whistling kindly myself, as well as I knew how, (I have always abominated whistlers as invariably ill-bred men,) to please the little chubby, I passed on. But that would not do. The next moment I was seized by the arm, and I must wait a moment, as my captor indicated; and I had only turned, when I perceived this Malay mother waving from the verandah of the house, into which she had suddenly ascended by a step-ladder, a bundle of white grass, and I was begged by the movement

to accept it. I declined taking it, when the disappointed woman, in an instant, waved another and larger bundle from above me, with a kind smile that said, I would give you a more valuable present did we possess it. I at once recollected myself, and took two threads from the bundle, and winding it carefully, put it into my pocket, assuring them that this was enough as a specimen, and I would keep it, as a remembrance of the little Malayu and his parents. As I made another attempt to leave the grounds, they still insisted that I must delay, to take some cocoa-nuts. I had seen one of their slaves rush from the gate a moment before, and he now had returned with a large monkey; a line of great length being, in a small coil, attached to him. The monkey knew his business better than I could conjecture it, as the next moment he was seen ascending an immensely tall cocoa-nut tree, on the stem of which, fifty feet up, not a branch put out, and from the top of which the gracefully bending leaves, with their long stems, together formed an umbrella, as it were, to keep the water of the cocoa-nuts, which were clustering about the top of the trunk, from boiling in the hot sun, and preserving it cool and refreshing, to quench the thirst of the heated native.

Jacko was directed on which long stem of the branching leaf he should place himself, and the six cocoa-nuts he must select. The animal accomplished the whole of the command in a few moments, and the cocoa-nuts fell from the top. These were opened for me, and I partook of the acceptable beverage.

"Good-by, good-by, Malayu," I said, and again attempted to make my escape, but the kind hearts of this Malay couple begged that I would let the sailor who was accompanying me take for me a handsome game-cock, which had been caught in these few minutes, and which a slave was now holding for my acceptance. I begged that I might be excused, as the hour was already passed when I was to be with the Rajahs, and I would come and see them again to-morrow.

"Come, true," said the Malay, "and I will have a chi nam shell for you."

The succeeding morning, agreeably to the appointment

the four Rajahs were assembled, and the names of the other two were affixed to the letter of obligation, which they had mutually entered into, and addressed, as already copied, to Commodore Read. I accompanied Captain Wyman to the shore to witness the completion of this instrument. We then wandered through the town, the inhabitants having partially recovered from their apprehensions, though the women and the young children generally made the quickest speed possible to reach the verandahs of their bamboo houses as we passed. The Rajahs expressed a desire to visit the ship, and were invited to do so.

"Soo-Soo safe now," was added in their own style of a mongrel English; "we no fight now—we friends;" and, with an amicable shake of the hand and the drinking of the delicious water from the fresh cocoa-nuts, ended the interview.

TALK WITH PO KWALA.

Pulau Káyu is a fort which is situated on the point intermediate between Kwala Batu and Soo-Soo, little less than three miles distant from each, and the nearest point of land to our ships, as they are now moored a mile distant from the shore.

Po Adam formerly resided here, and gave us to suppose that he had the best right to the fort still, and is quite desirous that the Commodore should restore it to him. There would be no hesitation on the subject, could it be ascertained that his claims are just. But the representations of others declare that Po Adam always held Pulau Káyu as a tenant at will, and was displaced by the present Rajah or his father, in consequence of some commercial misunderstanding between him and Po Adam. The present Rajah of the place is Taku Yah-Housin, and a relative of Po Kwala, the Pedir Rajah of Kwala Batu.

Since our return from Muckie, Po Kwala has manifested the greatest desire to make peace with the Commodore. His fort at Kwala Batu was fired into by the John Adams, at the cannonading of that town, riddled and battered. He displayed during the whole time a white flag, and several messages to the Commodore were sent on board. But

it was the purpose of Commodore Read to hold no definite communication with this Rajah unless he came on board the Columbia. His fort was the one which opened on the boats of the Potomac as they were disembarking, after their landing and fight, when she was on this coast.

It was evident however that Po Kwala was unwilling to trust his person in the hands of the Americans until some treaty had been made, and presents of buffaloes and other testimonies of friendship had been accepted.

To-day, however, accompanied by Captain Silver, of the ship Sumatra, which has been lying outside of us for a day or two, I went on shore with Lieutenant Pennock to meet Po Kwala at Palau Káyu, the fort occupied by his kinsman. And the Rajah promised the captain a favorable contract, and would soon load his ship with pepper, if Commodore Read could be induced to make a treaty of peace with him.

We landed amidst a large number of men, bearing as usual their long blades and kríses. Po Nyah-heit met us and conducted us to the verandah, constituting the council-hall. It was a covered portico, elevated some feet from the ground, open on its three sides, and extending the whole length of the bamboo house. Cocoa-nuts, us usual, were brought fresh from the trees, which were now embowering us; and with their blades, always very sharp weapons, several of the men soon chipped off one end of the cocoa-nuts, and having laid the inner shell bare, they applied the point of their keen daggers to the soft part of the bowl containing the milk, and passed the refreshing goblet, nature's unperverted gift, to our acceptance. We drank of the cooling liquid, while the brother of Po Kwala, Po Nyah-heit, and the Rajah of Pulau Káyu occupied their conspicuous places on the council-mats, as their men surrounded the verandah.

"Why Po Kwala no come?" asked the captain, after the cocoa-nuts had been passed, in that style of language which the Malays use when attempting English.

"Po Kwala come soon—four men gone for Po Kwala," was the reply. Captain S. had seen the Rajah the evening previous, who assured him that he would meet any proposition that might be made the next morning, and would be

at the point to attend the council desired. But there is always great ceremony on the part of these Malay Rajahs, when they are to appear in council. Two or three sets of men are despatched, to let the Rajah know that his presence is desired, and his delay is generally measured for its length by the greater or less consideration with which he is held by his followers.

"Po Kwala no come yet—how much longer Po Kwala make, and Po Kwala come?" was again asked by Captain S., after another interval had passed, during which Po Nyah-heit had informed the captain that he esteemed me as his particular friend, thinking that I had served him in some two or three instances; and in a few moments more a small buffalo pranced along the end of the verandah, with a rope affixed to his head, by which it was tied to a cocoa-nut tree in front of the verandah. It was to be a present from Taku Yah-Housin, the chief of Palau Káyu, who was now sitting in the council.

Po Kwala not yet having reached the point, we took a stroll over the grounds and through the forts which constitute the location of Palau Káyu. The point is crowded with trees bearing a great variety of fruits, magnificent in their size and beautiful in their every variety of green foliage. The cocoa-nut tree is the first that attracts the eye; its stem rising boughless, high up, and terminating with long branching leaves, which curve over gracefully like an umbrella, at the junction of which with the stem, the fruit clusters at the head of the trunk of this peculiar tree. It would look too stiff and naked were it standing alone; but they stand in groves, and their naked stems are concealed more or less by the graceful palm, which serves this people as a building material in constructing their light houses, and entirely for their roofs. But the yet more graceful bamboo waves everywhere, blending its deep green and feathery top wherever nature would soften this otherwise harsh scenery of the East. The tamarind tree, and the mango, and the wide-leaf plantain, and banana, and nameless other trees are seen yielding to the hands of these indolent Malays the necessaries of life, and giving a luxuririance to the appearance of the country, which assures one what it might be in the hands of an intelligent and industrious people.

The principal fort is stronger than any other which I have seen on the coast, while they all seem to have but one model. An area is enclosed by a bamboo stockade, the bamboo often still growing, and thus lasting for a long period. Around this stockade a thick cluster of trees and briers soon form themselves, rendering a passage through the jungle or hedge thus formed almost impracticable to the native. On one corner of this area, or at the part where the best defence can be made, an outwork is raised, being the positions of the guns upon the mole. Between this elevation and the first enclosure is a space, and the passage from the first area over the stockade, to the outwork, is by ascending a flight of steps to a plank, leading from the large enclosure to the raised abutment, on which the guns are placed; and the plank is so disposed that in case a force should make their way into the stockaded enclosure, the plank can be raised like a drawbridge, and still impede the advancing party in their approach to the stronghold, the passage-way to which is usually defended by one of the mounted cannon.

It is wholly constructed for self-defence against any attacking party on land, and would afford a place of some security in the perpetually occurring feuds between the different clans and big men of the coast. They are of little consequence however in an attack made by an European or American force. The torch would soon render the place intolerable, and a few axes would open a passage in any part of it, while the gate itself would give way to a few blows from the sledge-hammer wielded by an arm of the muscular power of our blacksmith.

The guns of the forts are miserably mounted six-pounders. In the furthermost fort on the point, the guns had been buried; the Rajah fearing that we might land and spike them, or take them from their place. The spot where they had been covered for their preservation, was pointed out to us.

We returned to the verandah, but Po Kwala had not yet made his appearance, though we had been ashore for nearly two hours, and it was now nearly twelve o'clock.

"*Tell Po Nyah-heit and the others,*" I said to the interpreter, "*that we wait no longer. If Po Kwala wants to*

make talk he must come soon or not at all. To-day we are willing to talk with him, and we have no more talk after to-day."

"He come"—"he coming," added two or three voices, as they stretched their eye along the beach, to which they had before turned, marking out the point from which they expected him.

"Po Kwala wants to bring buffaloes—Po Kwala come some distance—Po Kwala come soon—true."

Po Nyah-heit had only listened to the interpretation of what was addressed to them, and marked the air of impatience and determination with which it had been spoken. He rose from his mat, retiring from the council, and put his head through a door, which led from the verandah. His call being replied to from within, he immediately entered. In a few moments he reappeared with seven followers, each having a cleaver in his right hand, a kris in his girdle, and a blunderbuss upon his left shoulder; and in a moment after was threading his way with his followers, in Indian file, along the beach.

"Po Nyah-heit make fight?" asked the Captain.

"Po Nyah-heit go for Po Kwala," was the reply.

A few moments more and they were lost to the sight around a neighboring point of land. One of his seven retainers who now followed him was a striking contrast to the rest. He was a tall Caffre, with high cheek-bones but long face, with a skin darker than the blackest night, and teeth of jet in contrast with the bright color of the inner surface of his large lips, which glowed deeper than the reddest enamel of a sea-conch. He wore a scarlet jacket, and a light turban twisted around a red skull-cap. One would pause and look three times before he advanced to meet such a figure, should he happen to cross his path; but his third look would assure him that his confronter was a coward, and would retreat after the first discharge of his blunderbuss, and postpone his murderous deeds to be done by stealth. This dark Caffre is evidently a favorite slave of Po Nyah-heit's, and once seen would always be remembered as one of Po Nyah-heit's train of followers.

"Po Kwala come," said one of the chiefs, as his eye

rested on two figures, winding their way back, though in the distance, on the beach.

"True?" asked the Captain, as he seemed himself to begin to fear that the Rajah's heart would fail him, having apprehended that some train might be laid for securing his person. In another moment a hundred more men doubled around the point, and left it certain that the two in advance were Po Nyah-heit and Po Kwala.

A single Malay entered the verandah and placed himself behind Captain S., apparently unobserved, and whispered low: "Captain Silver heart and Po Kwala heart one —the same. Po Kwala safe?" asked the solicitous Malay, who, with others, had evidently been sent ahead to make their observations and to report, if necessary.

It was evident that Po Kwala was now near; and in a moment more *two magnificent bullocks*, with their heads up and their horns sloping back almost to their hips, were led around the verandah, and exhibited themselves with a step that seemed to indicate that they were conscious of their superior blood and royal ownership.

"Beautiful creatures!" involuntarily escaped me, as I gazed on these sleek animals, round and plump as the finest prize ox that ever riband ornamented, and shining with as clean a coat of glossy hair as the finest groomed steed of a nobleman.

"Beautiful!" was re-echoed by another, and the snuffing and gentle creatures in their jet and fawn beauty, surpassing any thing I ever before saw of the bovine genus of animals, now passed by the verandah to the shade of the cocoa-nut trees, as Po Kwala came up from the beach and entered the council-chamber.

He was not that cut-throat looking individual which he had been represented to be. His person was rather small, his deportment more gentlemanly than any other Rajah's I have met with, with an unaffected air, which declared him to be of a family above the mass who surrounded him, though a little solicitude could occasionally be detected in the roll of his eye. His dark jacket was edged with lace, and a gold chinam box and nobs ornamented the silk handkerchief containing his beetel-nut, and thrown carelessly over his shoulders; while a richly mounted poniard with

a highly ornamental hilt and gold scabbard, studded his girdle.

He took his seat at the head of the verandah, and after the cocoa-nuts had passed around, the interpreter was directed to say that the Rajah had been expected on board last evening, but having delayed to visit the ship and yet expressing his earnest desire to make peace with the Commodore, we had come ashore to hold a talk with him. Was he ready to commence it?

The Rajah expressed his desire to hear what the Commodore had directed to be communicated.

"Tell the Rajah, Jones," (the name of our interpreter,) "that the Americans desire to be on friendly terms with the Rajahs and their people on the coast—that we do not desire to injure them, but to further the interests of both themselves and our people—that we desire a peaceful intercourse, but that we have come on the coast again to show that we have the power to protect our commerce and that we not only have the power but the determination to inflict chastisement upon those who commit acts of piracy against our traders, and on all who shelter them. We have now done so. Other vessels of war would be on the coast in due time, and if similar occurrences should take place to those which had befallen the Eclipse, the murderers and the robbers would be punished. It was expected by the Commodore, from all with whom he entered into an agreement of peace on the part of the United States, that they should engage most solemnly that they would do all in their power to prevent any further piracies on the coast—that in case any attack should be projected (it was hoped that there would never be another, but if there should be) and the Rajah should hear of it, he must at once give information to the captain and the hands on board the vessel; and if any of the pirates should take refuge in any Rajah's particular jurisdiction, he will apprehend them and retain them for the first man-of-war that afterwards comes on the coast. Would the Rajah solemnly pledge himself in these particulars, if the Commodore would treat with him?"

"The Rajah will pledge," was the reply.

Then tell the Rajah that we have here a paper which

embraces these particulars and pledges, to which it is required that he will affix his seal,—himself to retain a duplicate of the paper, as evidence of the pledges made. If any of his men understand English, they will be good enough to attend, and mark that the sentences are correctly interpreted.

The following paper was then interpreted, sentence by sentence, to the Rajah, a number of those around assenting audibly to the correspondence of the English with the sense of each sentence, as given in Malayu to the Rajah. The date of it was explained to him, as it had been prepared the last evening, in expectation of his coming off to the Columbia, to sign the paper.

"United States Frigate Columbia, off Soo-Soo,
"January 11th, 1839."

"Po Kwala, Pedir Rajah at Kwala Batu, having come on board of the Columbia with desires to make peace with the Government of the United States,

"HEREBY DECLARES, that henceforth he will use every effort, on his part, to assist the American ships which may be trading on the west coast of Sumatra, and bring all means in his power to suppress all piracies on the coast. And in case any designed robbery or attack upon any American vessel should be known to him, he will use his power to stop it, and give immediate information to the captain and all who may be on board, for their defence and protection.

"And should any of his men be guilty of the crime of piracy against an American vessel; or, should any pirates take refuge among his people, he pledges himself that they shall be punished by death, or given up to the Government of the United States for trial, on the demand of the commander of any armed United States vessel, or to the captain of any merchantman who may be willing to take them to the United States of America.

"In testimony of these feelings, Po Kwala hereto affixes his signature and seal."

Every word of this document was listened to with great attention, as it was interpreted sufficiently loud for the

large number of Po Kwala's men to hear, who had now crowded into the verandah and around its balustrade.

The Rajah took his seal to apply it to the instrument.

"We speak true—we have but one tongue, tell the Rajah—and ask him if he fully understands the paper as it has been interpreted."

"True—we understand," was the reply from the Rajah and several of his chief men; while a peal of thunder suddenly rolled loud and long above the verandah, telling the near approach of a gathering shower. The profound calm of a death-scene reigned, while the Rajah still held his seal.

"Tell the Rajah, that he hears the voice of Allah speaking above us. We do all in Allah's name. Ask if he pledges himself with equal solemnity and truth."

"True—in Allah's name I pledge," was the reply; and his seal was on the paper.

It was a striking coincidence, that solemn roll of thunder through the heavens at this moment, and every Malay suppressed his breath in the stillness that reigned. They are said to be greatly timid in a thunder-storm; and while witnessing the present scene, in their present circumstances, there must have been deepness added to the emotion of profound veneration that came over the spirit, as the voice of God was heard so audibly in his works.

The seal of the Rajah having been affixed, the instrument was witnessed by

Tuku Nyah-oussin,
Po Nyah-heit,
Tuku Nyah-ahlee,
Fitch W. Taylor, Chaplain U. S. Frigate Columbia;
Alexander Pennock, Act. Lieut. U. S. Frigate Columbia;
Peter Silver, Commander of ship Sumatra;
I. Henshaw Belcher, Prof. of Math. U. S. Fr. Columbia.

"We are now at peace, and hope we shall long be friends," it was said, as the two parties shook the hand of the other, in token of their future friendly purposes.

"Stay a moment," was the request of the Rajah, while he offered to the acceptance of the Commodore the two

magnificent bullocks that had been led past the verandah, and tendered another to Captain Silver.

They were accepted, and the Rajah invited to visit the ship. He placed himself in the boat with his brother, Po Nyah-heit, the Rajah of Pulau Káyu, and the boat pulled for the Columbia. I had ascended from the boat over the gangway to the deck of the frigate, and watched the Rajah as he descended the steps to the deck. His attendants had advanced before him. The Rajah, on reaching the highest step of the gangway, paused hesitatingly an instant, and then came down to the deck.

They visited the cabin, and paid their respects to the Commodore, who now affixed his signature to the instrument which had been signed by the Rajah. Having been shown over the ship, they left her again, doubtless duly impressed with our power—the Rajah expressing his high gratification and surprise, and desire to have an opportunity further to listen to the music—the bass-drum particularly attracting his attention.

And, should I judge from the Rajah's unwillingness to come on board until after the treaty was signed, and the buffaloes were accepted—and the little reluctance which seemed occasionally to affect him afterwards—and the doubt of security manifesting itself as he came over the gangway—I take it that his Rajahship was greatly happy when he found himself, with his head still on, once more safely on shore. The next day he would have visited the ship, but it rained in torrents; and the second morning after, at daylight, the ships were unmoored and again standing on their course at sea.

From the despatches of Commodore Read to the Secretary of the Navy, containing full accounts of the action of the squadron, on the west coast of Sumatra, I extract the following paragraphs, commendatory of the officers named, when alluding to the expedition at Muckie.

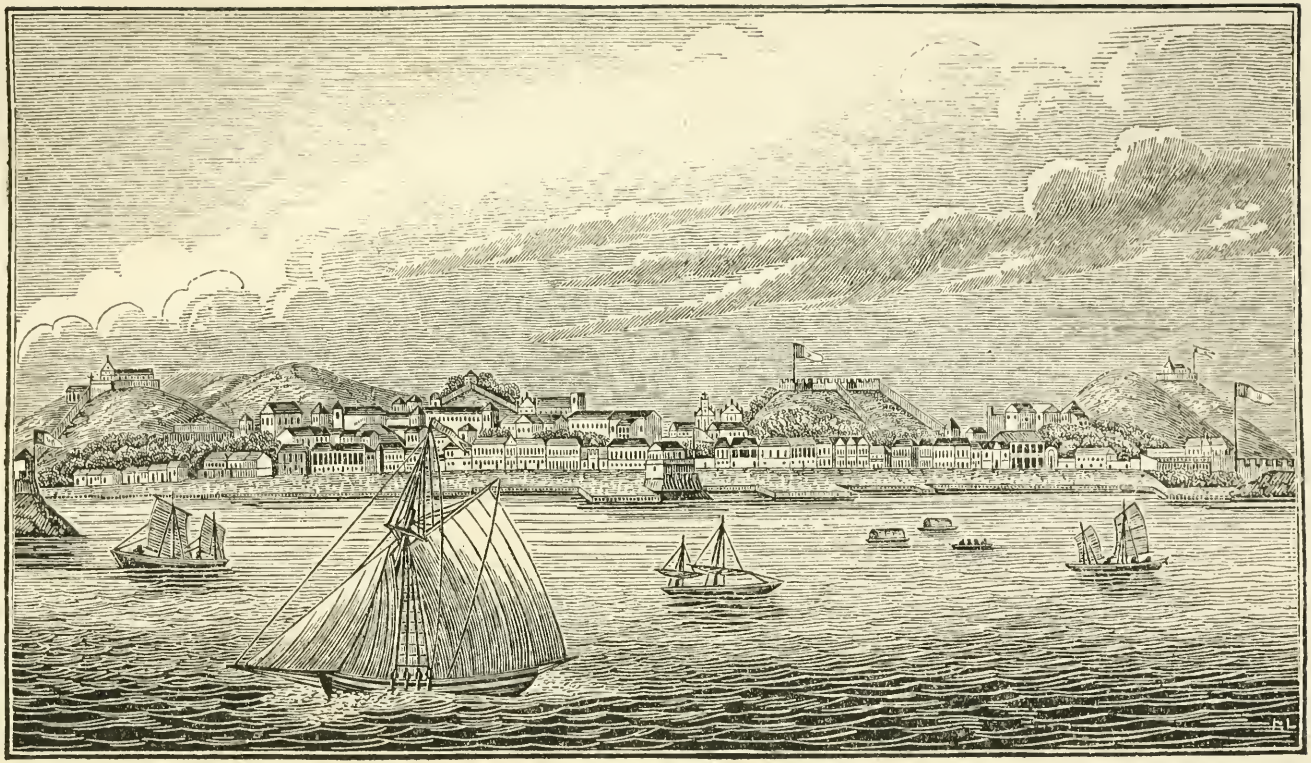
"For the performance and execution of this service, Commander T. W. Wyman exhibited a promptness and energy which could not be surpassed; and had an enemy appeared to oppose the advance of the party, his gallantry would have been conspicuous.

"To Lieutenant Magruder, executive officer of the Co-

lumbia, I feel much indebted for the good order and expedition with which the men from the Columbia were landed and led by him, and for the previous training they had received, the advantages of which were now apparent.

"Lieutenants Turk, Turner, and Pennock, merit my warm acknowledgments, as leaders of their separate divisions; and the conduct of Lieutenant Baker, who led the marines, deserves my unqualified approbation. Much was expected from the marines on the occasion, and much no doubt would have been done, had further proof of their skill and discipline been required.

"Acting Master Jenkins, Midshipmen Crawford, No land, Barney, Smith, Sincler, Green, Toomer, Fauntleroy, McCormick, and Donaldson; Mr. Belcher, Professor of Mathematics, Mr. Martin the Gunner, Mr. Crow the Sailmaker, were all embarked in this enterprise, and are spoken of in terms of praise by Commander Wyman, to whose report, sent herewith, I must refer you for the further particulars of this affair, and for the names of those officers who landed with him from the John Adams. He speaks in high terms of them all, and gives me every reason to believe that they merit my approbation and thanks."



MACAO.

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Reausous Glory.

THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA.

From an original Chinese Painting.

A

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,

AND VISITS TO

VARIOUS FOREIGN COUNTRIES,

IN THE

UNITED STATES FRIGATE COLUMBIA;

ATTENDED BY HER CONSORT

THE SLOOP OF WAR JOHN ADAMS,

AND COMMANDED BY

COMMODORE GEORGE C. READ.

ALSO INCLUDING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BOMBARDING AND FIRING OF THE TOWN OF MUCKIE, ON THE MALAY COAST, AND THE VISIT OF THE SHIPS TO CHINA DURING THE OPIUM DIFFICULTIES AT CANTON, AND CONFINEMENT OF THE FOREIGNERS IN THAT CITY

BY FITCH W. TAYLOR,
Chaplain to the Squadron.

VOL. II.

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A

VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

SECTION I.

PENANG.

Leaving the frigate, in a boat, while the ship is twenty miles distant from the shore. Dine with the Consular Agent. The Mangusteen. A night-sail.

Our ships doubled Achin Head, the northwestern end of the island of Sumatra, after a few days' passage from Soo-Soo, without incident, and arrived off Penang, Prince of Wales' Island. A boat was sent ashore, to convey the compliments of the Commodore to the Governor, and to obtain a pilot to conduct the Columbia through the straits of Malacca to Singapore.

Lieutenants Palmer and Jarvis, accompanied by myself, landed at the town, after a pull of five hours in one of the ship's boats, and over a distance of twenty miles. The distance was greater than supposed when we left the ship; and before we reached the shore, the highest truck of the Columbia had sunken in the distance, and was entirely lost to the eye. The broad folds of the American ensign were floating in front of the Consulate as our boat approached the town; and Mr. Reverly, our Consular Agent, was at the landing-place to meet us, to conduct us to his residence. We were pleased with the neatness presented by the green-coated area through which we passed, intersected by the public avenues, gravelled, and lined on either side by sluice-ways, for conducting the water from the grounds; and we had but a moment contemplated the air of neatness, comfort, and beauty which

the place presented to our first view, before we were wishing that it might be compatible with the duties of the squadron to delay a few days at this anchorage. But the scarcity of our stores requires that the ships, without further delay, should proceed to Singapore, where the first store-ship for our supply has been directed to meet us from the United States.

It was five o'clock P. M. when we reached Mr. Reverly's. A bountiful table, with the air of domestic comfort, was awaiting us; and we found ourselves agreeably entertained as we sat down to the acceptable repast, with Mr. R.'s family.

Among the fruits presented us at the table, was the mangusteen, (garcinia mangostana,) so invariably alluded to by all visiters to the Indies, as the choicest fruit which the earth produces.

"And this is the mangusteen of which we have heard so much, but which before I have not seen," I said to Mr. R. as the fruit-dish, containing fine specimens of the fruit, was passed to me. "And some days ago, when a gentleman, on whose left I was sitting, helped me to the delicious mango, he added, if you will pause a moment I will show you how to eat it. I doubt not you will be equally kind."

M. R. placed his knife upon the centre of the globulous fruit, and passing the instrument horizontally around it, raised one half of the thick rind from the other, leaving exposed to the view the beautifully white pulp of the fruit, resting in the other half of the bowl, in beautiful contrast with its brown covering. This inner globule of pulp is divided into four or five unequal parts, each enveloping its seed, but together forming a complete scalloped whole. You take these with your fork easily from the cup or the thick rind; and the mildly-acid pulp convinces you, that the mangusteen justly holds, for its richness and exquisite acido-dulcis taste, the first place among the delicious fruits of the East.

Another fruit yet more peculiar and nearly as delicious as the mangusteen, enriched the dessert. It had the appearance of a dish of immense oblong strawberries as they occupy the fruit-dish, but you wonder that they should be so large. As you take one, you find the external

coat bristled with elongated and flexible fibres; and cutting the red cuticle, it exposes a semi-translucent pulp resembling the grape, and enclosing its single oblong seed. This fruit is called the rambutan. Several were crowded upon my plate, together with the mangusteen, which last, with its severed rind, leaving the beautiful white pulp resting in one half of its brown cup, may remind one of the magnolia in its green calix, and suggest the idea that it holds its pride of place among the fruits of the Indies, as the magnolia grandiflora blooms the reigning queen in the kingdom of beautiful flowers. The doctor having whispered me, not to indulge in the eating of fruits when he heard of my intention to visit the shore, I refrained with admirable self-denial, as I thought, with such temptations before me.

Carriages were waiting us at the door, through the politeness of Mr. R., as we arose from the table, to give us a short drive through the town and into the country, along the beautiful and evergreen paths, which characterize all this region of the East, and rendered additionally lovely and commodious by art, which is ever the case wherever the English have planted themselves, whose hand beautifies whatever it touches.

We returned to Mr. R.'s to tea; and having spent the evening and been favored with music, which carried our associations far over the waters, we took our leave between eleven and twelve o'clock, with the expectation of spending the remaining part of the night upon the water. As our boat put to sea to find our ship, the land-breeze had just commenced to blow from the shore. Our sails were set, and the breeze strengthened, and the sea increased. We stood on our night-path, hoping in an hour or two to raise the ship in the direction we supposed her to be lying, presuming that she had not changed her position since we last saw her, when she had come to anchor, after standing to the northward some miles from where we had left her.

"Shall we have more wind, pilot?" was inquired by the officer, as the sails began to feel the pressure of the freshening breeze, so as to drive the boat with consider able velocity over the sea.

"A little more breeze," answered the pilot, who was placed upon his bag of traps, and now turned his eye as directed towards the north, where a cloud seemed to be deepening as the gleams of lightning occasionally shot horizontally across the dark field.

"Pilot, is there a prospect of more sea?" again asked the officer, after an interval, during which the wind continued to freshen and the waves to dash with greater force against our boat, as she bent to the impulse of the heavy air.

"A little more sea," replied the pilot mechanically, "but not more than the boat will stand."

"In the bows there—see you the ship yet?"

It was impossible to catch a glimpse of the naked spars in the dark distance, I well knew, although the watchful care of the officer strained his eye to find the first indication of the rising masts of the frigate, of which, we knew not yet, but that she had changed her position, and as we hoped had stood further in to meet us and to lessen our row.

The fair breeze however took us onward—every now and then some one of the look-outs expressing his belief that he saw the spars of the ship in the dim distance beyond us. But the awakened hope generally soon faded, as some tracery of cloud melted away and left the field again a blank and dark expanse.

The moon had emerged from a clouded heaven, while we had been standing on our course out to sea in our light barque, as the veil that had concealed moon and star threw aside its folds, and the silver path she now marked upon the water south of us held my own gaze, as I hoped the ship, if yet under way, might be discerned as she crossed this brilliant wake of the peerless moon. But we stood yet on our night-path without gaining a view of the object for which we were searching. More than three hours had passed, and we had been driving before the stiff breeze off the land.

"I say—the bows there!" cried the officer again, for more than the twentieth time. "See you not the ship there, a point on the weather bow? I know I see her," continued the positive officer, as he further directed the eyes of the look-outs.

"Ay—ay—sir! I see her," replied the sailor in the bows of the boat.

"Keep your eye on her then, sir," continued the officer, as he satisfied himself that he was not again deceived, while he traced the distant poles like three spindles, faintly lining themselves on the horizon. "I know she is there, and the Adams lies beside her—*by George*, they are there, both of them."

The Adams must have come up during the day, as she was not in sight at the time we left the Columbia in the morning. And now the moon, on her course, was already fast settling, and another half-hour she would be driving her chariot and peacocks beyond the rim of the dark sea. She had already, for more than an hour past, assumed the melancholy of the farewell, and an hour before we finally reached the ship, she dipped the wheels of her night-car in the furthest-seen wave beyond the Columbia.

I know not in nature a more melancholy object than the *setting moon*. And I shall never forget where I first saw it. It was from a stage-coach, at midnight, in a state far south, on my return from a tour to the southernmost part of our union. It was at a point where the coaches exchanged their passengers, and travellers from every point replenished the vehicle for its new course. The coach had been crowded, and one seat alone was unoccupied as I took it, at the window; and all seemed to wait for the morning light to develop the countenances of the party, before words were exchanged. And yet, so sad did that moon look that night, as in her full orb she settled behind the distant forests, I ventured to direct the eye of the lady-passenger, who sat in front of me, to the mournful object. I know not that this page will meet that eye, with which but few eyes I have since seen in this world could at all compare, for its loveliness of expression and color, as it opened in the morning's light; but should it, she will remember the incident, and the rescue that saved others besides herself from the perils of a grave in the deep. Reader, watch you the declining moon at the hour of her next midnight-setting, and tell me if it be not a sorrowful thing.

The second officer of the boat had now taken his look,

after we had approached still nearer to the ships, and re took his seat, satisfied that we were nearing her on the right course, as he added. in his own manner: "No mistake—she's there—yonder is her light now, all ahoy!

It had gone six bells, or was past three o'clock in the morning, as we ascended over the gangway of the good ship, and reported our return to the officer of the deck, a worthy young gentleman and officer of great merit, now pacing the still deck in the mid-watch, and doubtless, thinking of those he loved in—*Brooklyn.*

Our ships were early under way the next morning, and we are now standing on our course for Singapore. We have learned of the island of Singapore as a spot containing beauty of scenery, hospitality among its residents, and health in its atmosphere.

SECTION II.

SINGAPORE.

The Chinese junk. Beating into the harbor. American Missionaries and their prospects. Chinese at Singapore. The Moor-man's daughter. Fruits of the Malacca Straits. Pepper plantations. The nutmeg. Dine with the Scotch Missionaries. The Rev. Mr. White, English chaplain, and his family. An evening drive. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, Baptist Missionaries of Siam. Surprising a Siamese and a Chinese, by a development of their phrenological character. Siamese coins. Siamese dream-book. "The departure of the Missionary bride." Missionaries preach on board the Columbia. Services and communion on shore at the mission-room. Malay language. Translation of Po Chute Abdullah's agreement with Commodore Read. Also, of a letter from a Rajah of Muckie. Also, of Po Kwala's letter to Commodore Read. J. Balistier, Esq. and family. Society of Singapore. Mrs. Balistier's collection of shells. Sudden death of Mrs. Wooo, a young and interesting missionary. Her funeral. The burial-place of Stevens, a college class-mate of the author. Episcopal church at Singapore. The author preaches for the Rev. Mr. White. Courtesy of the English clergy in the East. Last visits, and drives, and adieus, and sunset at Singapore.

We anchored off the city of Singapore, February 5th, 1839, among the little fleet of vessels now lying near us.

Another change has come over the spirit of the scene. The Chinese junk has come down to meet us on neutral ground—a thing not to be forgotten after once seen, for its combinations of as many dissonant proportions in a specimen of naval architecture, as could well be assembled in a monster of ugliness. It is a thing to be drifted and blown before the wind from Canton to Singapore during the northeast monsoons, and back again, from a terrestrial adventure for trade, to its celestial home, when the wind, after a six months' blow, changes. These ghastly oddities of other ages, some thirty or forty in number, belonging to these celestials, lie some mile and more distant from us, nearer in shore than ourselves, and are seen gazing from their immense eyes, which are affixed to their bows designating the head otherwise unknown from the stern, each being equally broad, and equally high, and equally nondescript. In truth, a Chinese junk is just such a thing as a flat would be, or a *scow*, to use a New Englandism, were it to be increased in length and proportionably in breadth; and then, a little more rounded in the bottom, be built right up in the air for twenty feet; and then, extending from stern to bows on one side and bows to stern on the other, long horizontal ribs, to strengthen said junk. Then, paint the whole white outside, with a red eye on either bow as big as a full moon, and looking as much like the thing intended to be represented, as the face of the bright Dian resembles a green cheese. This eye is placed in its post, never to be closed, on the principle, "he have no eye, how can see?" The monster is a ponderous and heavy thing; spacious, to accommodate innumerable unenumerated trifles of these innumerable traders in nothings, as they would seem to the observant European; and in the view of all utility too, for they are gewgaws of distorted shapes and fragile mechanism, such as are found in American toy-shops for children, and which seem to be the very things which keep this nation, with all their greatest excellencies which can be enumerated, *a nation of grown children. The mind of man is measured by the objects of its employments.*

The appearance of the town of Singapore is picturesque. The hills of unequal elevations, and crowned with respect-

able dwelling houses, rise above the buildings located on the plain; and the relief of the green hill-side mellows the scene, in the too great absence of forest and ornamental trees; while the air of neatness, but newness, marks the *tout ensemble* of the panoramic view from the ship.

Our frigate beat up the narrow passage among the islands to the harbor, and made a number of tacks in full view of the town. The strong northeaster blew in our teeth; and the ship proved herself in every particular a superb vessel. All the officers were delighted with her action; and certainly she played her part like a thing of life, as she reached forth on her short tacks, buoyantly and true, never missing stays, and eating to the windward like a clipper, even while she tacked. The Columbia had not before been so faithfully tested as now, as to her properties and powers for beating to the windward. All deemed her, in this particular, the truest ship in which they had ever sailed.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES AT SINGAPORE.

On visiting the shore, I was happy to find, at this station, quite a number of the American missionaries: with them my sympathies lie. Besides the gentlemen and ladies regularly stationed here, some six or eight have taken up their temporary residence, with their brethren, at Singapore. This is owing to the circumstance, that the Dutch government of Java, with the sanction, it is supposed, of the mother country, who, with her buckskin breeches, etc., is ever one age behind the century of the times, have prohibited the missionaries from locating themselves at any other place in the Dutch East India dominions, save on the island of Borneo. And before they shall repair to this continent of an island, they are required to take an oath that they will engage in nothing tending to promote rebellion against this grandfather government. Part of the mission, therefore, are now at Singapore, waiting for an opportunity to go to Borneo,—two of their number having visited the island and found, according to their impressions, an opening for their labors. The results of the observations of these gentlemen are about being made known, in

a communication nearly ready to be sent to their friends in America.

Singapore presents an inviting position for a town, destined ere long to become of considerable extent, as the result of its fine commercial situation. While riding through its different sections, to wait on the several families of the mission, many of the houses already constructed presented themselves on a scale of spaciousness, and considerable elegance and taste in the adaptation of extensive verandahs and airy rooms to meet the circumstances of the climate, in wooing the sea-breeze from the ocean, and to court the land-zephyr from the groves of the nutmegs and the palms. Many of the sites of the residences are commanding, and the houses are very generally surrounded by spacious grounds.

I was not disappointed in finding interest in the characters of the missionaries and their wives. Some of them are young married couples; and in manners and person a number of these ladies strike you as most deserving of the interest they awaken. Why should a young woman, with the intelligence, manners, and person that would grace the halls of the noble as she moved among the elite of a court-levee, leave the happiest land in the world, and a circle of relatives and friends devoted to her, to seek a place among foreigners, and devote her life to the strange and dark people of eastern climes, who care not for the sympathies that are poured out in their behalf; and who, in a thousand instances, not only are not grateful, but positively unkind in the manifestation of their indifference to those who are lavishing their lives in furthering their best interests mentally, physically, and religiously? What, but a love which lies deeper in the soul than a worldly man can fathom, and which the opposers of missions could never dream of?—so far is it all beyond the experience of the prejudiced mind. Did I not think the action practicable, in its hoped-for results, as put forth by such self-sacrificing individuals, forsaking home and kindred, and devoting youth and maturer age, in labors difficult, and oftentimes sorrowful and disconsolate, I yet would look with an eye that should float in warm admiration and sympathy, on the generous sacrifices of such beautiful spirits, as are often

found among the missionary band. And merits not he the language of severity who can speak not only lightly but slightingly of such a class of citizens, who make the world the object of the swelling benevolence of their hearts, and even coarsely question sometimes the motives of such men and women, as if some sinister views had caused them to come over seas, and to forsake the home of their early associations for a life among a heathen people? I can forgive and forget a remark that is addressed with unkindness against myself. And I may forgive but I cannot forget the language of disparagement, used in dishonor of such men and such women as those of whom we are speaking, of whom, as to the character and the excellence of many of them, the world is unworthy. I take it as an evidence, than which none can be more conclusive, of the ill-breeding of an individual, however loud and frequent may be his own self-constituted claims to the chaste and pure feelings of the *true gentleman*, when I hear one indulging in sweeping remarks against such a class of persons, intelligent and deserving, and better bred than himself; and in most instances *better born*, both as to the respectability of their connections and the antiquity of their families.

I dined at the Rev. Mr. Doty's, and met Mr. and Mrs. Polhman, and Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Doty—having previously called on Mr. and Mrs. North and Mr. and Mrs. Youngblood, and afterwards drove to Mr. and Mrs. Ball's, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood's. Time did not admit of my extending my calls to the families of the Scotch mission. But in the evening, it being the first Monday of the month, I gladly consented to stay on shore sufficiently late to attend the monthly concert, which was to be held at the house of the Rev. Mr. Orr. I met, as the consequence, all the missionaries of the station, and others who are temporarily residing at Singapore. The large private hall was already lined by this company of missionaries, as I entered; and I am sure that I shall not forget the scene, as I contemplated their number, and carried back my thoughts to other days, when I had read of India missions, and now mused of the self-sacrifice of some whom I had known, and others whom I had learned to love for their gentle characters, and who had ended their lives in these

eastern lands. It was not among my young fancies that I should visit these regions, when, while yet a boy, I poured my tears upon the pages of the memoir of Harriet Newell, when reading her plaintive story, or while I turned the leaves that gave forth the breathings of the beautiful and classic spirit of Martyn. But, to-night it was my privilege to stand among this "chosen band," and to sit and commune with chosen spirits, and to kneel and blend my own feelings with theirs, in prayer to our common Lord.

I had thought much on the subject of missions since reaching the Indian seas. My heart had been depressed as I contemplated the barriers, which, like impassable bulwarks, seemed to rise, to debar the advance of Christian principles among the thousand casts of the people of the East. If they were an intelligent people—had they intellects capable of generalizing, drawing conclusions from just reasonings—could two in ten of their number read the books in their own language, when placed in their hands—indeed, were they any thing but a race who seem to have no other idea of life than securing *pice to buy curry with*, or to hoard up in their coffers this miserably *pitiful coin*, then there might be hopes for the enlightening of the mind now benighted on the grandest subjects which pertain to the best and the immortal being of the soul; and more immediate results might be expected from the efforts of the devoted missionary. In the present state of the heathen nations, however, there seemed to the mind, as we first entered these regions, no gleam of well-grounded and happy expectation, streaming in the horizon which skirts the vast expanse of the eastern continent and the isles of these oceans.

But the mind wrestles, when oppressed with disappointment, to gain relief from the burden; and in my own case, while revolving the circumstances of the eastern nations, as we have been passing them, and observing their customs, opinions, and habits, and apparent prospects in connection with their domestic, political, and religious destinies, with the missionary efforts among them, better and most consoling views have presented themselves; and even high-wrought expectation has possessed the mind,

when our views have extended on to the future result of the *present action*, and dwelled upon the causes tending to the ultimate success of the cause of missions, in the encircling of the globe in the light of the Christian religion. But it is not this generation which shall be thus illumined. The millions yet to come, who, compared with the present generation, are as the ocean to the drop, are the people who are to reap the advantages of the present action of these devoted men and their associates, throughout the world. Although not a thousand in ten thousand of the heathen can read the books of their native language; and though the people of this age are not to be the recipients of the greatest benefit of these labors, yet the action which is being put forth in the instruction of children, and the creating of Christian books in the different languages of the world, is the preparatory step. The children will be ashamed of the superstitions of their ancestors, when they contemplate them in contrast with the Christian religion. And as we look over the world, (a mere ball when viewed in its proportions of a diameter of but 8,000 miles, but a mighty earth when regarded as the residence-to-be of yet unborn millions of coming generations,) we find a band of faithful laborers engaged in the same instructions and with the same purposes, at almost every point of our globe. These points are comparatively near each other; and the influence of Christian nations is everywhere setting in from them, while the books are everywhere in every language prepared to spread the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Take, for illustration, the stations of the Mediterranean, not far even in miles from Hindoostan, with the intervening stations in Persia, and all along the coast, at the Cape of Good Hope, Bombay, Ceylon, Singapore, Siam, Chinese Empire, Pacific Isles, with the Christian shores of Europe and America. If we join these several points, we find the earth covered with a net-work of intersecting lines, which, from one to its neighboring point of intersection, is but a short distance even in miles. How, then, shall these points, like radiants, send forth their direct rays over the surface of the globe as ages advance! And how shall these influences, which result from the instruction of these thousands of children, and the increasing facilities

of communication between the points as the consequence of the extension of European and American intercourse, spread and produce convictions, under the higher influence of heaven, of the "truth as it is in Jesus Christ!" It is a bright belt that already spans the earth, more brilliant to the Christian's eye than the band of Saturn to the vision of the astronomer. And the men who are now laboring in the field of missions, at these different points, are the workmen, who shall not be ashamed of their labors when the accounts for eternity shall be made up. It is their early work which is to tell on the nations of the world in the advance of the sciences and improvements which are now making such rapid strides in the world, to encircle the earth in their blessings. And though they see not the present generation, in great numbers, embracing the system they are engaged in propagating, and are thus deprived of the consolation they otherwise would have, yet they are to be commended the more for their unwearied action in these preliminary and necessary steps of instruction to spread the gospel story, and for the universal diffusion of other books of wisdom and interest, leading to the one result of begetting in the preference of *the universal mind of the world* an acknowledgment and an embracing of the religion of the cross. Others shall come in their steps, and bless their memory, as they labor and see the greater ingathering of the nations, as the result of the preparations which the pioneers of missions shall have made; and the glorious results of the efforts of these self-denying and laboring disciples of Jesus Christ shall live to bless the earth, when they themselves shall long have been gathered to the unbenighted abodes of the happy dead.

CHINESE AT SINGAPORE.

During the week, several objects of interest have presented themselves to my observation. Singapore is filled with Chinese, and they seem to form the largest class of its inhabitants, while offering a new object for the study of the voyager around the world. Their dress is a pair of large trousers, varying in colors—some of black glazed

cotton, others of blue nankeen, and still others of white cambric. To this is added a frock or shirt, generally white, hanging loosely, some with sleeves, and others with no sleeves. Their shaven skulls, however, attract the attention as being most particularly characteristic with their long queu hanging down in its braid, and composed of the gathered hair growing in a circular patch, as large as the hand would cover, from the crown of the head. This braid falls nearly to the heels of the celestials, with their toes encased in their thick-soled and turn-up toed shoes. They pass with a quick step; and their loose sleeves and trousers flutter in the gale they create in their passage, with nothing upon their shaven heads but the tuft-knot upon the crown, and sometimes the long braid curled in a plait around it. Their heads are remarkably round, and their brows smooth, indicating ideality, but little powers of reasoning or locality. Of the defect in this last particular we have daily evidence, as our boats, in passing to the shore, drive into theirs, as if these celestials thought themselves intangible spirits, and manifest no kind of perception, apparently, that the boats are coming into contact, until the rencounter takes place, when they laugh with their little cocked eyes, as if it were all a good joke, should their boat chance to survive the contusion, and save their yellow skins from a desirable ablution—a thing not always their good fortune, as one of our boats has already emptied one Chinaman's crew into the sea, while the boat dipped herself to the full, as it gave way for the passage of the heavier body of the cutter.

All the eastern people are excessively fond of ornaments. I visited the house of a Moor-man to-day. He had accompanied me during the morning to examine some objects of curiosity; and having returned to his residence at the hour for dinner, he took me to an upper room, where were his attendants, and his young daughter, a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, quite pretty and smiling, and covered with ornaments. A red silk bodice encircled her chest, leaving her arms bare, and a loose robe of white cambric was carelessly wrapped around her body. I was curious to note the number of her jewels, as she came to me at the direction of her father, and gave me her little hand,

darker than a brunette's, with her clear nails reddened with a stain. Her ears were fringed with rings, twenty-one in number, covering the whole crown of the upper edges with golden fillagree. Two rubies gleamed, one on either side of the nose, being confined to their place by a screw, which penetrated through each nostril, and fastened inside the nostril by a knob affixed to the screw. Five bracelets of gold decorated her wrists, and seven rings graced her tapering fingers. Two heavy silver bracelets encircled her ebony ankles, and three silver thimbles encased as many of the young nymph's toes. She was the old man's only child, and her mother had died three months before.

I had thrown myself on the mat which had been spread for me, on a couch, while one of the slaves of the Moor flourished before me a sandal-wood fan, whose fringes, being moistened, gave out the rich odor of this precious wood.

In a few moments, curried rice, with chicken, was placed before me, and warm milk and fruits, while the dark-bearded Moor ate from a separate dish with his young daughter, on another couch, and occasionally manifested his affection for his child by patting the cheek of his pretty little girl.

While walking with this Moor, we met the Moorish priest, robed in his red and graceful costume, and white turban. He was a very graceful man in his *salam* and conversation. I told him that I should visit his mosque, and we parted. He sent to the frigate a present of oranges for me the succeeding day.

FRUITS OF THE STRAITS.

The fruits of the straits are not only almost innumerable for their variety, but exquisite for their richness and delicious flavor. A great variety is produced in Singapore and its neighborhood, but a still larger assemblage is gathered to the market here, from the surrounding islands and the Malacca coast. I have in my possession thirty or forty illustrations of the different fruits of the straits, well done in colors, by the interesting Chinese artist, employed by Sir Stamford Raffles; and most of

these fruits I have seen growing on the grounds about Singapore, since we arrived at this place.

I commence the specification of these fruits with the mangusteen, (garcinia mangostana of Linnæus,) as being the most delicate and delicious fruit of the Indies, and said to be, with the durian, peculiar to these regions of the Malacca peninsula. I first tasted it at Penang, as before described. And although I had heard so much of this fruit and anticipated something exceedingly rich, I found it equal to its reputation. It is a beautiful thing too when opened—the contrast between the white pulp and the roseate and scalloped capsule that encloses it. The flavor of the fruit is a most delicate dulcis acid, without the property of lusciousness. It is a drupe with a rind two eighths of an inch thick, and of the size of a common apple, and much resembling some dark-red species of that fruit—the rind being hard on the outside and soft and succulent within, the juicy property of which is an astringent. This external envelope encloses the scalloped and beautifully white pulp of several divisions, occasionally tinged with the royal purple; and the rich thing melts in the mouth, to the great acceptance of the gratified taste. The number of the relievo petals in the fanciful little forget-me-not on the end of the fruit, opposite the calix, tells the number of scallops into which the beautifully white pulp so richly encased is indented. It therefore would not be difficult to *guess* how many kernels the fruit contains, which make up the scalloped pulp, could one gain a slight view of the proper end of the fruit, before the rind is severed in half, for developing the secret. I have seen them vary from five to eight.

The durian (durio zibithinus) is another fruit, which no one will forget, after once tasting or smelling it; and few, at first, who are brought to the perception of its effluvia as it gives forth its strong fragrance, will desire to taste it. When the first, and I believe the only specimen of this species of fruit was introduced into the ward-room of the frigate, the steward was directed forthwith to bear it hence, and never to bring another. It was then deemed enough to smell the disgusting thing without tasting it. Not deeming myself an individual of very strong preju-

dices, and perhaps more curious than some others, I caused my *dubash* to bring me a fine specimen of this fruit, since our arrival here.

The natives are inordinately fond of it, and the European soon learns to love it among the most, if not the most, luxurious fruit of the East. The external appearance of the fruit is like the bread-fruit, though rougher and larger, yet smaller than the jack-fruit; the external rind of the three in appearance not being very dissimilar.

The fruit when ripe splits at the lesser end, and the rind being opened quite in two, exposes the white and luscious and cream-like pulp, placed in different pericarps within the rind, and covering a seed of the size of a large acorn, and of the color of a light chestnut. The soft pulp might easily be fancied to be cream itself, mingled with the condensed juice of a roasted onion, only supposing it of a consistency sufficient to adhere to the oblong seed which lies imbedded in the pasty substance. The taste, when one is divested of the idea of the unpleasant odor of the fruit, strikes you as being rich, and you think you could and most probably would become fond of it were you to eat it but a few times. And yet, it is so unlike all that you have associated with fruits, that you deem it some way a mistake of nature, and that it must be some manufactured thing, or at least should be classed as something that grew beneath the ground rather than above it.

The properties of this fruit are said to be beneficial in their action upon the system, though when eaten too abundantly are injuriously heating. They are a tonic, and otherwise congenial to the system. This fruit demands a higher price than any other in the markets. The tree producing the durian is large and lofty. The leaves are long and pointed, though small in comparison with the fruit. The flower grows in clusters from the stem of the tree and on the large branches. Its petals are five in number, of a yellowish white; and the stamina are arranged in five branches, and each branch containing about twelve stamina, and each stamen pointed with four antheræ. When the stamina and petals fall, the empalement resembles a fungus; and a shape, not unlike a Scot's bonnet.

The bread-fruit, (artocarpus incisa,) in external appearance is somewhat like the durian. When eaten, however, it is boiled, or roasted in the fire. The trees are seen here with the fruit in considerable quantities. The leaves of the tree are deeply indented like the fig, but they are larger.

The jack-fruit (artocarpus integrefolia, L.) is an immense thing, as it is sometimes seen pendent from the very stem of the tree, and growing directly out of the largest branches, and sometimes weighing fifty or sixty pounds. I first saw this fruit in the botanical garden near Rio de Janeiro; and it will always strike one, on his first observing the jack-fruit, as a thing of great peculiarity in the vegetable kingdom. Of this fruit I have never eaten. When it ripens a cloth is thrown over it, for the purpose of protecting the fruit from the birds; and yet it looks, in its green and rough and huge exterior, of a density sufficient to defend itself against the bills of the most daring of the feathery thieves. The kernels contained within the rough external coat (which, when roasted, are said to have the taste of chestnuts) are enclosed in a fleshy substance, rich, and eventually agreeable, after a few times eating it, but at first deemed too strong in smell and flavor. The yellow wood of this tree is much used in various ways, as timber, and for boards; and the root affords a dye.

The rambutan (nephelium lappaceum, L.) is a beautiful fruit, to which I have already alluded, as resembling the mammoth arbutus; and you suppose them at first, when at a little distance from you, a delicious dish of some tropical strawberry. But you find, on inquiring into the "particulars within" the outer coat, that there is concealed beneath the red and hairy covering a semi-transparent pulp, of a pleasant acid taste, enveloping a single oval and oblong seed. I know not but I am peculiar in my memory of the beautiful fruits of the straits, but none lingers in my recollection so sweetly, in its clustered beauties of the fruit-dish, as the bearded and rosy rambutan.

The custard-apple, (annona squamosa,) for its kindred taste, should have been placed next to the mangusteen. It is more luscious—rather, it is too much so to allow of

its being as freely eaten as the mangusteen or most other fruits. Like rich cream and strawberries, it soon satiates, while it is yet delicious. The fruit is an irregular cone, of the size of a medium quince, and more rotund. It is made up of lesser cones, with each its apex directed to a centre within, and each including a dark seed. The pulp is soft, constituting the whole of the fruit, excepting the seed and the irregular external coat. It is a very choice and delicate fruit. Its external color is green. The internal part is white. It is soft when ripe, and a slight pressure of the hand will crack it open, as a well-baked custard would fall to pieces on being turned from its cup.

The pomegranate (punica granatum) is a sub-acid fruit, delicious to a thirsty man, and acceptable to the fastidious, and gorgeous in its associations with ancient mention, and the rich crimson of its flowers. The fruit would much resemble, externally, the capsule of the poppy, were the poppy's seed-vessel as large as the pomegranate, which is the size of a quince. When the fruit is broken open it presents different layers of seeds, of the size of the seeds of the sun-flower, but of a clear and juicy substance, encasing the harder kernel. These seeds are sometimes red, and generally tinged with coloring matter varying from the pearly transparent to the deepest crimson. We found this fruit very fine at Muscat, and it exists in still greater perfection around the shores of the Mediterranean.

The pine-apples are in their perfection here. They are deliciously sweet, immense in their size, and abundant as is the miserable *pice*, of the currency; four of which, being equivalent to a penny, will purchase one of these luxurious cones. There is one variety more beautiful than I have elsewhere seen. A hedge of these, with their straw-colored leaves, I saw lining an extensive circular plot in the fruit-grounds of a friend whom I visited but yesterday. They would delight the eye, and yet more the taste, of some of my friends of New-York, could they eat them in the perfection in which they are served here.

The mango (mangifera indica) is a fruit, in its external appearance, resembling a small melon, but is a drupe of the plum kind, being three, four, and five inches in length, and two or three in diameter. At Colombo we found it

in its perfection; and there it is regarded as a choice variety among the different ornaments of the fruit-dish. The external color of the fruit is green; the internal pulp is a rich yellow, and adheres to the large seed as the cling-peach adheres to the stone.

The papaya, (carica papaja,) like the preceding in its external appearance, though larger and yellow when ripe, is like a smooth melon, not striking for its flavor, though a rich and healthy fruit. Its seeds are more peculiar, filling the internal long and scalloped cavity. They are of the size of a swollen mustard seed, and flavored like the water-cress. The pulp is a reddish and rich yellow.

The guava, (psidium pomiferum.) from which the rich jelly from the West Indies is made, is not very unlike a pear in its external appearance. The flavor, both in taste and to the smell, some are greatly pleased with, others dislike. To myself it is too strong and sickening, to be agreeable. The guava jelly, on the contrary, is a delicious sweet of agreeable flavors.

The blimbing (averrhoa carambola) is a peculiar, acid, pentagonal fruit. Its seeds are flat. It reminds you of a craw-fish, although nothing like it; only it looks somewhat strange, with its pentagonal ridges and green gooseberry-like color and transparency, to be hanging upon a tree as its real fruit. I remember first to have tasted it in a garden in Rio de Janeiro, South America, and it was very grateful, in its abundance of sub-acid juice, to the thirsty lip.

The lanseh is very like bunches of gooseberries in resemblance of external appearance, hung up on the branches of a large tree, and like that berry serve to make very good tarts, when well baked and properly sweetened; or rather, when properly sweetened and well baked.

The tamarind tree somewhat resembles the thorny locust, and the fruit hangs pendent like the pod of the honey-locust, and appears like bean-pods pendent from the boughs They are used by the natives among other acid ingredients, in making their curries.

The jambu (eugenia mallaccensis et aquea, of L.) is a beautiful thing—resembling the pear more than any thing else, save its own self, in shape, but less tapering at the

stalk—with a smooth and very fine skin, tinged with red, and deeper and lighter shades of the pink and the rose The handsome tree that produces it, is regular and conical in its shape, and its foliage of deep-green and pointed leaves. The fruit of one species is white inside, the other tinged with pink. Its smell and taste is of the flavor of roses. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the blossoms. The numerous stamina are long and of a pink color, exquisite and bright.

I might continue the list and description of the fruits, so numerous and varied, which are found in the Malacca countries, and to be purchased in the markets here, and most of them seen growing on the young plantations of the residents at Singapore. I shall however only enumerate the names of those so familiar to the eye of the North American, common to the tropics, and found in the markets from the West Indies.

The plantains are in their perfection here; the green variety is the best—the red, which we have not before seen, are very fine and most peculiar. The natives number some forty or fifty varieties, including the bananas, which are very fine flavored, and abundant as the lazy native population need desire to support their life of inactivity.

The best oranges of the market are brought from China, while the fruit grows in any abundance here when cultivated. The oranges brought here in the Chinese junks are extremely fine in their flavor, though they can but little compare with the magnificent fruit of the same genus, of Rio de Janeiro.

I might sooner have mentioned the sour-sop, a very agreeable fruit when perfectly ripe. I like to associate the time and the occasion of my first tasting these fruits, and the persons with whom they were partaken, with the memory and mention of the fruits themselves. The sour-sop is rather a large, green, and irregular conical fruit, with a rough external rind and a soft succulent pulp. The first of this fruit which I had seen, was a noble specimen of its kind; and when I had taken my leave of the family I was visiting, I found the said specimen of the sour-sop gently reposing on a little worked mat in my palanquin,

where it had been conveyed after I had mentioned that I had not before met with the fruit. A few days served to ripen it, as it reposed in its place on my bureau on shipboard; and the sour-sop itself and that little mat on which it reposed, shall serve often to recall my Scotch friends and their politeness.

Besides the abundance and great variety of fruits in the straits which are mostly being cultivated on the plantations in the neighborhood of Singapore, the pepper, coffee, nutmegs and cloves, are produced in great perfection and considerable quantities. The large plantation of Mr. Princeps, within a few minutes' ride of Singapore, includes in its spacious grounds of some hundred acres, all these varieties of productions and fruit-trees, though most of them are of but few years' growth.

The pepper plantations in the neighborhood of Singapore are cultivated principally by the Chinese. The vine is of the creeper kind, raising its knotted stem to twenty or thirty feet, unpruned, but generally kept down from ten to twelve feet in height, as producing more fruit thus than when suffered to reach a greater elevation. At each joint of the stem, the plant puts out its fibrous tendrils, which adhere to the prop, up which it climbs. Were the plant suffered to run upon the ground, these tendrils, as in the case of the strawberry vine, would shoot into the earth; but like the ivy, in such a case, would exhibit no fruit. The prop therefore is necessary to encourage the plant to throw out its bearing shoots. The leaves of the plant are deep green, heart-shaped and pointed, but they have not the pungent taste of the fruit. The stem of the pepper vine soon becomes woody, and in a few years acquires considerable thickness; some of the stems I have seen measuring at the foot of the stalk three or four inches in circumference. The branches are generally short, brittle, and readily separate at their union with the stem. The blossom of the plant is a small white flower, and the appearance of the fruit, as found in commerce, is universally known. On the vine, however, it hangs in long clusters of some thirty or fifty grains, each grain adhering to the stalk, resembling some kinds of the smallest wild grapes. The grain, while the fruit is young and after it

has reached its full size, is green in its color, but when ripe and in its perfection, is of a bright red color.

This plant is propagated by cuttings, which are generally placed, with their props either of large stakes or natural trees, some six feet apart, the vine commencing to bear after three years, and continuing to do so for several more. As soon as the berries begin to redden, the bunches are gathered, not waiting for all the corns to have changed, as by so doing the riper grains would fall from the bunch. The bunches being collected in baskets, are spread upon mats to dry in the sun. The changes in the weather have but little effect upon the berries to injure them, which soon, in their curing state, turn black and become shrivelled, as they are seen when prepared for transportation and for consumption throughout the world, as the black pepper of commerce.

The white pepper was formerly supposed to be a different species from the black, and esteemed to be the superior of the two, and a higher price was demanded and given for it. But it is the same article with the black pepper, having gone through a different operation in its curing. It is more mild; and the mode of preparing it is by putting the grains in baskets, into water—running water being preferred—the excavations for the purpose being made by the side of running streams, or else the pepper is put into stagnant water. This process causes the external coat to swell, after which, the grains being exposed to the sun, the exterior pellicle, by rubbing in the hands and winnowing, is separated from the other part. Whether, in fact, this is an improvement to this article, is a matter of dispute. The white pepper is to be regarded as superior in one particular at least. It is composed of the best grains of the bunch, as none but the full and well-ripened berries will make the white pepper. It evidently must lose some of its strength from exposure in the water; and though the white pepper has the advantage of the quality of the grains, the tegument of which it has been deprived is deemed to possess a flavor more aromatic than the heart though more pungent.

THE NUTMEG.

I conclude this brief description of some of the fruits of the straits, with the *beautiful nutmeg*, as it is seen growing in its place.

The tree that produces this aromatic and highly-valued article among the spices, is an evergreen of great beauty, conical in its shape, and reaching from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, with its branches thickly decorated with their polished deep-green leaves, like the foliage of the orange, rising quite from the ground to the top. The fruit, with its yellow external tegument, resembling a middling-sized pear, with a smooth skin, lies thick among this green foliage. When the fruit is ripe, the thick rind cracks open, so as to exhibit the beautiful white of the internal part of the rind in contrast with the deep-red mace which overlays the black shell containing the kernel or the nutmeg, as we have it in commerce. It is an exquisite thing as seen in this state. The shells which contain the kernels, or the nutmegs as we generally get them from the shops, are almost a jet polished black. Over this is woven in its interlacing threads, the mace of commerce. This dark of the shell and red of the mace in contrast with the beautiful white edges of the split rind and the yellow of the external tegument, form together the most beautiful specimen of nature's colorings and contrasts I have ever beheld, and is worthy of all the young fancies we have ever drawn of the beauty of the spice-tree. We thus see that the nutmeg and the mace of commerce are the product of the same tree. The leaf and the blossom are strongly aromatic, like the fruit. There are numerous plantations of this spice in the neighborhood of Singapore. But as yet they are young, and extending, the soil being deemed particularly appropriate for the growth of this valuable article. The government nutmeg-grove is perhaps the most extensive, or rather, at the present moment, is containing the largest number of well-grown trees; while other plantations of greater extent in the number of their young plants, have also a considerable number of bearing trees. While walking through the plantation of Mr. Princeps, the

servants, then gathering the nutmegs from the trees, (a daily work the year round,) informed us that they generally secured 400 ripe ones in a day. The produce of these plantations eventually will be very considerable, most of the gentlemen of Singapore having encouraged the growth of the nutmeg tree upon their country premises in the neighborhood of this beautifully situated town.

CALLS ON VARIOUS PERSONS.

Since the arrival of our ships at Singapore, I have several times called upon the missionary families, now resident at this place. On the 13th dined with Rev. Mr. A. Stronoch of the Scotch mission. Scotland and the Scots have always possessed an interest in my associations. The Scots however cease to please when they begin to forget their own highland and lowland associations, and manifest their preferences in commending the English, to the neglect of their own more peculiar characteristics. Were I a Scotchman I should never think of looking to England for a national or individual fame, on which to value myself, when a history so rich in story and a romance so storied in history were glowing before me of my own native Scotland.

There are two brothers here, who are attached to the London Missionary Society. They appear to be very worthy men, and their wives greatly esteemed. The ladies have just enough of the Scotch in their accent to render their conversation of deeper interest to me than it would have been without it. It reminds one that he is conversing with one of Scotia's daughters, from that land which we have learned to love for its intellect, and worth, and story, and song..

The Rev. Mr. White, the English chaplain at Singapore, is a gentleman of great mildness of character, and has the reputation of some cleverness in the natural sciences. He seems to be fond of them, at least. He is a Cambridge scholar, and all Cambridge students seem particularly fond of their alma mater. Indeed all the English chaplains whom I have met in the East, do credit to the service to which they are attached, so far as their

general intelligence is concerned, and in most instances have exhibited the practical effects of the principles of the religion which they teach, in their Christian action and pious lives. The chaplains in the Indian service are allowed to return home, at their pleasure, after having spent a certain number of years, and retire upon a pension of about two thousand dollars per annum during their lives, after leaving the service. Their salary while in the Indian service, in most instances, is five thousand dollars, and upwards, per annum. The residence occupied by the Rev. Mr. W. is a commanding one—the whole sheet of beautiful water, expanding itself in full view from the verandah, dotted over by the huge and nondescript Chinese junks—the Cochin-China yellow-sided war-ships, bearing the merchandise of the king—the yet better-looking ships of the king of Siam—the finer specimens of naval architecture, as seen in the French, English, and American merchantmen—and still further out and beyond them all, our own two gallant cruisers, in the beauty of their squared yards and tall spars, and graceful and perfect hamper, symmetry, and order, filling up the picture, and presenting to the view of the gazer a charming nautical scene.

All shipping lie moored by their anchors in these eastern ports—the surf and the exposure of the winds being too great to admit of the construction and use of docks. And beneath you, as you look from this residence, lie the crowded bazaars of the Chinese, and the Moor, and the Malay; while on the more distant plain and along the northern beach extend the better houses of the English and American residents. The hill-side, up which you wind to reach the prospect which I have described, is covered with the luxuriant and beautiful nutmeg grove, interspersed with the aracca palm and the banana, and other fruits of this tropical clime, with the shrubs and gaudy blossoms which give forth their bright colors but faint perfume to the moist and balmy air of the morning and evening, but intensely heated atmosphere of the noonday hour.

My visits to this amiable family have always been agreeable. Mrs. W. executes with taste on the pianoforte; and at different times has gratified me with a num-

ber of old specimens of Handel's composition. I am sure that most of the modern belles would have been surprised by the absence of most of the fashionable music of the day; and indeed I was almost ashamed of the tendency of my own inquiries, from habit, for the love ditties and "mamma's favorites" of the modern school. "Bid me discourse" carried me far over the seas, and recalled in gentle memories to my mind *somebody* who has sung it for me at home, with effect and with an indescribable and delightful thrill, which comes over the spirit when the soul of song awakes. And "The Pilot"—I remember how the same *somebody* told me that Miss G., who sings so sweetly, taught her to sing it. I love a cricket-singer, one who, in the simplicity of a young heart, seated on an ottoman at your side, on a winter's evening, when all is cheer and comfortable and still, and the coal-fire is burning, and a snow-storm without is raging, will look you kindly in the face; and with an eye floating in affection, sentiment, and artless nature, will give you the sweet song you desire—or the plaintive melody—and, perhaps, once and ever, as if some wild freak of witchery, unusual but natural when occurring, had come over her spirit, will sport with you in a laughing recitative. There is a charm of melody in the note of such, whose eyes melt in sorrow or dilate in joyousness, as the sentiment glows in the melancholy, or expresses emotions of the peaceful and the happy. And such is the note of *somebody;* and no vesper strain from deepest vault of Abbey, nor swell of chorus from fullest orchestra, nor softest music of the full band on the lake, at moonlight, ever threw such a spell upon the soul as the artless song of that dearly remembered *somebody.* You would not wish to conceal your tears when she sang for you "The Mistletoe Bough." And you would have thought that some simple and sweet rosy-cheeked milk-maid, who, in her fresh health and purity, sports free as the lark in the morning country-air, was at your side, as she had unaccountably become sad and pale as the lily that had drooped before some sudden blast, while she sang "Kathleen O'More." And then you would be aroused and surprised that so late an hour had come when she repeated the Scotch ditty,

"O they're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
O they're a' noddin at our house at hame."

And I remember how, and when, and where she has sung for me "The Pilot." And Mrs. W. repeated it, this evening, with feeling. And the words are worth more than the trouble of transcribing them here, but space forbids.

I was grateful to Mrs. W. for the music she gave me, as indeed I am for all real harmonies in these eastern regions, where music is almost unknown, or at least almost altogether neglected.

The evening ride, near sunset, is an agreeable pastime for an hour, and very generally indulged in by the residents of Singapore. In company with Mrs. White and my little pet, Mrs. W.'s "only and beautiful," I enjoyed the evening air at an hour so calm and balmy, when the wing of the zephyr is beginning to feel the pressure of the falling and sweet-scented dew. The Singapore rose, decorating the side-ways as you ride from town, is an abundant and beautiful shrub; and the rosa vincula everywhere through the streets meets the eye as a graceful and luxurious thing. Little B., my little pet alluded to, (God bless her,) was bare-footed; so comfortable did her little white feet and naked arms seem in this warm clime, encased in loose cambric ruffles. Innocence and flowers; how just and beautiful is the association!

Among the missionary families now resident at Singapore is the Rev. Mr. Davenport and lady, who are temporarily here from Siam, being attached to the Baptist mission at Bankok. Mr. D. is now attending to the casting of a fount of Siamese type, and expects in a month or two again to return with Mrs. D. to Bankok. They are from Virginia; and Mrs. D. is a sprightly young lady, who left her native land with her husband at the age of seventeen; and I was happy in spending the day that commemorates her twentieth birthday (fifth of March, 1839,) at their residence, since our arrival at Singapore. She has accomplished a knowledge of the Siamese with great facility, and I have in my possession some manuscript translations by herself which she was kind enough to present to me. I shall remember, with most cordial feelings of friendship

and interest, their generous efforts to make my stay at Singapore pleasant to myself, and my memories of it altogether of the agreeable kind. Their hospitality was extended with a warmth that declared its sincerity; and I am sure I shall not forget the social hour, the brief but ever agreeable interview, and the family worship, as we have knelt together at the family altar at the hour of evening parting. Indeed, this act of family worship has been a source of great pleasure to me in my intercourse with numbers of the agreeable families at whose houses it was my pleasure to visit. At the Rev. Mr. White's, the Holy Book and the Common Prayer reminded me that I was worshipping with friends of a common creed as well as of kindred feelings. The Bible and the Hymn-book at another dwelling would tell me that I was with Presbyterian brethren, but Christian and devoted hearts. Again, the Dutch Reformed, and the Congregationalist, and Independents, and Baptists, with bosoms swelling with kindred sympathies and kindred views, and kindred expectations beyond the life of earth. The very consciousness that most of these were American Christians was quite enough to warm the heart in Christian love, and cause one in the social intercourse to forget, or *to waive* all distinctive principles in church discipline and orders, where intelligence and devotion characterized the mind and swelled the heart.

In Mr. D.'s family are two or three Siamese. The subject of phrenology having been made a topic of conversation, these Siamese, together with a Chinaman, were desirous that the doctor, as they styled myself, should tell them their characters. Mrs. D. was desirous of gratifying them. I make no pretensions to a practical knowledge of this science, nor am I any way strenuous as to the principles it is said by its advocates to develop and to confirm. Whether true in its deductions or the contrary, it is but the application of the science of the mind, or mental philosophy, to certain physical localities of the cranium. I was willing to be amused, and the Siamese teacher presented himself with considerable gravity, and departed with a full persuasion that I possessed greater knowledge of men than the Siamese priests.

Another less intelligent but apparently good-natured Siamese retained his gravity and composure for a short time, but, finally, put both hands over his face in astonishment, and rushed from the room exclaiming, *true—true—all true.* He again entered, after a while, and begged that I would tell him how long before he would have a perfect knowledge of the English language.

A Chinaman, in some way connected with the mission, also presented himself, being equally curious with the Siamese, and desired me "to speak about his head." I knew nothing of this celestial, and the examination was entirely unexpected; and I felt no disposition to trifle with either of these persons. This gentleman of the long braid, however, seeming to linger in profound expectation, as if something most certainly would be developed, I was unwilling to disappoint him altogether. I assured him that I could not pretend to describe his character, but without knowing whether it were true or not, I should think that he was a believer in *ghosts.* The celestial raised his arms akimbo, turned his oblique eyes upwards, and exclaimed, "Yes, I believe in them, and *I fear them much.*" His unanticipated astonishment excited a slight smile at his expense, and he left the room, perhaps to burn Josh-sticks, certainly to procure me a present of oranges, as I had an occasion soon afterwards to know, as he brought them to Mr. D.'s for me.

Mrs. Davenport has upon her tables numbers of Siamese curiosities—consisting of their books, coins, and deities. The books are things strikingly curious to the eye of the American—being formed of a continuous sheet of paper, gathered into folds like the plaits of a ruffle, and yards in length when unfolded. They vary in size from three or four inches in length and two broad, to a foot in length and four inches broad; when folded, each piece, generally three or four inches thick, constituting a volume. The paper is generally black, and the letters traced with white ink. "As *black* as ink, and as *white* as a sheet of paper," therefore, are expressions which might need a little explanation to a Siamese.

The Siamese silver and gold coins are small pieces of bullion, flattened on each end, so as to compress the whole

into an irregular globulous form, on which the die leaves two small impressions. In case of a scarcity of small shot and a plenty of coin, during a war, the Siamese would have in their silver and gold currency a very good substitute for bullets and buckshot. This coin is a very curious thing in contrast with our ideas of the flat surface of the American and European money.

The Siamese, in their religion, are Budhists—credulous and superstitious—believers in transmigration of souls, in dreams, and omens derived from a thousand sources. Their sacred books are said to be considerably numerous.

I give here a few extracts from two works, which Mrs. Davenport has translated for me, and presented in a manuscript, most beautifully written in her own hand. One of them is called

THE SIAMESE DREAM BOOK.

The writer introduces the subject of the work thus:

"In former times a great prophet and magician, who had much wisdom, and could foretell all future events, gave the following interpretation of signs and dreams. Whosoever sees signs and visions, if he wishes to know whether they forebode good or evil, whether happiness or misery, if he dream of any animals, insects, birds, or fishes, and wishes to know the interpretation, let him examine this book."

Of these signs and dreams I make extracts promiscuously from the manuscript:

"If a person be alone, and an insect or reptile fall before the face, but the individual see it only without touching it, it denotes that some heavenly being will bestow great blessings on him. If it fall to the right side, it denotes that all his friends, wherever scattered abroad, shall again meet him in peace. If it fall behind the person, it denotes that he shall be slandered, and maliciously talked of by his friends and acquaintances. If, in falling, it strike the face, it denotes that the individual will soon be married. If it strike the right arm, it denotes that the individual's wishes, whatever they are, shall be accomplished. If it strike the

left hand, it denotes that the individual will lose his friends by death. If it strike the foot, it denotes that whatever trouble the individual may have had, all shall vanish, and he shall reach the summit of happiness. If, after touching the foot, it should crawl upwards to the head, it denotes that the individual shall be raised to high office by the rulers of his country. If it crawl to the right side, it denotes that the person shall hear bad tidings of some absent friend. If the insect or reptile fall without touching the body, and immediately flee towards the northeast, it denotes deep but not lasting trouble; if towards the northwest, it denotes that the person shall receive numerous and valuable presents; if towards the southeast, it denotes that he shall receive great riches, and afterwards go to a distant land; or that he shall go to a distant land, and there amass great wealth.

"If an animal, insect, bird, or reptile cross the path of any one as he walks along, the animal coming from the right, let him not proceed—some calamity will surely happen to him in the way. If the animal come from the left, let him proceed—good fortune shall surely happen to him. If the animal proceed before him in the same road in which he intends to travel, it denotes good fortune to him.

"If the left ear tingle repeatedly, it denotes that the individual shall receive evil tidings from abroad. If the right ear tingle, it denotes that he shall receive speedy and pleasing intelligence from absent friends.

"If the upper lip tremble repeatedly, it denotes that the individual shall receive presents of the most rare and delicious dishes. If the lower lip tremble, it denotes severe illness.

"I now beg to interpret the signs of the night. If at midnight an individual hears the noises of animals in the house where he resides, I will show him whether they indicate good or evil. If any insect cry 'click, click, click,' he will possess real treasures while he abides there. If it cry 'kek, kek,' it is an evil omen both to that and the neighboring houses. If it cry 'chit, chit,' it denotes that he shall always feed upon the most sumptuous provisions. If it cry 'keat, keat,' in a loud shrill voice, it denotes that his residence there shall be attended with evil.

"I now beg to interpret with regard to the spider. If a spider on the ceiling utter a low tremulous moan, it denotes that the individual who hears the noise shall either change his residence, or that his goods shall be stolen. If it utter the same voice on the outside of the house, and afterwards the spider crawl to the head of the bed, it denotes troublesome visiters and quarrels to the residents.

"I now beg to interpret with regard to dreams and visions of the night. If an individual dream on Sunday, whether it be good or evil, it pertains to others, and will not affect the happiness or misery of the person himself. If any one dream on Monday, whether good or evil, it will affect his friends and relations, but not himself. If on Tuesday, it forebodes good or evil to the parents of the dreamer. If on Wednesday, the omen pertains to the consort and children of the individual who dreams. If on Thursday, it relates to the dreamer's teachers or benefactors. If on Friday, the omen belongs to the servants or cattle of the individual. If on Saturday, it forebodes good or ill to the dreamer himself.

"If any one dream of having or wearing handsome clothing, it denotes great peace and prosperity.

"If one dream of receiving a ring, it denotes either a speedy marriage or the birth of a child.

"If one dream of putting on a gold ring, it denotes that the individual, if married, shall be blessed with children of great beauty; or, if single, with a beautiful consort.

"If one dream of putting on new clothes, it denotes speedy marriage.

"If one dream of seeing his house consumed by fire and of being much burned, let him take a lighted candle, flowers, and other offerings, to the brink of a river or canal, and there relate his dream to some friend. If he omit this, some great calamity shall surely befall him.

"If he dream of walking on the air, it denotes that he shall have great wisdom and be renowned for learning.

"If he dream of being clothed entirely in red, let him beware lest he speedily suffer a violent death.

"If he dream of seeing a heavenly being of great beauty, or the spire of a palace, it is an omen of good.

"If he dream of a house full of new-born infants, it denotes that his servants shall continue faithful and true to his interests.

"If he dream of sleeping in a boat with one foot in water and afterwards his head falling in, let him not relate the dream to any one, but seek a large tree, and seating himself under it, there tell over the dream, and great good shall result.

"If he dream of seeing a princess, let him relate the dream to himself on the bank of a river or canal, and prosperity shall surely attend him.

"If he dream of seeing a woman of beautiful form, his consort shall exactly resemble her.

"If he dream of reading prayers or sacred books, it denotes that all his sins shall be pardoned by the gods.

"If one dream of holding an umbrella to protect himself from the rays of the sun, it denotes that he shall rise to greater eminence than any of his ancestors or family have done.

"If one dream of blowing a trumpet, or beating drums and kettles, he shall be raised to an office of great eminence.

"If he dream of placing an image of Budh in a temple, it is an omen of supreme happiness.

"If he dream of being struck by a thunderbolt, it denotes his speedy and violent death.

"If he dream of travelling on a tiger or an alligator to some distant land, it denotes that he shall be regarded with terror and suspicion by all his acquaintances.

"If one dream of the entrails being torn out of his body, it denotes continued health to himself, family, and friends.

"If he dream of riding in an ox-cart, let him beware, it is an omen of evil.

"If one dream of eating the sun or moon, it denotes that he shall be a great prophet and magician.

"*If he dream of being bitten by a tiger, it denotes that he shall receive valuable presents from a beautiful woman.*

"If he dream of seeing the moon fall and then eating it, it is an omen of the greatest possible good, let him remember it.

"If he dream of bathing in a pool, dressed entirely in

white, of being able to walk on the water, and bringing up the lotus-flower from the pool, it denotes a speedy and happy marriage.

"If one dream of gathering flowers and placing them behind the ear, let him offer sacrifices to the gods, and he shall speedily obtain a beautiful wife.

"If one dream of walking on roads covered with gold and silver, let him carefully offer sacrifices, and all his desires shall be gratified.

"If he dream of losing a hand and ear, he shall speedily be seated on a throne.

"If he dream of seeing many dead people, it denotes that he shall be free from trouble all his life.

"If he dream of having the right leg bitten by a snake, whatever property he may have lost shall be speedily recovered.

"If he dream of seeing a toad enter a house, he shall possess great treasures.

"If he dream of being fanned by another, he shall become a magistrate of great authority.

"If he dream that he sees a great many persons dance together, it denotes that he will die in a prison.

"If he dream of seeing a lady splendidly attired, he shall pass all his days amid peace and plenty.

"If one dream of stabbing himself, he shall be made a noble of high rank.

"If he dream of his body emitting the fragrance of flowers, it denotes that he shall have a beautiful daughter, who shall be the consort of a king.

"If he dream of eating the *raw* hand of a dead man, it denotes that he shall be king of his country.

"If he dream of eating the head of a man, dressed up as food, he shall possess great treasures, but shall die at an early age.

"If one dream of his teeth dropping out, it denotes sickness and death.

"If one dream of his own death, it denotes long continued prosperity.

"If he dream of seeing a woman adorned with red flowers, clothed entirely in red, and having her body painted red, it denotes that in seven days he shall die.

"If he dream of seeing a woman clothed in black, and holding black flowers, it denotes the stealing of his goods and his own death.

"If he dream of an elephant standing over the mouth of a water-jar, he shall possess rank and affluence, and all his friends shall take refuge in him.

"If one dream of weeping much, he shall see pleasant sights.

"If he dream of having the flesh cut off his bones, it denotes elevation of rank.

"If he dream of his eyelashes coming out, it denotes that his money and treasures shall be stolen by a woman.

"If he dream of a frog eating the sun and moon, it denotes continued happiness.

"If he dream of falling down and rising without injury, it is an omen of good.

"If he dream of being in great distress, let him make offerings, it is an omen of good.

"If he dream of being hung, it denotes good fortune.

"If he dream of stretching out his tongue, eyes, and nose, it forebodes a violent and distressing headache.

"If he dream of being borne on the shoulders of others and attended by music and rejoicings, it forebodes the death of his consort and children.

"If he dream of seeing a bat on the roof of his house, it denotes the supreme favor of the Deity.

"If he dream of seeing a star of uncommon splendor fall into his house, his consort shall be the daughter of a king."

Not being a strenuous believer in dreams myself, I have sought to select a few specimens rather of the curious and characteristic kind than those of general application from this manuscript interpretation of the Siamese Dream Book. It would be curious, were the whole of it published, to trace out the resemblances between many of the dreams (some of them embracing the precise words) and those in modern times; and if the modern omen derived not its origin from the Siamese Dream Book, the omen of the modern and of the dreamers among the Siamese must have had a common origin. And it would still further be curious to run the parallel between these signs and omens and those of the Greeks and Romans, some of which are so strikingly

similar that their origin seems to point to a common fount of superstition and credulity, all taking us back to a common people and ancestry.

The manuscript from which I have been transcribing concludes with the following paragraph:

"The interpretation of dreams is ended. Whoever has the foregoing dreams, whether man or woman, may rely upon the interpretation here given. If one dream in the first watch of the night, after eight months the dream shall be accomplished. If he dream in the second watch, after four days the dream shall be fulfilled. If he dream in the third watch, in one day the result shall be made known. If he dream in the fourth watch of the night, the period for the accomplishment of the dream is uncertain.

"The end of the Siamese Dream Book."

There is much of the customs and the manners and the religion and characteristic modes of the thinking of the Siamese to be noted in this otherwise uninteresting work, to the more enlightened Christian. The allusions in it to the occasional fate of the moon, induces me to introduce in this connection, a curious paper, derived from the same source as the manuscript Dream Book. It shows how a nation's superstition modifies their philosophy, religion, and enters into all their habits of thought connected with their private and public life.

"THE MOON DEVOURED BY RAHU.

"I will relate a story concerning what happened when Budh had perfected himself in Chetúwaú Temple, in the city of Sawatthi, in South Behar. When the moon was full it was seized by Ráhú, who hid its beams and obscured its brightness.

"In the morning the attendants of Gandáná came in haste, and having bowed their heads in adoration, told him what had happened. Seeing their terror, his compassion was excited, and he said to them, 'Cheer up, my lords, be of good heart, and listen to a story of three téwás (heavenly beings) who were brothers. In ancient times, since which creatures have been transmigrating through seve-

ral hundred systems of worlds, there lived a man of honorable race, named Kúnlá, in the capital of Hongsáwadi, who had three sons. The title of the first was Lord Watió; of the second, Lord Khún; and of the third, Lord Ratthakó. On one occasion, when alone in a jungle, they took their food and curry-put to cook their dinner in haste. The elder mixed the food, the second prepared the vegetables, and the younger took wood and built a fire under the rice-pot. While thus employed, the smoke from the fire affecting the eyes of the elder, he broke out in abusive language to his two brothers, upon which, the second, being vexed, snatched a ladle from the hand of the elder and beat the head of the younger brother, who in his turn being enraged, uttered the following imprecation against his two brothers: 'Hereafter, whatever power you may attain to, may I exceed you ten thousand times, in order to tease and annoy you, until I have avenged myself,' thus laying aside his anger to a future state.

"At length, after these brothers had transmigrated through many states, they were born again as three brothers, in the days of Gandáná. And going in company to make offerings to him, the first put a golden cup into his begging-box, the second put a silver one, and the third gave a black curry-pot, after which they entreated that their future state might correspond with their several offerings; and Gandáná bestowed his blessing upon them three times in succession. When their life on earth was finished, they ascended to heaven, where the elder became the sun, the second the moon, the younger a monstrous black téwá, called Ráhú.

"Ráhú's height was forty-eight thousand miles. His arms were thirteen thousand miles asunder. His face measured five thousand miles. His head, nine thousand miles. His forehead, three thousand miles. The space between the eyebrows, five hundred miles. His nose was three thousand miles long. His nostrils were three thousand miles deep. His mouth was of a deep-red color, and was two thousand miles wide. His fingers and toes were of equal lengths, that is, five hundred miles.

"Ráhú is bold, fierce, and malicious. He watches the sun and moon continually; and when the latter is full, he

hates her so excessively that he cannot rest, but stands in her path, with his mouth wide open. Sometimes he compresses her between his lips. Sometimes hides her under his chin. Sometimes buries her maliciously in the hollow of his cheek. And sometimes, shuts her up in his hand, according to his inclination. On account of his former imprecation his anger cannot cease, for his prayer was answered by the great teacher of religion. When the sun and moon are thus annoyed, being greatly frightened, they recite their prayers in great haste. For, the sun being only 500 miles in circumference, and the moon 290 miles, when thrust into Ráhú's mouth, they lose themselves, and are as if they had fallen into the infernal regions. All the heavenly damsels being alarmed at this, cry out in great distress—some dishevelling their hair and beating their breasts, cry out, 'The moon is destroyed—we remember all her beauty—she was a bright body and protected us from evil. Ráhú is very audacious thus to frighten her in her path!'

"The astrologers say that this phenomenon forebodes evil. When Ráhú has released the moon, he enters his palace in haste, and throwing himself down, says that he has been playing tricks with the moon, in consequence of which his head is almost strained asunder, and that he is nearly dead.

"Thus Ráhú and the sun and moon are at perpetual variance."*

It must at once strike the reader, that such absurdities entering into the religious and credulous systems of the Siamese, one effectual way of convincing them of the error of their own teachers, and that the systems to which they adhere are false, is by giving the rising generation among them true ideas in connection with astronomy and philosophy. It is said that their system of religion embraces the idea that there is a central mountain in the universe, and that about this are located seven states of existences. The

* "The above corresponds precisely with the belief of the Siamese generally. All eclipses are supposed to be occasioned by this fabulous monster, whom they endeavor to frighten off by beating drums, kettles, etc., and exerting their voices in producing the most hideous and frightful noises. When the eclipse is over, they think they have succeeded."

earth is one and the lowest for men and animals. Above it are the others, arranged for heavenly existences according to the respective excellencies of their natures and spiritual prowess. The light of true philosophy alone will do away such absurdities, and with the undermining of the basis of their system must crumble the fabric of their superstitions. A fit illustration of this sentiment is found in an anecdote repeated to me by the Rev. Mr. White, the English chaplain at Singapore. A gentleman of scientific tastes, in India, at considerable expense and trouble, procured a fine microscope from England. Having properly arranged it, he invited a Bramin to look at its developments. The Hindoo priest gazed with astonishment at the revelations which a drop of water, exposed to the effects of the microscope, made to him. He had for a long sainted life, according to the tenets of his Braminical system, been priding himself on the consistency of his action with his creed, *in never having, in any instance, destroyed life.* Here his whole self-complacency, and his supposed consistency of a long life, and profoundly believed tenets of his system, were at once overthrown and destroyed. He manifested the greatest agitation. And after an interval begged that he might be possessed of so remarkable a thing. The owner, finding it difficult to reject the unceasing importunities of the Bramin, finally consented that he should have it. The Bramin took it—and having left the dwelling of his friend, was watched on his way as he departed, when he was seen to take the lenses and deliberately demolish them all between two stones. The donor having expressed his surprise and displeasure, was answered, with a triumphant air, on the part of the Bramin, that "*he had thus acted and was now happy;* but while that instrument was in existence his religion was unsafe. Had it gotten abroad, the system of the Bramins would have been overthrown."

What then is the moral of these facts? It is that in all the actions of the missionary, he should aim to spread correct and incontrovertible *first principles* in philosophy; and that *instruments* which should amuse and practically instruct the native children and make them wiser than their superstitious fathers, should accompany the mission-

ary abroad, and be used in enlightening the mind of the heathen, and riving the chain that now holds them in obedient ignorance to their superstitions of cast and binding habits of many centuries.

SIAMESE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to have introduced here the Siamese ten commandments, found in the sacred books of the Budhists ; the first five being obligatory upon all the people, the last five upon the priesthood only.

1. Do not kill animals.
2. Do not steal.
3. Do not commit adultery.
4. Do not tell lies.
5. Do not drink ardent spirits.
7. Do not eat any thing from mid-day until past midnight.
8. Do not sleep on a place more than one cubit high.
8. Do not anoint your body with fragrant oil or powder.
10. Do not look at a female, nor at theatrical exhibitions.

The missionaries at Bankok, the capital of Siam, are said to have the favor of the king and his court at the present time. A very beautiful specimen of Japanese work, in an article of a lady's dressing box, occupies Mrs. Davenport's table, which was a present from one of the princes of the kingdom, who partially speaks English and frequently visits the missionary families.

I trust I shall not be deemed departing from the most delicate dictates of considerate and partial friendship, by introducing the following lines, associated with the lady already mentioned, as one of the missionary band located in Siam, whose residence for the few months past at Singapore, has given me the pleasure of her acquaintance. They were written by her brother on the departure of his sister from her home for this foreign land, with breathings of Christian benevolence towards a heathen people swelling her young bosom. They do credit to the writer, as evidencing a mind imaginative and cultivated, and a

heart swelling with the refined and warm sensibilities of a brother. How should they shame the coarse perceptions of those persons, who are incapable of appreciating the delicate and pure sympathies of a Christian heart that goes out in generous and ennobling feelings of interest for the spiritual welfare of a benighted people; but who, in the absence of a kindred benevolence, seem ever to seek for some sinister motive as the propelling cause that urges the self-sacrificing missionary to leave the endearments of his native land for the chances and the toils of a foreign, strange, and unlettered race! If ever there were a generous forgetting of one's self for the good of others—if ever there were a scene of moral beauty that the magnanimous and the ingenuous of heart would admire, and to which they would accord their approbation and respectful but unqualified praise, whatever may be their sentiments as to the practicability of the missionary cause, it is seen in the young, and intelligent, and refined, and Christian female, who, unmindful of the ties of kindred and home, ventures forth in reliance upon her God for protection and support, to dare the vicissitudes of a missionary life among a heathen people. I envy not that man his *head* or his *heart* who perceives not and feels not the moral effect of such a picture. To him, the tear, the sigh, the parting word, the glowing enthusiasm of a young and ardent and Christian heart, the moral energy of a cultivated mind, encased in a form fragile but fair, are things which must have lost what another reads in them—the truest poetry of nature.

How apropos the lines alluded to will be found in many instances besides the interesting one which originated them! I suppose they have never before been printed.

"THE DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

"The time had come. The stern clock struck the hour.
Each long-loved haunt had shared a mute farewell,
And drank a blessing from her loving eye
For the last time. But now the climax came.
Methought she lingered long, as if to gain
Respite from some more dreaded pang,
Appalling though unfelt; for, near her side,

With eye close following where her darling moved,
Her widowed *mother* stood. And so she laid
Her on that dear breast, where every pain
Of infancy was soothed. And then arose
One wild, deep sob of weeping, such as breaks
Upon the ear of death, when he hath torn
The nerve fast-rooted in the fount of life.
'Tis o'er—the bitterness is past, young bride!
No heavier dreg shall quiver on thy lip
Till the last ice-cup cometh.
"Then she turned
To him who was to be her sole shelter now,
And placed her hand in his, and raised her eye
One moment upwards, whence her help did come.
Then, with a steadfast step, paced forth to take
Her life-long portion in a heathen clime.
"Yet to me it seemed
That, in the flush of youth and health, to take
Death's parting was a strange, unnatural thing;
And that the faithful martyr, who doth yield
His body to the fire's fierce purifier
But one brief hour, hath lighter claims on heaven
For high endurance, than the tender bride,
Who, from her mother's bosom lifts her head,
To 'bide the buffets of an Indian clime,
Bearing the sorrows of a woman's lot,
Perchance for many years."

The moral courage, the devoted zeal, and the free sacrifices of the missionary, to be rightly estimated, must be viewed in connection with the positive conveniences they were enjoying at the time of their decision to leave their homes; their many means of happiness, social and intellectual privileges, for the probable exposure, difficulties and trials that were expected to be their lot abroad. It was in full view of such a contrast their resolutions were taken; resigning the reality of the present and the pleasant, for the uncertainty of the doubtful and apprehended future. If, however, on reaching a foreign country, they find that Providence has so disposed things as to render their situation more comfortable, in external circumstances, than they expected, it becomes a matter for gratitude on their own part, their friends at home, and Christians universally; their conveniences being so much the more advantageous for prosecuting their benevolent labors, as is their situation the more favorable than they

anticipated. Thus we have found the missionaries at this station. Their dwelling-houses are spacious, and neatly but *plainly* furnished; having been built before they reached the place, and affording pleasant residences, at a reasonable rent. Most of the houses of the missionaries are occupied by two families; and at the present, while the Borneo missionaries are remaining at Singapore, they are residents in the same buildings with their brethren. The building on the hill, most pleasantly situated, is the most spacious one occupied by the missionaries. The rooms are so arranged as to render it convenient for the two families who occupy it, and a large hall in the centre affords a room for worship on Sunday, and religious meetings during the week. These buildings and lot, it is said, are offered for sale; and I should deem it a most proper purchase, if the Society at home have the funds to secure it.* It is here the missionary families gather to their afternoon worship; and, in themselves, they form a respectable gathering, even in numbers. Their scholars are also present, and those connected with the mission. It is a matter of gratification to me to be able to say that these rooms have been a favorite place of resort to many of our officers for the afternoon service, during the stay of our ships at Singapore. In the morning the Episcopal church is open, and it is usual for the missionaries and all others to frequent it for the morning services. There is also a Scotch chapel where service is held on Wednesday evenings.

On the first Sunday in March, two of the gentlemen, Messrs. Thompson and Polhman of the mission, officiated, at the invitation of Commodore Read, on board the Columbia. The selection of persons was left to the arrangement of the gentlemen of the mission themselves. Some one of their number has also regularly held services each Sunday on board the John Adams, during our stay at this port. And it is a remark that gives me great pleasure in

* The low bungalow, one story high, with verandahs extending quite around it, and costing from six hundred to one thousand dollars, I believe is the style of building which the missionaries would prefer, did their funds render it compatible for them to build them. There are but a few such buildings, I should think, in Singapore. The Rev. Mr. Travelli occupies one.

recording it here, that almost all the officers of the squadron (I do not know one exception among those who have formed their acquaintance) have given to the missionary families, now at this station, their cordial good wishes, and they regard them as a band of worthy men and women sincerely engaged in a cause of philanthropy and religion, ennobling and grand in its purposes and expected results. And I know that a good number of these officers will leave their missionary friends at Singapore, with hearts warmed in kindness towards them personally, and giving them, with their sympathies and their prayers, the cordial hopes that they may be successful and happy in the devotion of their lives to the noble and holy cause of throwing the light of the Christian religion in the pathway of a benighted people.

I accompanied the Rev. Messrs. T. and P., on their return to shore from our ship, and officiated, agreeably to previous arrangement, at the missionary room on the hill, in the afternoon. It was their communion day, being the first Sunday in the month. All the missionaries were present and their ladies, and some of the officers from both ships. The room was well filled, and I shall not forget the interest of a season, so peculiar to us, privileged, in our course around the world, a moment to pause here and to mingle with a band of the disciples of Christ so worthy, in a region so far from the land of our mutual and native homes. And here was a beautiful exemplification of the union of Christian hearts of different persuasions—the Presbyterian, the Dutch Reformed, and the Scotch Independent. There were Chinese converts (a few) who joined in the communion. I shall remember, as an agreeable reminiscence of these worthy missionaries, the range of their numbers, as they lined the room on this occasion of an interesting meeting. And I doubt not that their thoughts, with all their unfaltering purpose of a life's devotion to the cause they had espoused, went far over sea to those they had left and still loved in a distant land. Their heads at least were bowed in the indulgence of their overflowing emotions. These lines may meet the eyes of some of them, when I would again say in the language I then used, "Cheer! in view of the necessary

efforts, in the absence of the age of miracles, which you are now putting forth in your unwearied work of acquiring the languages; in your patient instructions of groups of children; in the spread of the word of God in their native tongue, and other works exemplifying the eternal principles of the fitness, mercy, and salvation, which the Bible develops. Cheer! in the knowledge that ye are working with the Holy Spirit, who converts and sanctifies the souls of men, "THROUGH THE TRUTH." Yours is the precise action that *must* take place, in the very nature of mind, as the precursor of that morn, when a day without its night shall illumine both hemispheres of the earth. Cheer! in your hours of shade and sorrow, in the consciousness of your disinterested and benevolent action. The darkest moment of midnight is just before the break of day. Cheer! in your joyous gush of happy anticipation, for there are gleams of light already streaming all around the moral horizon of a benighted world. Cheer! for the warm hearts of Christian millions are with you; and the pure tear that would have graced an angel's eye, has pearled its way on the cheek of many who have given *for you* their prayers."

On the succeeding Wednesday evening, I dined with the Rev. Mr. J. Stronach, and preached in the Scotch chapel. A number from the families of the town, with the missionaries in the neighborhood, attend the evening services at the Scotch chapel. It is a convenient edifice for the purposes designed, and the two Scotch gentlemen seemed to be favorably located for the prosecution of their plans. They are acquiring the Chinese language, in view of laboring among this most numerous class of people, in Singapore. I met the Chinese convert, Leang Afat, at Mr. A. Stronach's, a short time previously. This Chinese has been expelled from the Chinese empire, in consequence of his conversion to Christianity, and is now engaged in revising the Chinese Bible. His personal appearance is prepossessing; and I bear a letter, with some little mementoes of a father's affection, from him to his son Leang A-tih, who is with the son of Dr. Morrison, at Canton.

LANGUAGE OF THE MALAYS.

The language of the Malays is probably more extensively spoken than any other throughout the eastern seas, and has justly derived for itself the appellation of the *Lingua Franca* of this part of the globe. It is strikingly soft and euphonious, and may be styled, not inaptly, the Italian of the East. It is said, by those who are capable of appreciating its excellencies as well as its defects, that it is favorable in its combinations to poetry, and that the Malays are fond of rhythm, which they attempt in proverbs and love-songs. There is pith, at least, in the first, and sentiment in the second distich of the following two specimens:

"What signifies attempting to light a lamp,
If the wick be wanting?"

"What signifies playing with the eyes,
If nothing in earnest be intended?"

They say, when expressing their sentiment of fatalism, which so thoroughly enters into the creed of those imbued with Mohammedanism:

"Those who are dead are dead; those who survive must work. If his allotted time is expired, what resource is there?"

The Malays, so far as is yet known, have never had any original set of characters to designate their elementary sounds of speech. They use the Arabic characters in their written language, with some modifications; and as a consequence, together with their association with the Mohammedans in the adoption of their religion, they have introduced many Arabic words; and from the early intercourse with the Portuguese throughout these regions a number of words from the language of these early adventurers are also found incorporated with the Malay. Their words, nouns and verbs, are without inflections, and therefore no grammar of their language, according to our general notions on the subject, can be formed.

Singapore is a central position of the thousand isles and arge extent of coasts where this language is spoken

Most of the missionaries study it, and it forms one of the languages taught in the Literary Institution at Singapore.

Mr. A. North, attached to the mission here, is spoken of as one of the best Malay scholars of the place, and certainly manifests a commendable zeal in the pursuit of Malay literature. With this gentleman I had the pleasure of occasional interviews, and am indebted to him for the translation of several Malay manuscripts, which I shall introduce here for their curiosity, and also as having a connection with the transactions of our ships on the west coast of Sumatra.

PO CHUTE ABDULLAH'S EPISTLE.

The first is the letter of obligation on the part of Po Chute Abdullah, Rajah of Kwala Batu, to pay two thousand dollars. The following is the translation of the original Malay. Mr. North intentionally retained some of the peculiarities of the original in the translation as given

"This is the epistle of Po Chute Abdullah, to Commander Reej, engaging to pay two thousand dollars.

"As to the bad man, he has not been caught; he has fled.

"Now, this agreement is to pay the said money, within twelve months, to Commander Reej, or to any other ship which shall present this writing, or another equivalent to it, whether a ship of war or a trading-vessel; only let not another ship make war upon the country of Kwala Batu. Hereby is peace made with Commander Reej, and hereby does Po Chute Abdullah, Rajah of Kwala Batu, become his friend as long as he lives. The writing is finished. By the council of all the elders of Kwala Batu on the side of Achin. Our words are ended, wishing you peace and tranquillity."

The following is added in the hand-writing of Po Adam:

"This writing from Po Chute Abdullah, of Kwala Batu, is given to Commodore Reej, on Saturday, the 17th day of the festival month, in the year 1254. Signed, as witness, by Po Adam, Taku Kadang."

RAJAH OF MUCKIE'S LETTER.

The next document is a letter from one of the chiefs of Muckie. It was written after the destruction of that place, and sent to Commodore Read while the ship was lying at Soo-Soo, filling up with water. It is, at least, a curious document, besides other things containing the Rajah's own account of the murder of Captain Wilkins. The Rajah is wrong in one particular, and may be in others. Commodore Read made no promise of sending on shore after the second interview of the officer, on the day preceding the destruction of the town. This is certified to by Captain Wyman and Lieutenant Turner, the officers who called on the Rajahs agreeably to the orders of the Commodore.

"Now this is the document of the great chief of Muckie, to the Commander of the ship of war and all the officers thereof. As are the particles of the earth and the stars of the sky for number, even so many and more, are my compliments to, and hopes in, the Commander of the American ship of war.

"Now I make known to you, that on a time, Captain Wilkins having arrived in the harbor of Muckie, Po Malayu went on board his ship. The Captain put confidence in him, but not in us. Po Malayu brought his ship to Taluk Pow, where he took in some pepper; he then took her to Sawang, and did the same; he received at both places say about one thousand piculs; he then conducted her to Tarbangan and took in more. When he had been at that place two or three days, by Divine Providence, Panglina Sanyak Blang, with Lubby Yusuf at night, bringing pepper, which was received and weighed by the captain at night; they then killed the captain, and took his money and goods. Lubby Yusuf then returned to Taluk Pow. It was then reported to us that Captain Wilkins was made away with by Panglina Sanyak Blang and Lubby Yusuf. I then sent Taku Yet to the ship of Captain Silver, directing them to search for the captured vessel. After Captain Silver had been gone two days, I sent a warboat with my scribe, but he did not find Captain Wilkins's

ship; and Captain Silver, Taku Yet, and my war-boat, all came back to Muckie. Two or three days after, Captain Wilkins's ship came with Captain Filbadi (Peabody) to Muckie. The mate of Captain Wilkins bought of me about seven hundred pikuls of pepper. I told Captains Silver and Filbadi, and Wilkins's mate, that I intended to put to death the persons engaged in this murder, and recover the plundered property. They replied: 'Don't do it. If a ship of war comes to Muckie, you can unite your forces with her; you attacking them by land and she by water.' Thus did I agree with these three men. Why should they give me these directions? Because my country was taken along with three countries and a half, to wit, Samadu, Taluk Pow, Sawang, and part of Muckie; for this reason I made treaty with the ship of war which was to come.

"I now make known to you that the persons who committed the murder were Taku Blangi, Taku Yikdul and Taku Nyik Raja; their scribe was the scribe of Po Malayu.

"Now you came to this country and met me and those men at Taku Yet's house; you told us all to go on board the ship; I said I would go; but the others said they would not. The reason of their saying so was that they suspected some secret understanding between you and me. At twelve o'clock the next day you were to come on shore, but at eight o'clock you commenced firing. During my father's life, and within my own remembrance, I have never known white men to violate their engagements, whether for good or evil. I, though alive, now feel like a dead man. Now, what think you? I wish you would return me answer immediately by the bearer.

"I send my respects to my brother, Taku Lambadar, who is on board the American ship of war, and request him to give any explanation that may be necessary, because we are brethren. The end."

"The original of the above," adds Mr. North, "is written in a very confused and careless manner. It must have been composed by an exceedingly illiterate person. It has been difficult for me to make out the meaning, even with the assistance of the most learned Malay in Singapore

The passages enclosed in red (alluding to the time of firing and the treaty with the ship of war, etc.) are the most obscure, and I am not confident that I have given any thing like the true meaning. Probably some one familiar with the circumstances alluded to in these two passages could throw light upon them and enable me to give a correct translation."

PEDIR RAJAH'S LETTER.

The next paper I insert is a translation of an epistle from Po Kwala, the Pedir Rajah of Kwala Batu, with whom a treaty was partly formed at Pulau Káyu and completed on board the Columbia:

"Now this sincere and friendly writing, which arises from a white heart, a serene countenance, an eloquent tongue, and true faith, comes from the side of Taku Rajah Kwala, who governs the country of Kwala Batu on the side of Pedir. We send many compliments to the commander and all the elders of the ship of war.

"Now we will not lengthen out our words, but only make a short statement. The Taku Rajah Kwala would fain touch the hand and see the eyes of the commander and all the elders; he wishes to meet you all at Pulau Káyu. If you are willing, let the commander first send down the elders to meet Taku Rajah Kwala on shore, because the Rajah wishes immediately to ascend the ship. It is already known to you that the son of the Rajah wishes to accompany his father on board, provided you give permission, since the Rajah is anxious to become the friend of the commander.

"Concerning the outrage upon your countrymen: The property is in the possession of an Achin chief and of the man who committed the outrage who is his son (subject.) Taku Rajah Kwala and his sons have had no hand in this outrage, and no portion of the spoil. What now is the determination of your Excellency, since I am a poor man? Have compassion on me. Send your trading-vessels. I have pepper, and you have pepper ships in your country. Both myself and my royal father have always been at peace with the Americans, as says Taku Yet Hed? If you en-

tertain any doubts concerning the truth of my assertion, you may inquire of your countrymen who is right and who wrong. Thus may your perspicuous Excellency be rightly informed. This is the end.

"In the year of the Flight 1255."

The last document will be regarded as the most graceful composition, as the Rajah Po Kwala was the most genteel chief in appearance and manners we met; and the circumstances of the after talk with this chief, and the place and the scene, have already been described.

The manuscript, of which the following fac-simile is a copy, was given me by Mr. North, as a beautiful specimen of Malay manuscript. It is the Lord's Prayer in the Malay language and Arabic characters:

بقا كامى يفاد دشرك قدسله كيراث نمامو كراجاءنمو
لواسله كهندقمو جاديله داتس بومى سقرة دالم
شرك فدهارى اين بريله اكن كامى رزقى سهارى قوت
دان امفونيله سكل ساله كامى سقرة كامى امقونى ساله
اورغ لاين فد كامى جاغنله ماسقكن كامى قد
فرجوباءن ملينكن لفسكن كامى در قد يغ جاهة كارن
اغكوله يفا مقوت كراجاءن دان كواس دان كملياءن
سانمانمات امين

I have already stated that a number of the missionaries now at Singapore, are waiting for a passage to Borneo. Two of their number, the Rev. Messrs. Doty and Polhman, have visited this island, to make observations as to the prospects of a mission there, and think they are favorable. But little heretofore has been known of the islanders of Borneo, composed of Chinese, Bujis, and Dyaks. It is to the Dyaks the missionaries propose to give their particular attention. They are a wild and peculiar people in some respects, and appear to be mild and hospitable in others. The Rev. Mr. Polhman gave me the privilege of reading the journal of the tour of these two missionaries

from Sambas to Pontianah, some one hundred miles in the interior. Many of their customs are peculiar. That of cutting off the heads and preserving the skulls as trophies of personal prowess, is one. For this purpose the members of the different tribes make an annual sally from their villages. The consequence is, that the principal ornament of the establishment of a Dyak of character among his fellows is a range of human skulls—the more numerous the more honorable their possessor.

One would think it to be a wild and rough region for a delicate and beautiful woman to go to, to spend her life and to fade away, if not unknown, yet beyond the view of a civilized world. And yet some such have voluntarily devoted themselves to the benevolent efforts of the self-denying missionary among such a people as the Dyaks. May God attend them. We have learned, from our own privilege of association with them for the few past weeks, to know and appreciate their worth, and give them our prayers for their success and happiness in the free dedication of their lives to the best welfare of the human race.

I have not thus long delayed the mention of the American Consul at Singapore and his estimable lady, because of any forgetfulness of their generous hospitality and continued courtesies. J. Balistier, Esq., is at the head of the American commercial interests here, and, soon after our ship was at anchor, waited on the Commodore, and tendered to himself and his officers the hospitality of his house. Commodore Read has made the Consul's his home during the stay of our ships at Singapore, and the officers of the squadron always found a welcome when visiting the family. Mr. B.'s residence is a spacious and commodious building, pleasantly situated on the level, and overlooking the beach, with a full prospect of the expanded water, and the hundred junks and the half hundred European vessels moored at some distance at their anchors in the stream. Mrs. Balistier gave a party to the Commodore and his officers, at which the Singapore gentles were present. The knowledge that dancing would constitute a part of the entertainment induced me to excuse myself. Without entering upon a disquisition as to the propriety of the dance, or the presence of clergymen and professors

of religion at the party where the dance is expected to constitute a part of the social entertainment, I here simply allude to the subject, by way of accounting to some of my friends for the course of my own action in such cases. It is enough that I deem that the clergyman must always compromit his proper dignity by such an attendance.

The society of Singapore is quite small, the number of European ladies, I should think, not exceeding twenty. The civilities of shore were reciprocated by Commodore Read, by an entertainment given on board the Columbia, some few days previous to the sailing of our ships. The quarter-deck of the frigate was decorated with the flags of different nations, forming a hall, whose ends and sides and ceiling were lined with layers of every-colored bunting. Here, unfolded the gorgeous crown and gold of the Spaniard; there, the emeralds and the diamonds and the emblem of a world's dominion, supporting the elevated cross, displayed the boasted prowess of Portugal, and the wealth of the Brazils. There again, in graceful festoon, dropped the five crowns of Bolivia; and here glowed the full sun of a neighboring state. Every nation had its representative in curtain or festoon, or in spread of wider folds, while the royal ensign of England and the stars and stripes of the American Republic occupied the most conspicuous and contiguous places, with their unions in calm and complacent contact.

Who that has the memories of an honored ancestry—who, with the fresh recollections of olden and modern historic pages—who, with the swelling hopes and desires that a world may be blessed with the highest attainments in civilization and the hallowed principles and consolations of the religion of Jesus Christ, will not pray that the national emblems of these two nations may long wave harmoniously, wherever they may display their folds, on land or on the sea?

Besides other articles of curiosity in the rooms at the American Consul's, Mrs. Balistier has a fine collection of shells, which a residence at this point has enabled her to secure from most of the adjacent seas. They are tastefully arranged in a private cabinet. Here, also, I have first met with the *sacred lotus*, the lily of Egypt and other

classic regions; and to Mrs. B. I am indebted for the possession of a large number of paintings, illustrating with great minuteness and accuracy the great variety of fruits of the straits. With Mrs. B., I am sure all who have formed her acquaintance will leave their kindest wishes, and take with them remembrances of her courtesies, which will make the recollection of them among their most acceptable associations with Singapore.

Our ships had now lingered more than a month in Singapore Roads. The monsoon had begun to weaken its force, and the sick of the crew, who had early been removed to a fine airy house, rented for a hospital during our stay, began to recruit. It was expected that the John Adams would be sent up the gulf of Siam, while the Columbia would prolong her stay for a few more days at Singapore, and the two ships again meet at Manilla. Commodore Read only waited for the more complete restoration of the sick of the crew of the John Adams, before he should issue his orders, which had already been prepared, for her departure for Siam.

The purpose of Commodore Read to send the Adams to Siam, was afterwards changed, in view of the state of the health of the crew of the John Adams and the fear that additional sickness would be the result of the corvette's visit to Bankok. But as it was the original design of Commodore Read that the Adams should leave Singapore for Siam; and *more particularly*, because I desire it should be known what views and feelings the commander of the East India squadron cherished in connection with the missionaries in these regions, I here quote the instructions that were made out for Captain Wyman, though, in view of the reasons already specified, they were not forwarded to him:

"U. S. Frigate Columbia, Singapore Roads, March, 1839.

"SIR,—

"You will proceed with the ship under your command to the gulf of Siam, and approach Bankok as near as you can with safety, for the purpose of communicating with the city of Siam.

"The object of your visit will be to obtain information

respecting the state of our commerce with that kingdom, and to procure all the intelligence which may be deemed useful to be communicated for the benefit of our government. It is also desirable that the government of Siam should be made acquainted with the character of our naval force in these seas, and of the original intention that the squadron under my command should visit the dominions of his Majesty, and which nothing but the impossibility of getting sufficiently near to Bankok with the Columbia, prevented.

"The missionaries from the United States at present resident in the kingdom of Siam, are said of late to have received particular notice, with marks of favor from the king of that country, and from his half-brother. The missionaries are also represented by impartial accounts from that quarter of the world, as doing much good—their time and their talents being industriously and zealously employed in the education of many of the youth of the country. It is also believed that they are gradually gaining influence with the great mass of the people; and it is well known that a remarkable change in their favor has taken place, as manifested in their reception and the treatment the missionaries meet with from the inhabitants. You will therefore readily perceive the propriety of affording them all the countenance in our power. It is my wish that the government under which they live and the people with whom they reside, should see and know that we respect them. You will communicate freely with them, and learn whatever may be of interest respecting the disposition of that government towards our own, together with any information that may be of service to ourselves. If any aid or assistance which it may be in your power to give should be asked by the missionaries or any of them, I need not say that it would be your duty (as I am sure it would be your inclination) to afford it without hesitation.

"On the completion of your business at Siam, you will proceed to Manilla, and take on board at that port your proportion, or one third of the stores deposited there for the use of the squadron. You will also supply yourself with bread, if it can be procured, lest you might not be able to obtain this article of consumption at Canton. You will

then proceed to Canton. On your arrival at the latter place, you will immediately commence refitting, and put your ship in such a state and condition as will render her capable of again taking the sea, to reach South America.

"With sincere good wishes for the health and happiness of yourself, officers, and crew,

"I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

"GEORGE C. READ.

"To Commander T. C. WYMAN, U. S. ship John Adams."

After tea this evening, Saturday, March 9th, I called at Mr. Doty's, to spend an hour or two with the missionary families there. I perceived a cloud was hanging over their circle, and after a short time left them; when the Rev. Mr. Orr and myself, having proceeded a short distance on our return, met Mr. North, who had just come from the hill, another part of the town, where the Rev. Mr. Ball and the Rev. Mr. Wood, with their families, reside.

"Ah, here is brother North, now," said Mr. O. as we met, "you can give us all the news from the hill,—we were just thinking about sending there, to learn how Mrs. Wood is."

"How do you do, Mr. T.?" replied Mr. N., addressing myself abruptly, "a note has just gone to you, to ask if you will perform the burial service over Mrs. Wood to-morrow, at five o'clock. Another letter has been sent to the Consul's, and one to Commodore Read, informing them of the death of Mrs. W., and inviting them and the officers of the squadron, to attend the funeral. And you, brother Orr, will conduct the services at the house, if you can."

It was like a thunderbolt, this unexpected intelligence. In the morning Mrs. W., was deemed every way comfortable; and although one of the ladies of the neighborhood had been sent for to go to the hill, it was hoped that Mrs. W. was not dangerously ill. But, to-night, she is robed for her grave-yard sleep of to-morrow. Sweet, gentle, lovely, effeminate woman—but lately wedded, and with a heart swelling with benevolence towards millions, thou camest to a foreign land, and here, so soon, hast found a

foreign grave. Sleep gently—for gentle hearts weep for thee, and will weep over thee. Sleep gently—for thy spirit was a thing of softness, and purity, and blushing modesty. Sleep gently—for thou dost now rest in Jesus! And for thee I withhold not the tear, as to thee, in our short acquaintance, I had given, more than to most others of thy number, a deep interest and a Christian's sympathy.

FUNERAL OF MRS. WOOD.

This evening of Sunday I have attended the funeral of Mrs. Wood, the companion of the Rev. Mr. Wood, missionary at this place.

No tongue can tell the sorrow that this bereavement has gathered over the missionary families here. I had myself become deeply interested in Mrs. W., yet a young lady, embracing in her character an amiableness which traced itself in every smile on her countenance, and endeared her to her friends.

The services commenced at half-past four o'clock. The large room at the mission house was filled. A large number of the officers of both ships, manifested their sympathy by their attendance; and Commodore Read had expressed his desire that all the officers of the squadron should attend, whom the duties of the ships would allow. He himself was confined to his room, by a severe cold. Captain Wyman of the Adams, with most of his officers, was present; Mr. Church the Resident, the American Consul and his lady, and Mrs. White, the lady of the English chaplain, and all the missionaries, together with a large concourse of the citizens.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Orr. I would it were in my power here to transcribe the appropriate address he made. He did not come, he said, to offer consolation to the bereaved companion—it would require more than human power to do that. And yet he owed the reciprocation of this act of kindness to his bereaved brother, who, on an occasion not a long time since, had done a like office of kindness for him.*

* At the funeral of Mr. Orr's child, a short time previous.

Mr. O. told in brief the story of Mrs. Wood. She was the daughter of —— Johnston, Esq., of Morristown, New-Jersey. She became pious at the age of fifteen—left the endearments of a refined society, home, and relatives, for the purpose of entering on the work of missions among a benighted people. It was not the result of enthusiasm. She thought on her work, and dedicated herself considerately to the cause. And though she had known some of the trials and sorrows attendant on such action, she yet had no desire to return. Her purpose remained fixed.

Mr. Orr addressed himself, in sadness and sorrow, to his weeping brethren and more bitterly weeping sisters, from whose bosoms one of the dearest of their number had been taken. Death had been among them, he added, for some wise purpose. It had come near to them in taking early one who had entered with him on this mission; and now God had approached, in a voice yet more thrilling, and with a step yet more near.

To the officers he addressed an allusion to the circumstance, that death had been in their midst, in the frequent removal of numbers of our men, since our arrival here, from both ships.

And among the citizens, he continued, but of late, the pride of manhood and the beauty of woman have been laid low.

The whole appeal was simple, chaste, feeling, appropriate. And there were many broken hearts there. I sat beside the principal mourner. He wept as we knelt side by side, but like an intelligent, meek, and devoted disciple of Christ, sustains his loss with a becoming and beautiful propriety, while the keen sensibilities of a heart of refinement pours out its grief. And a little way from me sat Mrs. P. She wept. She had come over with Mrs. W., and their hearts were united, but death had now severed chords that bound them in an endearing affection. And a little way further, sat Mrs. O., who, like all the rest of this devoted band of women, shed the silent tear as their heads bent in melancholy sadness, to conceal their flowing grief. It is beautiful to see woman weep. But when she sheds her tear under such circumstances of bereavement, there is a sacredness in the hour—in the spot

—in the stillness, which makes the soul adore the purity of the Eternal, and love and admire woman's lovely and virtuous character.

It is not for me to narrate my own private sorrows. But I had learned to admire this lovely woman, who, as she now lay reposing in her marble, surpassed in her cold and pale beauty any chiselled perfection in the arts. It was the poetry of death. I have elsewhere seen it on the unsullied face of the infant lying in its death-sleep, with a flower upon its pale and cold cheek. The scene carried me back to another and a bitter hour. And it surely was an easy thing, this day, to weep.

When the procession moved from the house a scene was presented, which a graphic pen should describe without the colorings of the imagination. The reality was an imposing spectacle. A long line of palanquins and carriages were occupied by the sympathizing attendants, and along the side of this line of vehicles walked the young Chinese scholars, with their hair-braids nearly touching the ground, and who, in the morning, had stood around the corpse of the departed missionary, and shed their tears in their young simplicity. They were sad indeed, for hearts so young. And before them walked the Chinese and Malay teachers. One of the latter had bent over the coffin of the dead during the morning, and a stream of silent sorrow poured from his eye as he gazed on the lovely corpse. She had often spoken kindly to him, as he had given to her husband lessons in Malay. Mr. W. was riding in the palanquin with myself, and talked with a full heart of his beloved companion; cherishing the many expressions she had uttered in her last and brief illness, while unconscious of her near end, but grateful for the favorable circumstances attendant on the birth of her infant. And like a Christian he cherished the promises of his God, and confided in their truth and consolation.

The extended procession advanced through several of the streets, drawing the gaze of the Chinese, the Moorman, the Bugis, the Sepoy, and still other classes of dark men, as the Portuguese bearers advanced with the dark-palled coffin to its final rest. They wound along the beautiful bamboo-hedge that empales, in evergreen and soft foliage,

this lovely burial-place, and reached its portal just as the sun was sending his level beams over the plain, and gave a mellowed softness and melancholy charm to the hour, as the coffin rested beside the open grave.

The crowd gathered from the carriages to the spot; and the service was repeated, as "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," crumbled with its muffled sound upon the gilded coffin of the young and lovely missionary.

How many a heart was bleeding as they turned from that scene! But the hill-side, where now the early-departed is gently reposing, is a lovely spot. The breezes that sweep up the acclivity are borne from a grove of the evergreen nutmegs, as if they would breathe a spicy breath for a spirit so pure, so lovely, and we believe now for ever happy.

That same grave-yard, to me, will ever have a thrilling interest, not only as a lovely spot, where, in silence and solitude, I have trod at an evening hour, reposing in its sweet seclusion but a short way from my lodgings on shore, but also for a hundred strange and commingling associations, which memory will recall in hours of review. It is a strange pathway we measure while we tread our course of life, so different every successive year from what we early dreamed of, and perhaps had planned. And then its strange intersections with the course of others we have known, in most unexpected circumstances, and time and place. *Within this burial-ground* I have stood at the grave of a classmate, whom I knew at the university, then a wild and popular youth, pursuing the same books, solving the same problems, contending for the same prizes, and with hopes, I doubt not, swelling his bosom as high as any of his associates. I saw him not, as I now remember, from the hour I gave him my hand of parting, on the morning succeeding the commencement exercises. But I frequently heard of him, and among other things, that he had become a religious man, pursued his studies of theology, and gave himself to the cause of missions. He went to China, and from China purposed a cruise among the islands of these various seas. He reached Singapore with fever already in his veins, and after some days died, in the same dwelling from which the remains of the lovely mis-

sionary this day were conveyed, while around him stood his brethren who had devoted themselves to the same cause. And he was borne to the same burial-place, and now lies in his last sleep, to swell the number of early martyrs to the cause of Asiatic missions. "STEVENS!" How familiar that name sounds in the associations of the college-hall! How strange, when pronounced at his tomb in this foreign land!

And here, how often have I come on solemn duty since the arrival of our ships at Singapore! *Nine times* have I read the burial service, in a less number of weeks, over so many of our crew, who now lie in their death row of American sailors, their names only recorded in the memory of their shipmates, while the monument to the last one of the last war's boatswains designates their graves and his own resting-place in the soil of the enemy he had met.

And here too, at early sunrise, while the dew was yet bespangling the green spires which carpet the hill-side of this sweet spot, I have come to say the burial service over the stranger to myself in the place of the English chaplain, when himself too ill to officiate. The custom here is to avoid the noonday sun, and at early morn or evening to inter the dead.

This burial-ground occupies the western side of the government hill. A small chapel (usual in English burial-places for the temporary rest of the body, when the service is to be in full performed) occupies one of the corners. The lofty banian tree raises its high stem in grandeur and grace far in the air; and below the grounds on the same acclivity, spreads forth to the view, in their luxuriant and perpetual green, a grove of nutmeg trees, between which and the rural grave-yard, winds the avenue up the hill-side to the dwellings of the Governor. The stranger's eye loves to linger on this spot as it greets his view from many parts of his rides and walks through the town. "To be placed in a spot so lovely, to me would yield some consolation," I remarked once, "were I to die in Singapore. My friends at least would have one bitter drained from their cup of sorrow could they know how peaceful was the rural ground where I rested."

"Not so did Mrs. W. seem to view this beautifully situ-

ated burial-place," Mr. Wood replied, as we were approaching near it, on the eve of her burial. "She seemed to have a presentiment that her remains would lie there; and one evening, when I was about to drive along this path," he continued, "she begged I would take another road. And in view of the possibility that she soon might die, hoped that I would be prepared for the separation."

How mysterious are the visions that sometimes pass over the mind, and leave upon the spirit the felt shades of their dark-winged flight!

EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT SINGAPORE.

The Episcopal church at Singapore is a new edifice, consecrated within the last twelvemonth by bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, within whose diocese the island is included. The building has a commanding location, although situated on the plain, and occupies a spacious area, around which a hedge of young bamboo has been planted, which will make a beautiful empalement for the extended grounds. The church is a conspicuous building as seen from the shipping of the harbor. The style corresponds with the necessities of the climate, the main building being entirely surrounded by a verandah with heavy arched buttresses, beneath which the carriages drive to the entrances of the building, affording protection to one as he alights, both from rain and sun. These buttresses give a heavy and massive appearance to the otherwise Corinthian air of lightness of the central part of the edifice; and the stranger who has contemplated it *en masse*, is surprised, on his entrance, to find it not more spacious within. It is amply large, however, for the usual congregation, and would accommodate a larger one than will probably fill its seats for years to come. It is finished inside with the red wood of these regions, a good deal resembling mahogany, though a greatly inferior and coarser wood. When the ground shall be properly arranged and planted, as it should be, with trees, and the edifice completed as to many little arrangements still contemplated, the spot will be a lovely one, and the temple a sweet and beautiful retreat for the worship of God.

I preached for the Rev. Mr. White on two occasions, during the stay of our ships at Singapore. Mr. W. read the prayers. I should deem it, however, no way improper for an American Episcopal clergyman, did the occasion require it, to perform the English church service before an English congregation. It might seem a little peculiar for the citizen of a republic praying for the successful reign of "*our* most gracious sovereign lord, King William," or "Victoria, our most gracious Queen and Governor." And yet the clergyman in this case is but the leader of the prayers of the congregation. I must confess, however, in my own case, I should in one or two instances prefer to change the pronoun *our* for the article *the;* and, by the merest lapsus linguæ in the world, the substitution might be made without materially interfering with the rubrics or propriety, perhaps without attracting notice.

I have been indebted to the courtesy of the English clergymen in most of the places at which we have visited, and invariably found them gentlemen of interest and education. And they have ever given evidence that they regarded the Episcopal church of the United States with great partiality and kindness. They look upon her, as she feels herself truly to be, a child of the church of England; and indeed, there is no difference that makes them otherwise two churches than their different localities and dates of origin. Our bishops have been given us by their own church; our Prayer Book altered from their own, only to accommodate it to a different form of government, and by the substitution and the omission of some few words and brief sentences, which have the approbation of themselves;—and this church was planted, too, by the prayers, and solicitudes, and money of a common ancestry. It is right, then, that we should cherish kindred sympathies for the prosperity of each. And such is the feeling of the church in the United States; and such I know to be the feelings among the members of the church of England: and each at once feels himself at home, when worshipping in the temples of the other. It is therefore to be regretted, that in England there should exist any circumstances which prevent the English clergy from ex-

tending to their American Episcopal brethren of the ministry the courtesies of their pulpits, when they visit England. This has been the case, though it results, I believe, from some civil disqualification—each clergyman being required by law to take the oath of allegiance previous to his introduction to the pulpit of the English church. But a little consideration, and the exertion of no more than the influence which the English clergy possess, could remove the obstacle that prevents them from reciprocating the courtesies which are always and at once tendered to the English clergyman on his visiting the United States. If, however, the British clergy at home continue to adhere to their olden regulation on this subject, the American clergyman will be quite contented in the self-complacency of his own greater propriety and politeness.*

Dr. Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, was in Singapore some few months since, at the consecration of the church edifice here. Bishop W.'s name is well known in America, and has been highly commended, particularly and most justly in connection with his book on the Evidences of the Christian Religion. It was a pleasure I had hoped for, to meet one whose writings had given me pleasure, and whose character I had learned to appreciate as a Christian and a scholar. I could have narrated one or two instances where his work on the Evidences of the Christian Religion has convinced the understanding of the skeptical, and guided the enkindled feelings of the same persons to the embracing of the hopes and the profession of Christianity.

I made my last visit at the Rev. M. Orr's this evening, the 20th, dined, and afterwards took a pleasant ride along the beach, with Mrs. Orr; and through the Chinese village where Mr. and Mrs. O. will probably be located in their endeavors to benefit the Chinese, by their Christian labors for their welfare. At tea, we were joined by the Rev. Mr. Wood. The subject of the resurrection of the

* Since the publication of the first edition of this work, there has been a change in the ecclesiastical regulations of the English church on the subject alluded to; and an interesting instance of the courtesy of the Mother Church to the American has been exhibited in the case of the late visit of Bishop Doane to England.

dead, the immortality of the soul, and the renewal of the acquaintances of the Christian dead were among the topics of conversation.

Admitting that our spirits shall remain the precise beings that they now are, as to *personal identity*, which it would seem must necessarily be true, and which we cannot conceive of without the preservation of our memory and the other faculties of the mind, it would seem that some definite and probable inferences may be drawn in connection with the future state.

As to our bodies, although there may be some connection between our present and our *spiritual* body, yet we know that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." And I cannot conceive of a spirit divested of materiality, as possessing figure or weight any more than I can conceive of a heavy, thick, oblong, triangular or rectangular *thought*. Nor can I conceive of it as occupying space, any more than does a thought; and no one's head was ever so filled with them as to produce any mechanical dismemberment. Besides, it is said that our bodies are changing their particles every succession of a few years. We know this from our daily observation as to our nails, hair, etc., and therefore the particles of our body to-day are different from what they will be to-morrow. Our bodies, in fine, are composed of just what we eat, and therefore are the same particles which have composed the bodies of the animals and vegetables we have eaten. And when these particles are analyzed it is found that the muscles of the ox and the man, and the vegetable matter which has been eaten, are composed of the same substances. And when these bodies go to decay, the consolidated gases which compose the particles of which our bodies are constituted, resolve themselves back to their simple elementary elements of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, phosphorus, and their few particles of the earths; and while the latter mingle with their kindred dust, the gases composing the greater part of the body, decomposed to their simple elements, rise from their deposite of the grave or are dissipated from the funeral pyre to the gale; and in the whirlwind and the storm, may be, are borne from the spice groves and evergreens of the East to another

continent in the West, or are soon re-drank by the vegetable creation, which, in their turn, are re-consumed by beast and man, and become the bodies of others in their day and generation. Thus it becomes neither poetry nor comedy, but a philosophical truth, that the bodies of our grandfathers may be gazing upon us from the tops of the trees that embower us, or resting in the cup of the beautiful lotus as it sleeps on the still bosom of the lake, or is just on the point of being devoured by a buffalo in the shape of a potato, in its turn to be eaten by a Rajah, and for a time to become a particle of his Malayship; or, in the scattered divisions of the elements, perhaps another particle has been consumed in a glass of claret, and in its combinations in the system, has become the iris of the eye of the proudest princess of Christendom. Thus in these perpetual changes of nature, our bodies may be composed of the particles which have entered into the compound of millions of others; and perhaps no one of them, in fact, belong exclusively to ourselves. What then is the result of these developments of science? It is the confirmation of the sentiment of the apostle, that our bodies shall be "spiritual" bodies, and that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven."

But of a spiritual body, as I have before hinted, I cannot conceive of weight, thickness, or breadth, and without these I am unable to conceive of *form*, any more than I can conceive of a thought as possessing shape. The difficulty here, then, which would present itself to most minds, would be, "How shall we recognise our friends in another world, unless we can see them? And how can we see them unless they have a form? And how remember them unless this form be a resemblance of their persons as we have seen them on earth?

But, in the first place, I would reply, that we cannot now *see* a spirit; and unless matter shall be in existence when all matter shall have passed away, then we shall have certainly no *physical eye* to look from. But, how would the idea of the objector improve the matter? Would he remember his friend as he knew him in his infancy, or youth, or riper years, or as a gray-headed man? How should the mother recall to her vision the little

cherub of her affection, which went from her bosom almost as soon as it was born, to the arms of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me?" How should the child recall the mother who left it in its cradle, as she went from earth to the peace and purity and bliss of heaven? Or how should the resemblance be fixed for the rotundity and health of the young and blushing cheek, or for the thinner visage though not always less interesting lily features of the young consumptive?

But if these difficulties arise on the supposition, agreeably to a prevalent idea that our spiritual bodies are positive resemblances of our temporal; the apparent impossibility of recognition, as it will appear to some minds, without this external resemblance, tends, they think, to destroy that delightful anticipation of a reunion and association with our friends in heaven. But to me this is far from being the necessary alternative, granting that the difficulties as above stated in a philosophical view, are real. In the first place, it is not the bodies of our friends that we love. The person of our dearest friend, in comparison with many others, may be very ordinary in external appearance. The form too, changes, and though once interesting may cease to be so. But it is the mind—the soul—the spirit that we love; and it is that which lights up this body; and in our present mode of communication, gives forth, through the eye and the lip and the countenance, the real expression of that otherwise concealed being of our friend. It is the thing which loves us, that we love; and which lives when the body crumbles to its original elements. It is that part of our friend that weeps; that is happy; that has made us weep, and has made us happy. It is the soul which has given us its thoughts—the lights and shades of its character—and felt when we felt, and smiled when we smiled, and was happy when we were happy; and would live and would die for us. It is this, to which our own spirits are bound. And give me the power to commune with THIS through eternity, and to love *this*, and to be happy with *this* through eternal years, and the body and its resemblances may go to their dust, and pass with the material world at the end of time to their original chaos. It is the indestructible part of my

friend—the *memory*, the imaginative, the perceptive, conceptive, and reasoning powers and passions of the *soul*—to which I wish to be united. And will it be difficult to find such, in the world of blessedness, where, on the supposition that the essence of the soul and personal indentity remain, we shall still be social and intellectual beings; and as a consequence, commune with each other? A single idea conveyed to or from our friend, would call up all the *memories of another world*, and the recognition be of that which we have loved, and ourselves again be united in sentiment and affection with the social, the intellectual, the loving spirit of our friend. *It may be ideas then, rather than resemblances of form, that shall produce our recognition*, as is often the case in this world. How often have the features of our friend so changed in his absence that we trace not, on the re-greeting, any resemblance of him to whom we gave the hand for a long separation! But a single word, a single idea, causes the heart to leap with the joys of memory, that tell us we are again with the *unchanged and unforgetting spirit* of one we loved and yet love.

But this is already too long a nota bene of a few thoughts which were passing between us at Mr. O.'s, on the eve of my last visit, and for which I hold neither of those gentlemen responsible, but as rather constituting my own passing reflections at the moment. It was an agreeable hour of an interchange of thoughts with these intelligent friends, and a happy moment of communion, as all contemplated the certainty that the soul should be supremely blessed in that state of being, whither the Christian is rapidly tending, and where some of our dearest friends, but lately, were gone.

And, indeed, it is a blessed field of enjoyment, which opens before the redeemed one, as a *social, intellectual*, and immortal spirit, retaining the susceptibilities of his spiritual nature, which shall be gratified in the society of heaven. There he shall meet those, from every age, to narrate the incidents of the past, in the providence of God, relating to the history of the world, and with millions of yet unborn spirits; who, again, shall tell of that which shall come after his own passage from the earth. And I could not

but add to my friends, (whom it was not probable I should meet again after this evening's parting,) that, "if hereafter we shall meet in heaven, I think I shall there and then like to know of you what was your wo and your joy, while you lengthened out your day of earth here, in your missions of the East."

We knelt, as usual, before we separated, in prayer, after a chapter had been read and a hymn sung. I shall long remember the sweet voice of Mrs. O. We wrung each other's hands and parted.

RIDE TO BOOKITIMA.

The time was now arrived when the ships were ordered to be in readiness for sea. Word had been passed that the succeeding Wednesday would be the day of sailing for our ships. All officers were to be on board, Tuesday evening, and no boat or officer afterwards to leave the frigate. Yet a few days would intervene. One, therefore, I devoted to a ride to Bookitima, said to be the highest ground on the island of Singapore, and distant some six or seven miles from the town. I had already ridden to most of the plantations in the neighborhood, marking the growth of pepper, gambir, coffee, cloves, and nutmegs. A fine smooth road has been cut quite to the top of Bookitima; and to avoid the necessity of walking up any part of the hill-steep in the sun, I procured an additional horse to serve me in case the first I drove should give out. The road lies along the level through the plantations in the low grounds for a few miles, until you reach the commencement of the ascent, formerly not attempted by horses, but since the road alluded to has been constructed, and but lately finished by the government's convicts, it is practicable to ascend to the hill-top, *provided* you have a horse that is good for aught but being led by a half-robed syce over a level surface. No sooner had we reached the commencement of the ascent, before the horse protested against any change of olden customs and all new innovations. Stay he would, any how, as usual, at the foot of the hill.

"Put in the other horse, syce," I said to the driver, as

the palanquin door was opened, and Mrs. D. and myself commenced our walk over the smooth path, as an acceptable change, minus the sun that penetrated too easily the silk of a dark umbrella. Mr. D. joined us, and sent on his carriage with his little charge, up the acclivity.

The dubash dismounted the extra steed, and the two dark skins commenced the dismantling of the palanquin animal and substituting the "prime" riding horse. We had wound up the spiral road into the grateful shade, which the tall and thick growth of the hill-side threw upon the embowered path; and ere long the dubash came on, *sans* horse, *sans* palanquin, *sans* saddle-horse. This prime horse, which we had taken with us as our forlorn hope, for various reasons unlearned, imitated the said other obstinate animal, and alike declared in actions, which speak louder than words, that he was an humble imitator, and not a setter of fashions; and if his kindred flesh did not choose to advance, he had not the presumption by any course of his to lead to any reflections upon his associate. To settle the controversy between bay horse and brown Malay, the forlorn hope deliberately backed the palanquin, from its little advance, down to the foot of the hill.

"Well, Krishna, why did you not ride up the saddle-horse, if you could get neither on with the palanquin?"

"Master,—horse no come, any how."

"Can't believe that, Krishna."

"Master,—*he no come*, any how."

The dubash continued to protest with additional emphasis, but the secret afterwards developed itself, that the horse would not let the said Krishna re-mount him after he had been so insulted as to be put into the palanquin-shafts as a draw-horse.

Preferring to walk leisurely, by the way of perusing some manuscripts which had been brought for pleasure and amusement, we sauntered up the hill, passing the little streamlet that gushes, in refreshing and pure ripples, from a riven rock, leading back the association to the prophetic Moses and a thirsting people, who then, as others in later times, were slow in their confidence in the Creator of bountiful and beautiful nature.

We ere long reached the top of Bookitima. Before us

now lay field, forest, plantation, and the outlines of the whole island of Singapore, the distant water, like narrow lakes, meeting the eye on every side but one, designating the extent of the island. But a single view was enough. The prospect has nothing to attract with interest, as the view extends into the blue distance, to one who has gazed on richer landscapes, and mountain-scenery, and ocean stretching from the foot of the lofty mountain-side for leagues in the distance to sea. It is, however, a pleasant ride, when pleasant friends accompany you, like sweet solitude, when at your side you have a friend to whom you may whisper, how sweet is solitude, as some Frenchman has hinted, who was no less correct in his remark than another of his penetrating species, who defines gratitude to be a keen zest for favors that are to come.

As soon as a comfortable shade had been found, (the English have committed sacrilege here, in cutting down almost all the magnificent trees which but lately stood upon this elevated point, as if vistas could not have been much better opened to exhibit the distant prospect,) Krishna made an acceptable display of his fine pine-apples and other fruits, et cetera, and liquids, which the providence of my friends had provided, and which our ride had made no less agreeable to the taste than acceptable to the eye.

The horses having been detached from the carriages, the shafts of Mr. D.'s gig had been elevated to a horizontal line, and poised upon one of the stumps which some of the haters of nature's most tasteful arrangements had caused to occupy the place, divested of its legitimate stem and foliage. I had placed myself in the gig beside Mrs. D. and her little girl, as affording to the party a comfortable seat during our delay, without thinking of centres of gravity, or lines of direction falling without their base, or of accidents occurring to all kinds of vehicles when this is the case—nor was I at all mindful that the gig was occupying a point whence a rapid declivity commenced its inclined plane. And having thus long forgotten all about wheel and axle and shaft, in an acceptable tête-á-tête, suddenly, by some slight change of position in the occupants of the gig, or other cause, (of no consequence here, as the incident is the remembered thing,) the shafts of the gig were

seen to be assuming a direction as if they were about to take the altitude of the sun, and the wheels seemed in thoughtful intent of moving down the declivity; but by some good fortune the three occupants were gently let down to the ground, to the discomfiture of nothing else than the calash-top of the gig, which will afford the imitative Chinese a further opportunity of exercising their genius in patch-work.

I believe few persons, when uninjured and safely out of a danger, if they have shared it with agreeable friends, regret the occurrence, which rather adds another agreeable coil to the memory, which, in the future, shall unroll its trail of agreeable recollections.

The bays and the Malays having sufficiently fed themselves and rested, we were again on our return-way to town, preferring to descend the hill on foot. Having re-entered our carriages, in a short time we completed our way back; and finishing the last manuscript, as my friend will remember, in the early part of the drive, we reached the house of Mr. D. in time for an early dinner.

It is a pleasant ride, I repeat—that drive to Bookitima, if pleasant friends accompany you.

I was early at my room in the evening; and though alone, yet not in solitude did I spend the *bonne heure solitaire.*

LEAVE-TAKING.

It matters not how long one may have lingered on his cruise at any particular place, where he has met with various interesting things, and yet more interesting friends—the last twenty-four hours of his stay will always find him with many things to be done, and not a few things to be said. He must make his last calls, or despatch notes of adieu; and he must gather the curiosities which have been accumulating on his hands, and arrange a thousand things, which before could not be arranged, and have conveyed to the ship his chattels, cherished mementoes, and by some last act of courtesy, reciprocate the choice favors of his friends.

I could not, with horse and palanquin, go the round of all my acquaintances, to whom I had been glad verbally

to say, how truly they would be recalled in my future memories of Singapore; but all other things being adjusted, so that I should find myself in readiness for the frigate's sailing, on reaching the ship to-night, I started to take the rounds of several families, among the number of those whose acquaintance I had formed, and whose friendship I would hope to retain. At such an hour I would not wish to feel otherwise than sadly, whether the feeling be expressed or not, as evincing most truly that I have been happy in the society of those with whom I am soon to part. What care we, though we leave forever those whose hearts have never moved more quickly when ours have warmed —with whom we have exchanged nought of the confidence of friendship—in whose association no sudden burst of sentiment, no new train of thought, no impromptu extravagance of word, in humorous or in grave remark, have been awakened? We feel that no chain of sympathy has connected our hearts, with its golden links, to theirs. But it is with those who have been sad when we were sad—have laughed when we have laughed—were devout when we have been devout, and could appreciate, and understand, and excuse your own mode of thinking and speaking and acting, and pardon you when you did not think, or speak, or act—it is with such you have irrevocably blended your thoughts, your interests, your feelings; and when you go to their homes, to say adieu, probably for all coming time, a sigh escapes you as you approach their dwelling; and you smile perhaps in their presence, and say cheerful things, but the heart weeps if the eye be not melted, as you take the long farewell, no more to return to the interview, which has so often been the source of your augmented happiness.

"It is but a *material* separation which takes place between friends, when they part. Their *souls* are as certainly united as when their bodies are in each other's presence. Let us regard the spirit then as our friend, and the body only as its temporary residence—as we have learned to think of the Spirit that has made us. Then, separation is nothing, and death itself only to be regarded as a passage-boat to convey us, not only to our God, but to our friends, no more to part."

This sentiment was uttered by one on whom I called to-day, March 27th, to say farewell, and whom I shall cherish as a friend that will not forget, nor will be forgotten. It was worthy of the mind that conceived it, and the heart that felt it. And he who has but a slight power over the trains of his own association, to concentrate his thoughts on those subjects which please him most, and has been in the habit of marking the light and the shade in the *thoughts* and the *feelings* of the friend for whom he has formed an attachment, will feel that there is truth most certain and welcome in the sentiment expressed. It is the thoughts, the kindlings of emotion, the remark that discovered the play of the *mind*, the feeling of the *soul*, the *character* and the *combined worth* of the spirit with which we have been delighted, that we cherish in the review; and these mental perceptions associated with our friends, are indestructible and inseparable in our own minds, recurring ever as agreeable memories; and the pleasurable emotions they awake are invariable consequents of the welcome recollections. Then is it true, that the spirits of friends, in the commingling of the memories of the past, know, that while many leagues of ocean and land may forbid their bodily presence, their spirits may be ever and indivisibly united.

Having made the calls I had proposed to myself, I drove through the grove of nutmegs to the beautiful burial-ground —not, certainly, there to inter forever the recollections which I had treasured up in my associations with friends at Singapore, but as a fit place at the sweet hour of evening, to pause for a half hour, in a leisure and solitary promenade through the grounds of this rural spot. I stayed my step at the grave of Stevens, and for a moment, carried back my thoughts to days and scenes spent in another hemisphere, when together we trod the same halls of the university, and stored our minds with the lore of other days from the same volumes, and drank at the same founts of literature and science. Those were days of calm, as we look back upon them through the vista of a bustling world, from which one would almost wish to retire again to the peaceful shades of the academy, to rest from the turmoil and the change and the excitement of the general society of man.

I passed on through the grounds, and culled a handful of flowers from shrub and tree that wave above monument or beside tombstone, until I repassed the row of American sailors, whose resting-place is marked by a new monument over the body of the boatswain of the Adams, who rests in their midst. Here we leave them, to wait their call to judgment. *They came with us!*

I passed down, on my way to the portal, and stood upon a small and green hillock, conspicuous in its location on the left as you enter the gateway of the grounds. And there, was the newly-made grave of the young and lovely missionary. I thought how like a beautiful rose-bud, with the worm at its heart, she had drooped and died, ere yet half its lovely petals had expanded. And then, how sad was the story, that even then was being borne over the ocean to parents, whose hearts ere long were destined sadly to break, as they would hear that their child, in her early age of twenty-two years, had left her place of earth, for a home in heaven! I had not thought that one so interesting, when first we met, would be so soon reposing in her sleep of the grave-yard, and that I should be called to recite the solemn rite of burial at her funeral hour. No breeze was stirring up the hill-side at this soft hour, and all was still, save the zephyr that now and ever rustled the long and narrow leaves of the green and beautiful cane-hedge, which surrounds this land of silence, or whispered through the spicy foliage of the grove of nutmegs. I strewed the flowers upon her mound, and placed three roses above the bosom of the lovely sleeper, and turned and left those grounds for ever.

The sundown boat was already at the dock. But the flags of the European and American shipping were yet flying, as the sun had not quite sunk beneath the horizon; and the broad blue pennant of the Columbia waved at the top of the main-mast of the frigate. A man-of-war is always an object of interest in the port where she is lying. At sunset, when her colors fall, the flags of all the shipping in port, at the same instant, drop, in compliment to the war-ship. The flag-ship, therefore, as the centre of attraction, at such an hour, has many eyes turned towards her, to mark the first settling of her ensign. The sundown mu-

sic was already rolling off, when our boat had reached half her way on her return to the ship. And there she lay to-night, with many eyes at this moment resting upon her beautiful proportions, watching the first slight movement in her trembling colors as they should severally drop, in another moment, from the gaff and the main. But it was the last time these same flags, in their fall, would designate the hour to the shipping of the harbor, for folding their bunting. And it was from this circumstance that I gazed upon the scene with greater interest. "There they go," exclaimed the officer beside me, and together in beautiful harmony were the flags of every ship in the harbor seen falling to their decks. And to-morrow, thou beautiful courser, thy starred and striped emblem shall wave adieu to yon shore, hill, dwelling, and friends, from which thy last boat now conveys us.

On the succeeding morning, the 28th of March, our ships were standing, under a press of canvass, from the harbor of Singapore. The town ere long was left in the blue distance, and the outline of the land, where we had lingered for nearly two months, faded, and sunk, and now was lost beneath the horizon.

We are again at sea.

SECTION III.

The Morrison, a missionary ship. Rev. Mr. Dickinson. Extract from a letter written at the point antipodes to New-York city. Arrive at the harbor of Macao, in China. Canton, half-way point around the globe.

As our ship fell off from her moorings and filled away, we passed a little to the leeward but quite near the ship Morrison, which had come into the harbor the preceding evening. This vessel is called the "missionary ship," and is worthy of the appellation, in view of the generous and Christian action of her owners, Messrs. Oliphant, King, and Co., in their endeavors to favor the cause of missions.

She has often conveyed, without charge, the missionary from home to his destination in the East, and in the East from one station to another.

The Rev. Mr. Dickinson is a passenger in the Morrison, from Canto to Singapore. His arrival was unexpected, and I had hoped the pleasure of meeting him at Macao. I am not sure that we have seen each other in America, but think we have, and expected to have found him, at least, from the same college with myself. Had we delayed twelve hours longer we should have met. But we are now lengthening the line rapidly, which, every hour, measures wider the distance between us. As I gazed on the mission ship, a fine specimen of an American merchant-vessel, I thought of the amiable family of her owner, and some of their neighbors of Bond-street, with gentle and affectionate kindness.

ANTIPODES TO THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

"Frigate Columbia, at sea, April 9th, 1839.

"My dear E.—We left Singapore a few days since, and to-day, whereabouts in the China sea do you *guess* that we are? Precisely on the parallel of longitude which makes you and me on opposite sides of the globe. The longitude of New-York is 74° 1′ 8″ west of Greenwich. At twelve o'clock to-day, our ship was in longitude 105° 43′ 45″; and since, we have slowly glided over a little more than fifteen miles, which makes us this evening, and while I am writing, within a few rods of being directly opposite Bond-street, or one hundred and eighty degrees east of the City Hall. And were the earth to be severed in half with a case knife (what a metaphor) at this moment, with the plane of section passing through your parlor, it would stand nine chances out of ten of hitting both of us.

"The earth, to me, since I have been sailing thus far around it, (having now reached the point of half its circumference,) appears to be a very small thing in measurement, though mighty indeed in its associations of the millions who, each generation, are coming upon it and passing from it.

"And the distance to you from me to-night, *through the globe*, is only some eight thousand miles. You see the advantage one would enjoy, were a tunnel sunken through the earth from the China sea to New-York. The nearest way a bird could take over the circumference of the earth, would be some more than twelve thousand miles, and we have sailed more than twenty thousand in doubling capes, islands, shoals, etc., including our wild-goose chase down the west coast of Sumatra, after unfledged Malay bipeds.

"From this point, too, you may conceive of me as being on my return-way, as every day we sail we shall be lessening the 180 degrees of longitude we are now from you. And then, when we shall reach you, *by continually sailing east from the time we left you*, we shall have gained one day, and the world will have turned around once less with us than with you; and should we reach New-York on Sunday, according to the reckoning with us it will be Saturday with you, and we shall have the curious experience of proving the old adage, in some cases to be false, that 'two Sundays never come together.'

"I finished a letter to K. T. last night, or I should not have ventured to occupy so much of this with such a disquisition on the rotundity of this bit of a compound of land and ocean.

"Ding, ding—ding! goes the John Adams' three bells, just under our larboard beam, very like the sound of some passing steamer, as I hear it from my state-room port, so pleasantly and near are the two ships sailing together. And to-night, just as the Adams' music beat to quarters, at sunset, she had come up so close to the frigate, that we could distinguish the features of the officers from our quarter, and distinctly hear every order given on board the Adams by the officer of the deck.

"Three bells of the first watch, is half-past nine o'clock. Another half hour, or at four bells, and our lights are put out, unless an officer ask permission to retain his longer which it is expected will not be done, unless something of particular importance is to be attended to. A few moments only remain for me to adjust myself for the night's cradling, before the voice of that almost always disagree-

able master-at-arms will be heard so untimely at my door, 'Ten o'clock, sir.' Therefore, my dear E., good-night; and may kind dreams and kind angels attend thee."

We were standing in through the islands last night, the 27th of April, for Macao; and yesterday and to-day the change in the temperature of the air has been very great, in contrast with the clear and pleasant atmosphere we had during our stay at Singapore and passage up the China sea. The thermometer has fallen ten degrees. So sudden a change, occurring in almost twenty-four hours, has metamorphosed our crew into a dark-clad set, with woollen roundabouts and trousers of the same material, for their light duck pantaloons and simple frocks.

This morning, the 27th, we came to anchor off Macao, and this evening ran in still nearer the town, lying now at a distance of some five or six miles from the city, though in full view of the town, and the shipping riding at their anchors in considerable numbers about two miles from the shore.

Here then we are at last, in the neighborhood of Canton, a point towards which we have been looking with particular interest from the time of our sailing, as the half-way point around the world; and towards which the vision of every child of the west has been directed when thinking of the Indies, where his tea came from, and where that singular people of the "Celestial Empire," who wear long braids touching their feet, dwell; to whom we have been so largely indebted for toys, trinkets, chessmen, and China silks, China cups, and ginger sweetmeats.

But every thing here is all aback. No communication between Canton and Macao; and the American and English merchants held "in durance vile," some two hundred of them at Canton, feeding, without servants, on rice and water, until all the opium shall have been given up to the Chinese authorities. And our letters, waiting us in Canton, are destined, they say, there to wait, until the "trade is re-opened." The Chinese seem to have some pluck, with an empire of three hundred and sixty millions against a handful of merchants. Heigh-ho, for long-expected home news!

SECTION IV.

CHINA.

MACAO.

Visit to the shore. Matins. H. B. M. ship Larne. Impression produced by the arrival of the Columbia. Foreigners held prisoners at Canton. Stroll through the Bazaar. Origin of the word Chowder. Chinese women with little feet. An apology for the custom of contracting them in infancy. Mrs. King. The City of Macao. Cassa Gardens and Camöen's Cave. Latin lines to Camöen's Cave. Translation. English Burial Ground. Grave of Miss Gillespie. Lines. Inscriptions on the Monuments of Roberts and Campbell. Residence on shore. The Campo. Visit at Mr. G.'s. Letters from Home. Preach in the English Chapel. American Missionaries, Presbyterians and Baptists. Mr. King. Mr. and Mrs. Squire. Woman. Preach and administer the Communion. Call on Captain Elliot, the British Superintendent. His measures, and Chinese difficulties. Painting of George the Fourth. Dine with Captain Elliot. Mr. Beal's Garden. Bird of Paradise. Missionaries in China, and Missionary prospects. A father's farewell letter to his daughter, on her leaving for a Foreign Mission. The ships change their anchorage from Macao Roads to Tung-Koo Bay. Catholic processions. The Author leaves Macao for Canton. Description of the passage, and approach to the city. The author meets Dr. Parker at the American Hong, and takes up his residence there during his stay in the Provincial City.

I CAME on shore early this morning, April 30th, 1839. Having secured my room at the hotel, I sallied forth for an early morning walk, as I heard the bells for matins striking in different parts of the town. The church-going bell has always had a charm in it for me; and nowhere has its tones broken on my ear more sweetly than when its cadence came over a green lawn from a village-spire. In the crowded city, at home, its notes seem to struggle as if its vibrations were pent up by the brick walls, and its mellow breathings disturbed by the noisy pavements or the hum of the thousand voices of the multitude crowding to the thronged temples. But abroad, the *matin* and the *vesper* bell, in village or in city, have all the *romance* of religion associated with them; and the poetry of the solemn abbey, and the silence of the spacious cathedral, awake visions in which the imagination of him who loves the plaintive, the lonely, and the sad, finds congenial aliment

for its wild and welcome combinations. Fiction has done much in throwing a deep romantic interest around the Roman Catholic religion. The novels we have perused in our young days have had their scenes within the cloisters, and the cowled priest and the veiled nun have acted their conspicuous parts in the tragedy and the love-drama, over which the young imagination has lingered with excited interest, as we have spent our young emotions. Indeed I can remember when it was my desire, however much my private sentiments would lead me to wish the suppression of those fraternities and sisterhoods of the monastery and the nunnery for a wiser system of public benevolence and private piety, that it might be within the compass of my own journeyings to visit these recluses, as they exist abroad, before they should crumble, in the revolution of time and sentiment, to decay and ruin. And I have seen them, both at home and abroad.

It is my habit, the first morning I spend in a foreign place where the Roman Catholic religion prevails, to attend matins. I go not irreverently there, but love to seek the stillness and the solitude of the spacious cathedral, which is rendered doubly more silent and solemn by the few, perhaps single worshipper, seen kneeling in the extended area constituting the floor of the massive building, while the low murmur of the priest at the far-in altar comes, in impressive and scarcely heard whispers, to the ear. It is a fit place for the stranger to carry back his thoughts to the past—to remember the kind Providence that has been with him to the present—to think of those he loves far away—and of his God, to whose care he would commend them—and then, with all these thousand memories, and musings, and emotions which they awake, to offer the silent prayer to the Deity, to whom he owes all—from whom he hopes all—and whom he would love, adore, and worship, with thankfulness, dependence, and devotion.

I returned to the hotel better prepared to relish a shore-cup of delicious tea and a very good breakfast; and met at the table two or three of the officers of H. B M. ship Larne. They politely invited me to take a stroll with them through the bazaar, after breakfast.

The Larne, the British sloop of war, is here, delaying on account of the late disturbances between the Chinese and the foreigners. She is the only war-ship we have found here; and in the possibility of additional difficulties with the Chinese, they having threatened to cut off all supplies from Macao, our arrival has proved very acceptable to all. There are several war-junks moored in front of the city, threatening all that such monsters in nautical science are capable of threatening, and at least working so powerfully upon the imaginations and personal apprehensions of the Chinese part of the population of Macao, as to render them unwilling to traffic openly with the foreigners. And the officers of the Larne were kind, on our arrival, in sending a boat which contained fresh provisions for themselves to our ship, under the apprehension that we might find it difficult to gain an immediate supply.

Indeed, the arrival of our ship here has been particularly opportune; and the apprehensions of all the foreigners, as well as the Portuguese, whose settlement of Macao has been threatened positively and openly, are allayed; and the community feel that they have a sufficient protection to prevent any further high-handed measure on the part of the Chinese.

Almost all the American and English gentlemen are now at Canton, there held imprisoned within the grounds of the foreign factories, and are there to remain until the stipulated amount of opium (20,000 chests) shall have been delivered up. Our own arrival is said already to have had its effect upon the tone of the Chinese authorities, sufficient time having already passed for them to gain at Canton, through their own agents, knowledge of our anchoring in the Roads. It would be a fête gratifying, I doubt not, to all the officers of our ship, from the highest to the lowest, to force the Bogue, and to demand without delay the Americans now held within their premises at Canton. But the apprehension is, that, as their numbers are comparatively so small, and a mob of a numerous populace are ever so ready to do the bidding of the reckless and the abandoned, our approach might be attended with danger from the rabble at Canton. The authorities

themselves have said, all that they have to do for the destruction of those now within their power is, to allow the mob to do their own wishes. And there may be truth in in all this, as there is a general impression among the lower classes of the Chinese at Canton, that the foreign factories are filled with the precious metals, and that the plunder were well worth the sacrifice of the heads of the few "foreign devils" that have the custody of it. It is in view of these possibilities, and perhaps just apprehensions, that our Consul advises that no action should be had on the part of the Commodore, until other exigencies may call for it; and that the readiest way for the Americans and the English to effect their departure from Canton is, to await quietly for the delivery of the specified quantity of opium, which is now being rapidly accomplished through the English superintendent of trade, Captain Elliot. When this shall have been done, if the assurances of the Chinese authorities are to be depended upon, the foreigners will be permitted to leave Canton for Macao.

FIRST RAMBLE THROUGH THE BAZAARS.

I accompanied the officers of the Larne in a ramble through the bazaar, as they had politely offered to point out the way to this collection of shops, which contain the principal curiosities of Chinese manufacture to be found at Macao. And I was gratified to perceive that, in the event of our ultimately being unable to visit Canton, the Chinese bazaar at Macao would afford almost all the articles of curiosity and of utility we had hoped to secure at Canton. The bazaar is composed of a mass of small, one-and-a-half story shops, lining uninterruptedly both sides of several narrow streets—the streets themselves being generally flagged by long and roughly cut granite slabs or blocks, rendering the streets, though narrow, (being only sufficient for three or four persons to walk abreast,) clean but thickly crowded. Here the Chinese display the whole of the interior of their shop—with their shelves lining the three sides—the front part of the building being so constructed as to be removed during the day, for the display of the interior. And here may be found all those millions

of Chinese trinkets, and thousands of more useful things, which we have seen in another hemisphere, and have been told, in other days, that they came from China. The dashing lady* might regale her eye, by a simple request of Mr. Chinese *Kingti*, with crape shawls of different colors, and different patterns, and different prices, from what would be valued in America at ten to one hundred dollars. And if she desired it, she might, per order, have one wrought with embroidery according to her own taste and pattern, to cost any amount short of a round thousand. And then, she might be pleased in looking over a box of scarfs—some very pretty, some very indifferent—and then, examine some very pretty embroidered aprons, that would please the young lady of fifteen, and be quite admissible for her to appear in at breakfast. And then, she might examine the many and rich colored silks as they unfolded their rolls one after another; and if she found them entirely clear of spots, she might say that this and that is very pretty, and very heavy; but, after all, France and Switzerland and Italy give us quite as beautiful dresses as these would make; and however fond they may be of making good profits at Stewart's in Broadway, the dress would come cheaper, and after all, probably look richer and last longer. And then, if she herself may be fond of embroidering, she certainly would be tempted to industry as that rich and beautifully colored floss-silk of every dye was laid open before her covetous eye, while the visions of unwrought lilies and roses and carnations and tulips, and leaves of the grape-vine, and half-expanded buds of moss-roses recalled her recollections of handiwork that she had already inlaid upon the canvass. And perhaps, *perhaps*, it would even recur to her, at the moment, as a lingering, interloping thought, that, if she had possessed all these rich dyes, she might have added one more beauty to a favorite pair of beautiful slippers, which her own hands had embroidered, and which, with her gentlest smile of kindness, her own hand had presented to the partial friend,

* It is not usual for ladies to shop it in Macao, though they sometimes thus indulge themselves. They more usually send to the shops and request whatever they would see to be sent to their dwellings.

from whom she desired, but did not ask, a memory for her own gentle self. And then, there is an article almost rich enough for a bride herself, and only surpassed by the pina of Manilla for its fineness and its beauty. It rivals the bishop's lawn, and the finest cannot always be procured. But it is of gossamer lightness when it can be, and floats on the air like wreaths of which the softest clouds are made.

But we could not linger long at Kingti's, and we passed to his neighbors, and found that the richest and most delicate *China ware* comes from Nanking, and some of it is exquisite. But the diminution in the porcelain trade has reduced the amount of the manufactured articles, and full sets of the costliest kinds can hardly be found, but must be made per order. And there were rich Nanking vases, which we found we could purchase for one hundred dollars a pair. They were exquisite, and would be richly ornamental anywhere, when crowned with gorgeous and lovely flowers, for which they were made.

The Chinese are fond of flowers, but cultivate them almost exclusively in vases, which are generally constructed of a rough porcelain material, and glazed, to stand the inclemencies of the weather and the continued exposure of the open air.

But nothing crowds more upon the attention of the stranger, as he walks through the bazaar, than the great variety of the *chow-chow*,* eatable things in the shape of pickles, sweetmeats, ginger-root, just taken from the ground, and soft, white, and tender; and salted eggs, covered with a red clay, and shark-fins; and everywhere, first, midst, and last, *paddy, paddy, paddy; rice, rice, rice.* This is the staff on which the Chinese lean for support; and it is said that a mace a day, or ten-eleventhes of a cent, will support a Chinese.

To each shop there is a back-room, in which the whole coterie, including the principal Chinese of the establishment, and his five, six, or seven partners, who are often all

* This word is used in the sense of *medley*, and is often repeated in China. Does not the New England word *chowder* derive its origin from it?

brothers, if so many happen to be in the family, gather for their meals around a single table, with each one his bowl and his pair of *chop-sticks*, with a single central bowl of larger dimensions, to contain the rice for the whole party. Besides the one large bowl of rice, there is generally seen upon the table a variety of chow-chow dishes, in the shape of pickled ginger-root, garlick, beans, cabbage, etc., from each dish of which they all help themselves with their own pair of chop-sticks, which lose not their place from between the fourth and third fingers and thumb, during the meal, and are "nimble boys" indeed, as their own language designates them.

Simplicity is inculcated by the sages of the Chinese empire, and their precepts are rigidly adhered to, by the absence of every thing else, in the way of table-furniture, save their pair of chop-sticks and bowl.

The shop-keeper, as one may suppose, has therefore but few encumbrances to lay aside on the entrance of a customer at the meal-time. Rather, as he has most usually, on such occasions of his rice-eating, divested himself of his grass-cloth frock, which at other times serves him as his only upper garment, loosely hanging over his large trousers, which are gathered within his white stockings at the knee, he replaces this by a slight manœuvre of diving through it, and appears before the foreigner less willing to show the fine development of the muscles of his arms and shoulders than he was to expose them to the manes of his grandfathers as he sits disrobed at his meals.

SMALL-FOOTED CHINESE

On our return, we passed two Chinese women attended by their servants, who were walking, rather were *waddling* through the less crowded part of Macao, on their *little feet*, with each a staff in her hand to enable her to preserve her balance. They were quite neatly dressed, à la Sinicè. The first emotion awakened in the feelings of a foreigner on meeting one of these sufferers of China's perverted tastes, is that of pity, and one almost wishes, as his next thought, that he had the power of inflicting merited and severe chastisement upon the parents who suffered such

perversion of nature and taste; for, turn the world from east to west, and let other things remain as they are, and it can never be shown that the principles of *fitness* and *taste* are otherwise than the same. But so it is in China—little feet and swelled ankles, and nature tortured and dislocated, are regarded as the standard of beauty. And when the whole secret of the matter is known, it will not, perhaps, be considered so astonishing that delicate women should suffer thus to be tortured, and themselves again, as mothers, repeating the torture upon their children. It is said to be the very general if not the invariable custom of the parents, whose right it is, in the selection of a wife for their son, to choose a *small-footed* nymph for his first companion, who has gone through this horrible process of disorganization. And as the first wife, according to Chinese customs, is the honorable partner of the husband and has under her control all his other wives, which, according to the custom of the Chinese, each one may add to his household, it becomes a matter of great interest to the female that she possess the qualities that will allow her to be eligible to this most honorable and first situation in the household of her lord. Shoes variously ornamented with tinsel can be purchased in the bazaar for these tiny feet, or apologies for what once were such, or would have been, but now are but an exemplification of a small solid triangle, which has the appearance of a small imperfect cone, laterally truncated so as to give it a base, that it may rest on its side. And I have in my possession three or four pair of these curiosities which have actually been worn, one of which is less than four inches long. It would seem incredible; and the truth is, these shoes are rather forced upon the great toe and so much of the triangular foot as it will cover, and then, with a high heel to effect a level, the rest part of the foot and ankle is bandaged, so as by this arrangement to represent the foot still smaller than it really is.

It would seem, if it be true as is asserted, that the Empress of China and her Tartar sisters of the imperial blood, do not follow the Chinese custom of bandaging their feet: and thus it is not always true that *the court* sets the fashion. But this is in China, where every thing goes by contraries.

Our countryman, Mr. K., of the house of Oliphant, King,

and Co., at Canton, is among the Americans who have been caught napping at the provincial city; and although known not to have given any offence to the Chinese government by engaging in the traffic of opium, but, on the contrary, exerted his influence to put an end to the trade, the Chinese chose to make no open distinction between the foreigners detained in the city. Mr. K. happened to be in Canton at the time the embargo was laid upon their persons, and as no intercourse is allowed between Macao and Canton, of course he awaits the further action of the Chinese government.

I called on Mrs. King this morning, who seems but little apprehensive for the safety of Mr. K.; and for herself, she would apprehend but little danger to the persons of the Americans, should our ship take her course without delay towards the commercial mart of these celestials, and ask permission of these long-braided gentlemen for the Americans to take their leave, for a visit to Macao. But Mrs. K. is something of a heroine, in the way of placidity of nerves, though danger may be near, as she has demonstrated to her friends in more than a single instance. She was on board the Morrison with her husband, when that ship was fired into by the Japanese. This seemed sport enough for her, I am told, to make her wish to look at it rather than to retire below to a safer part of the ship. Woman is ever brave and patient, when necessity has so combined circumstances as to render danger or distress an unavoidable experience.

Mrs. K. is an interesting representative from our own good land. And might I describe, I would paint a fine blue eye, a delicate, frank, and interesting countenance, a set of brilliant teeth, and a person in a dark silk dress, which the eye at once recognised, in its make, as a pattern not from England but from America, and makes you think of your own lady-friends, as they are remembered, on promenade, up that finest street in the world—Broadway—in old Gotham of the new world, and the native home of Mrs. K. Did I feel at liberty, I might record it more especially to the praise of this lady, that the moral welfare of the native females of China has elicited in their behalf her feelings of interest and action.

It is said that many ingenious devices are resorted to in these times of non-intercourse with Canton, for conveying letters between the two cities. There are Chinese who are willing, for considerable sums, to run the risk of taking small packages clandestinely, though it be at the endangering of the healthful flow of the blood through the jugular veins. Sometimes a slip of paper is made up in the form of a paper cigar—sometimes placed in the sole of a Chinese shoe—again concealed in some dish of cooked rice or other eatables.

The city of Macao, in its picturesque, as seen when approached from the sea, has a combination of interest beyond any other city we have visited in the East. Here is the castellated mount, the high and cross-crowned spire, the low and truncated cupola, the green mountain-side raising high up its conical top in bold relief against the pure sky, and the white city, laying itself out in the ravines between the green hills, and presenting, in its front, one line of dwellings looking over a lovely bay, while the public buildings covering the heights render the blended amphitheatre of house and hill-side, and turret and spire, and lines of fortification, and convent, and church, and hermitage, an exhibition of the beautiful and romantic of the first order in natural and artificial scenery. The city is flanked by two forts on the plain and two inwalled hermitages or small churches on the high conical heights. The largest fortification of the town, commanding the harbor and the city beneath it, crowns the central mount, and is the conspicuous and high-up object that meets the eye. From these forts streams the Portuguese flag; and on festal days of the church, and political jubilees of the kingdom, the hermitages may be seen illuminated, as bright things with their rows of light on the mount; while the guns from the central fortification usually speak in eulogy of heavenly saints and political sinners, on their anniversaries. But all this rich scenic effect, as it falls on the vision when one is for the first time approaching the city of Macao in his small boat, to reach the landing place of the Praya Grande, is considerably diminished when he wanders through the narrow streets of the town, while nature all around him retains her proportions of grandeur and outlines of the

beautiful. The Portuguese, like the Spaniards, have a faculty of giving an air of antiquity to all they have to do with; while there is yet a freshness in the appearance of Macao, as you contemplate it in the distance, which diminishes not the effect of the olden in the contrast, which the fortifications and the public buildings give to a city, which may boast of centennial years.

In the city of Macao, there are not a few objects of interest to one of leisure, who has a love for marking character, observing manners, and connecting and tracing back present existences to their causes which lie in the past.

One of the first objects of curiosity to which the stranger is invited, is a beautiful garden now belonging to a young Portuguese gentleman, containing the cave where Camöens, the justly celebrated bard who sung, in heroics, the deeds of the first navigators around the Cape, is said to have composed many of his verses.

Having dined, by invitation, with a gentleman in the neighborhood of this garden, we walked to the grounds, and I was not disappointed in the beauty of the location. It is a place that will not tire the lover of solitude and stillness and the profound in nature; for here is rock and ravine and deep shades of tangled foliage, as well as flowers and balmy air and sunshine. I have a partiality for rocks—the cragged peak, the deep ravine, vale and hill, and dense woods; and here are mighty granite bolders piled on top of each other; and the surface of the garden is almost as uneven as the space of the grounds could admit. And every thing is luxuriant. The rocks are embowered by the evergreen foliage. The winding and abrupt paths, leading up the steep aslant or down the mimic declivity, are coated with a cement called chunam, thus giving them a smooth flagging, which the torrents of rain affect not, however in seasons of the storm or shower the currents may sport down the hill-steep. By winding up one of these paths, we came to an elevated spot, that commanded a view of the other parts of the ground. It is a small space of table-ground, and from its level surface rise several granite bolders with plain surfaces, two of which are separated some three or four feet, and on their

top rests another immense block of the same imperishable material, thus forming the celebrated cave of Camöens. They are blocks of granite, resting upon a mightier base of immoveable rock; and around, wherever root can find a place for entering its tendrils, the tree has gained its hold, and the foliage of the many stately shafts wave on their interlacing boughs, and give a richness of shade to this seat of quiet and rural beauty. The cave is open on two sides, and is some six or seven feet in width, more or less, rectangular, and more open and regular than the Judges' cave of western memory, but of the same order, within a few miles of that most enchanting of all rural cities of America, New Haven, Connecticut. Seated here, the muse might well come to him, who courted her. Through a vista at the left, a sheet of water is seen which lays its curved edges around the neighboring islands conspicuous in the inner harbor; and the city is shut out by the walls that run above the rocks, which themselves terrace off this nook of fairy land for nature's wild roamers, who give to her their warm devotions.

It is said that our ship will linger long at this port. I am glad that such a retreat may be found; and in my protracted stay on shore I am sure I shall form a very partial friendship for many of these old trees, and these enduring rocks, and winding path and shrub and flower.

There are, at different points of the garden, several beautiful views and rustic turrets of masonry, raised to give the gazer a convenient view, and seats within them that would accommodate a small pic-nic party at a soft hour of balmy day.

John Francis Davies, Esq., a long resident in the East, and one of its Oriental scholars, has written the following Latin verses to the Cave of Camöens. Among the same rocks and shades I read the verses and pencilled a translation.

IN CAVERNUM

UBI CAMOEONS OPUS EGREGIUM COMPOSSUISSE FERTUR.

Hic, in remotis sol ubi rupibus
Frondes per altas mollius incidit,
Fervebat in pulcram camöenam
Ingenium Camoentis ardens:

Signum et poetæ marmore lucido
Spiribat olim, carminibus sacrum
Pavumque, quod vivens amavit.
Effigie decorabat antrum:

Sed jam vetustas, aut manus impia
Prostravit, eheu! Triste silentium
Regnare nunc solum videtur
Per scopulos, verides et umbras!

At fama nobis restat—at inclitum,
Restat poetæ nomen—at ingeni
Stat carmen exemplum perenne
Ærea nec monumenta quærit.

Sic usque Virtus vincit, ad ultiams
Perducta fines temporis, exitus
Ridens sepulchrorum inanes,
Marmoriset celerem ruinam!

Macao, MDCCCXXXI.

(TRANSLATION.)

TO THE CAVE,

WHERE CAMOENS IS SAID TO HAVE WRITTEN HIS CELEBRATED POEM.

Among the recesses of the rock and the shade
Where the sun's mild beam on the rich foliage played,
The genius of Camöens, in beautiful verse,
Poured forth its sweet strains which ages will rehearse.

And here the fair marble once breathed in its grace
To tell of the Poet that hallowed the place,
And the seat he loved most while his eye yet was bright
Was known by a bust in the cave's mellowed light.

But time with its years hath betrayed the fair trust,
And crumbled the rich marble, alas! to its dust,
And stillness now reigns profound as the grave
Through the rocks and the shades of Camöen's cave.

But the fame of the Poet in brightness is streaming,
And his name on the page of glory is gleaming,
While his works as the models of genius yet live
And seek not from marble its praises to give.

Thus genius lives ever through time's crumbling power,
Till ages shall cease to chronicle their hour,
And spurns the proud marble its praises to boast,
And, deathless, yet triumphs, when monuments are lost.

The English burial-place is in the immediate neighborhood of the garden, through which we promenaded, and in which we would willingly have longer lingered; but we left this scene of loveliness and flowers and life, for one of yet deeper stillness, soft beauty, and death. It is a spot like most of the burial-places I have seen in the East, possessing a rural beauty, and still-calm and green richness and softness, which makes you feel that if you were to die abroad you would choose to be placed in such a spot. The grounds are small, a rectangular plot of half an acre, with trees studding the end and one side of it, and a carpet of green grass overlaying the whole area. Here the English residents and Protestant foreigners are interred when they die at Macao. There was an interest associated with this ground to me independent of its rural beauty, when considered as occupying a place within the bounds of a circumscribed city. There were a few Americans reposing in their last and long sleep there; and one, though it was not my fortune to have been intimately acquainted with her, others of my friends were, and I had learned from them to esteem the sweet qualities of her amiable character. I saw her once just previous to her leaving America for Canton, with her guardian, in hopes that the voyage would contribute to her restoration to health. It was otherwise; and now she sleeps beneath the green sod and green boughs in a tropical clime; and her tombstone bears the following inscription, over which the waving foliage fades not, as if to emblem forth the ever youthful spirit of her who has gone, with bright and happy hopes of fadeless joys and a bright immortality.

"In memory of Elizabeth McDougal Gillespie. Born at New-York, June 6, A. D. 1814. Died at Macao, Dec. 6, A. D. 1837.

"Erected by an affectionate Guardian over the grave of a beloved ward."

She sleeps—but not beneath the deep
That mourns the sea-dirge for its dead,
While low among the tides they sweep
Or rock upon their coral bed.

She sleeps—but not beneath the ground
Where kindred dead lie near and deep,

And friends oft gather at the mound
To think, and love, and newly weep.

She sleeps—a gem from western land,
That shone as ray of diamond light;
But soon was lost on foreign strand,
A setting star in earliest night.

She sleeps—where strangers stop to trace
The story of the early dead;
And one far-voyager seeks her place
His tribute tear o'er worth to shed.

There are two other monuments of the same style as the one that covers the remains of Miss G., constituting, with hers and one other, a row by themselves. The two alluded to, and adjacent to hers, bear the following inscriptions:

"The remains of Edmond Roberts, Esq., Special Diplomatic Agent of the U. S. to several Asiatic Courts, who died at Macao, June 12, 1836, Æ. 50.

"He devised and executed to their end, under instructions from his Government, Treaties of Amity and Commerce between the U. S. and the Courts of Muscat and Siam."

"The remains of Archibald S. Campbell, Esq, who died at Macao, in command of the U. S. schooner Enterprise, June 3, 1836, Æ. 46.

"Erected to the memory of Lieutenant Commander A. S. C., by the officers of the U. S. ship Peacock and schooner Enterprise, 1836."

And here, unless this spot for the sleep of the dead shall prove unlike others which have raised their voice for their complement of those we are to leave on foreign shores in our circuit of the globe, a number of American seamen from our ship will form their death-row before we shall have left the China seas.

Commodore Read has taken up his residence on the Praya Grande; and it is pretty certain that the Columbia will remain at her present anchorage for a month and more. If the present state of affairs continues, she will not leave these seas in twice that time.

I have become very pleasantly located in the family of the Rev. Mr. Shück, whose residence is situated in one of

the most beautiful parts of the town, and directly in the neighborhood of the romantic garden already partially described, and of the English burial-ground, two of the sweetest rural spots in the city. The large building occupies one side of a rhomboidal area, the other three sides being lined by the church of St. Antonio, the gate of St. Antonio, the monastery or residence of a number of Catholic priests, together with the entrance to the English burial place. The remaining, or fourth side, is fronted by the large buildings of the elder and younger Marquise, two Portuguese gentlemen, who are the proprietors of the beautiful grounds containing the cave of Camöens.

Through the gate of St. Antonio most of the Chinese funeral processions pass for the interment of the bodies among the hills that rise so majestically without the walls of the city, and between two of which, on the northwestern part of the city, lies the Campo, stretching through the deep defile, and forming the favorite walk for the foreigners, more particularly when the sun has fallen so that the rays are cut off by the high range of the hills on either side of the ravine. Here, at an hour by sunset, you may see the little groups of the English and Americans and the Portuguese, strolling, (though the Praya Grande appears to be the more favorite resort of the Portuguese,) or in single couples they dot the different paths as so many specks in relief with the high hills that surround them, or, perhaps, up one of which they may be winding, lady and gentleman alike having deposited their hats at their homes, as useless encumbrances in this climate, at this balmy hour, but as a substitute, the one with a fan, the other with his staff in hand. And here one is almost certain of meeting one's friend, if he will stroll to the Campo at the sunset hour. It is a welcome breathing spot, after the heat of the day, and the influence of the pure air, and the cool breeze, and the soft sky, give a sweeter expression to the smile of one's friend, and additional ingenuousness to the cordial welcome at the meeting.

I took the circuit of the mount, on the high top of which is the inwalled and picturesque Hermitage of Guia. The mount separates the Campo from the sea, and the path of the Campo, winding through the ravine, turns to the right

and reaches the beach, from which you have a view of the far-out shipping that lie at their moorings in the Roads. From this point, there is a path along the mountain-side by which one may return rather than by the path of the Campo, if one wishes a rougher walk as a variety and for greater exercise. And this path, winding around this conical hill, and passing between a notch of the mountain, again descends the declivity to the path of the Campo. It was already near sundown when we reached this notch in the mountain which divides the same into two conical hills; and the pass lies at a near point immediately beneath the little church or hermitage above. It was a soft hour as we neared the level of the Campo, and others were enjoying it as they were promenading the rural path, or reclining upon the green area that spreads itself in the ravine. The bell of the hermitage on the mount now struck its farewell to the sun, seen at this moment from its wall to give back its last ray from its upper edge. Two young priests were lounging in their long black gowns and triangular hats on the green sward near us. They rose at the stroke of the sundown bell of the hermitage, both reverently uncovered, crossed themselves, and again threw themselves upon the green turf.

The display of radiants on the deep-blue sky at this sunset hour was peculiar. I have never marked a similar exhibition in other than the climate of these seas, and at this place I have marked it with interest as a peculiar and here not unfrequent beauty. A point of the west sends forth its streams of the most delicate pink, and saffron, and carmine, radiant from a common centre, as they lay their divergent beams on the loveliest and softest sky-blue that ever formed a cerulean field for colors to contrast themselves upon. These elongated and rectilinear beams to-night diverged from each other as they rose from their lowest common point in the horizon, till their rising and evanescent layers, spreading and blending, formed a soft and commingled light of all their colors, nearly in the zenith of the beholder. Such was the soft display of nature this evening as we passed several of our friends, while we were leaving the Campo for a cup of tea which was awaiting our return. And the tea-table we found set on the top of

a spacious terrace, with a bright moon and bright stars looking down from their pure halls above us, as we gathered to our seats. It was an Oriental scene, enjoyed in the improved way and conveniences of American arrangement. The stars never scintillated more beautifully than to-night. And we marked as we gazed at the southern cross, and saw by a simple change the polar star in the opposite direction, that, what is sometimes affirmed is not true, like many other confidently asserted things, namely, that there is no single point of the globe from which this constellation of the southern cross and the north star may, each at the same moment, be seen. And *lyra*, that blue twinkling brilliant, high up above us, in a few hours more will hang perpendicularly over our western homes. We would be glad to give it a message. But it may not be—it may not be ;—yet I know not but there are eyes there that will read it and think of those half a world's circumference distant from them.

Last evening I visited at Mr. G.'s. Found him and his lady promenading on the open terraces of the garden, a spacious area of ground, overlooking most of the southwestern part of the city, and commanding a full view of the inner harbor, the green and adjacent isles, and the high grounds on the south of the town. It is an elevated and charming promenade, this terrace of the garden ; and the establishment itself is one of the most imposing of the city. The terraces rise one above another ; and the high walls, to form the level of what may be deemed hanging gardens, are reached by granite steps—the whole presenting a position admirable for defence in a feudal age or times of revolution. The spacious ruins around, of olden associations, where the thick walls and private and secret passages of monastery and fortification are seen, and the crumbled buildings of the Jesuits, once splendid and massive, stood, now afford abundant material for romance. The ruins of St. Paul's are still standing, and its front forms one of the most conspicuous specimens of architectural interest to be found in the city. The church was founded by the Jesuits ; and the inscription on the corner-stone of the remaining walls carries back the erection of the building to 1662. "Virgini magnæ matri, civitas macaensis lubens,

Pasuit. An. 1662." This venerable structure was consumed by fire in 1834. The front still stands, with its chiselled decorations of saints who have gone through the literal ordeal of fire with but partial blackening; and the walls being repaired, the whole has been turned into a very respectable and very neat cemetery. Niches rise one above the other, occupying the inner sides of the walls as vaults. A terrace extends quite around the inner side of the building, supported by the walls and the columns within. At the inner end of the cemetery is a small chapel, containing an altar, with an iron grating in front, through which the eye contemplates a delineation of purgatory on the inner wall, representing a number of spirits in different attitudes escaping from the purifying flames—some halfway relieved, another with the whole body escaped with the exception of a single foot; and another with an angel's hand triumphantly bearing him above; while still other sister spirits are extending their aid to the sufferers below, and *almost* but not quite reach their elevated and extended hands. Within the adjacent grounds, so late as the present year, I am informed that the governor has caused excavations to be made, in consequence of a traditional impression, which it is supposed has been handed down on very good authority, that the Jesuits buried large treasures at the time of their downfall and the sequestering of their estates. The earth, yet retaining its freshness of excavation, is seen near the walls of this once magnificent building; but what has been done only shows that enterprise was wanting to develop the money even if the treasure is there, beyond the labor that has already been expended. A private band of villagers in our own land, have dug deeper and wider for the deposited ingots of Captain Kyd.

We retired from the terraces of the garden to the house at the dusk of twilight, when tea was served. One of the nieces of Mrs. G. came in from her evening walk. Carnation was glowing on her cheeks in deepness, and so blending with the lily of her complexion, that it made her an object of interest as a fine specimen of that Anglo-German style of face, so unlike the dark brunettes, and yet darker-shaded faces, on which our eyes have so long been lingering. She gave us music in the evening. As she sat at the

piano-forte, her wide brow of marble and luxuriant ringlets flowing in negligence and abundance on a neck of Parian, and the large deep-blue eye, and lip that the free and young blood dyed in coral, made her appear like a fine specimen of a German princess, worthy of the throne of England.

"Americans always do things so finely," said Mr. G., when alluding to some particulars connected with the navy. Americans do things very ungracefully, often, I thought, when they are unwilling to reciprocate a compliment in praise of what is really meritorious in England, or would wish to find fault with that which is uncensurable.

With the symphony of "I call on the spirits of the past" full in my memory, I left the little coterie, with a polite invitation to attend a musical party the succeeding evening, to which invitations to some others should be extended, they said, particularly on my account, presuming, with accuracy, on my love of music.

The authorities at Canton seem to be slackening their surveillance a little, or, at least, are behaving a little more becomingly, as gentlemen, and have permitted our letters to come down from Canton. It is as I thought it would be with my kind friends at home; and a real U. S. mail has been awaiting me. It was my good fortune to receive between forty and fifty letters, and papers piled like Alps o'er Alps, in the number of packages my friends were so thoughtful as to send me; and all good news. I was thankful; and spent the night in wakeful communion with my friends, as I read through their many epistles. I am sure if those at home could but partially realize the exultation which our officers manifest, and the happiness they experience on the reception of letters when abroad, they would be considerate in securing every opportunity in forwarding letters to meet them.

The situation of my own friends at New-York has enabled them to avail themselves of many opportunities of forwarding letters. But other officers of the ship have found the advantage of the existence of the *Naval Lyceum at Brooklyn Navy-Yard*, a most worthy institution, which will be justly appreciated, and valuable as it advances in its action and continuance. Persons from any part of the

Union, sending letters to their friends in the Navy who are abroad, will have them particularly looked after and forwarded by the first opportunity, if sent to the Naval Lyceum. The information possessed of the destination of foreign squadrons, where the ships are expected to touch, and what vessels are sailing from the port of New-York, or other ports of the United States for those places, gives the officer who is in particular charge of the duty of forwarding letters sent to the Lyceum, peculiar facilities for despatching them to foreign ports. Of course, these letters, if sent by the mail, to the care of the Lyceum at the Navy-Yard, Brooklyn, should be post-paid: the institution gratuitously forwarding these letters, should not be burdened with the postage in the United States.

SERVICE IN THE ENGLISH CHAPEL.

Yesterday, it being Sunday, I preached in the English chapel. The Rev. Mr. Vachel, chaplain to the queen's commission here, is now absent, on account of his health, on a visit or permanent return to England. The chapel is quite neatly fitted up, and sufficiently large for the foreign community at Macao. The number of the foreigners here is larger at this time than usual, in consequence of the difficulties at Canton, and expected daily to be considerably increased by the arrival of all the English merchants and the government officers, with the Americans, who it is said will leave the city when Captain Elliot, the English superintendent of trade, shall retire from the city to Macao.

In the services of the chapel I read the prayers, and I am sure I very sincerely offered the petition for her Britannic Majesty, Victoria, Britain's most gracious queen and governor. Whenever I had previously preached in the English chapels, the chaplain, being present, has read the service. Surely there are interests enough that are mutual in the common welfare of England and America, not only to make the subjects of the one and the citizens of the other sincerely to wish the happiness of the rulers of both nations, but also devoutly to pray that they may alike be guided so as to preserve the harmony and the

prosperity of each government. The interests of the one, when viewed in connection with those general and just principles of political economy which are becoming more universally understood, and aggrandizing the age, cannot be otherwise than the ultimate interests of the other. The politician, who legislates merely or principally for some immediate advantage of his own times, is unworthy a seat in the councils of his country. The greatest ultimate good of the nation,—and of the world, if you add the character of the Christian to the politician,—is the inquiry that should guide the enlightened and liberal mind. Washington acted with such a forecast; and Hamilton, by whom the country was retrieved from debt and placed on her highway to national respect and prowess. And England has many a bright name to class among the philanthropic legislators of the nineteenth century.

In the evening I heard the Rev. Mr. Shück preach at the house occupied by the Rev. Mr. Browne, where, on Sunday evenings, it is usual for the American missionaries at this place to have service, and, in turn, to officiate. The Rev. Mr. Abeel, and Rev. Mr. Bridgman and Dr. Parker are at Canton. The two former, at least, are expected to return to Macao, as soon as the foreign community leave Canton. Mr. Williams, connected with the printing establishment of the mission here, (a young gentleman of worth,) I have also met. The Rev. Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Young, Baptist licenciate from Batavia, are also resident at Macao. Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Shück are the only missionary ladies from America at Macao.

Mr. King having reached Macao in the morning, I was introduced to him after the services this evening; and having learned of our mutual acquaintances, I was glad to meet him.

He is a young gentleman of intelligence and liberal principles; and, with the house to which he is attached, has taken a decided stand against the trafficking in opium. His estimate of the Chinese character is higher than others rate it in the scale of morality and intellect and enterprise. It is natural that his course, with so many opposing interests in commerce, against which, with great independence,

the house of Oliphant, King, and Company seem to have acted, should have awakened some jealousies. But the result of the measures of the Chinese government will place the cause which Mr. K. has advocated triumphant in the end, as all liberal-minded men, wherever they may think their interests lie, must acknowledge to be the desirable course of events, in connection with the opium trade, which has impoverished thousands, and threatened the destruction of a nation, for the private emolument of a few individuals and corporations.

I have read the views of Mr. K. in connection with the establishment of a consulate general at Macao with vice consulates for other positions corresponding with the different European powers holding settlements in the East. For example, a consul for the Spanish possessions should be located at Manilla; one for the Dutch possessions at Batavia; another at Singapore; and another at Siam. The consuls at these stations severally to report to the consul-general at Macao, who also should be the consul to the Chinese empire, and make reports of the different consulates to the general government. And that this general establishment for the East may be honorable to the government of the U. S. and efficient in promoting and protecting its interests of commerce and trade, the consuls should be officers with fixed salaries, sufficient to raise them above the necessities of their engaging in trade.

No one familiar with the East and the interests of American commerce in these seas but will at once see the utility of such an establishment, and its practicability. Its expense, even with a liberal allowance to the consuls, would be a saving to the government, and give it a credit abroad which would be honorable to that administration which shall carry such a measure into execution.

I met the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Browne, Monday evening, at Mr. King's. It was a very agreeable tête-à-tête to review home scenes with Mrs. B. Two of her brothers were university acquaintances of myself, and she left the United States after the sailing of our ships. We wandered together, in imagination and review, through many a town and village, and rested a good long while in that exquisite specimen of *rus in urbe*, or rather, *urbs in rure*,

which makes the elm-embowered city of NEW HAVEN without a rival, for its rural pleasantness and beauty. Who that has ever moved at moonlight among its groves —who that, at the evening hour as the sunset sent athwart the city its level beams flooding the elm-tops of the city in layers of gold, has threaded its streets thus arched with domes of golden foliage, supported by Corinthian shafts of nature though ranged in Gothic arch—who that has there watched the sunset scenes, rivalled nowhere else in the world, so far as I have seen them—who that has mingled in its circles of cultivated and refined and modest minds, chastened by their high appreciation of literature, morality, and religion, but will pause enchanted at the mention of thy name, beautiful, blest, beloved NEW HAVEN?

I've roamed among the flowery isles afar,
And strolled, at night, 'neath west and eastern star;
And I have loved the moon-lit scene in grove,
On lake, and where the throngs of cities move;
And where the streams of lighted avenue
Their glare on palms and cloves and mangoes threw;
And where the fair ones of a gentler clime
Unveiled, when bells of latest vespers chime,
Are seen to tread upon their verdant walk
To court the breeze and sport the evening talk:—
But not within the range of this wide world,
(Roamed I the regions of the New or Old,)
Have I such moon-lit glory elsewhere known
As I have seen around those temples thrown,
Where Art and Nature join to render blest
This loved, THIS RURAL CITY OF THE WEST.

I have visited with interest in the family of Mr. Squire and lady, from Plymouth, England. Mr. S. is some way connected with the English society for the spread of the gospel, and is in the East to convey home to the society the information it may need to enable it judiciously to make its selections for the stations of its laborers.

Mrs. S. is the daughter of the late George Harvey, of literary titles and of literary fame. He is the writer of several articles published in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, a work of great merit I understand, and extent, but whether yet completed I am not informed. It was a matter of gratification to look over the volumes possessed by

Mrs. S., containing very beautiful specimens of plates illustrating the articles on meteorology, many of them done from sketches by her own pencil. And then, it was amusing to hear some playful anecdote associated with the drawing of that tree, which is a portrait—that notch in the hill—that mystic fold in the sheet of that cloud—that globule of rain that has descended from the nimbus or the cumulus—that old-fashioned ship, that was standing in by the breakwater; and that unique Spanish craft which had somehow wandered to the neighborhood; and then as another leaf was turned, to mark the angles in the flake of snow or the mosaic of the hoar-frost, taken from the window pane of the parlor, or the antique glass of that old church, about which many a ghost story has been told. How estimable, we justly think, is that family, where science, and taste, and affection prevail! No ennui, listlessness, and insipidity, hath to do in such a circle. In the education of his several daughters, the father of Mrs. S. directed that one should pay her attention particularly to music, another to drawing, another to painting, thus rendering each skilful in her own department, and introducing into the family a variety of accomplishments, that would not tire, and by consequence afford the greater happiness to the whole circle.

In the little incidents of pleasure and disappointments which Mrs. S. narrated to me as associated with these beautiful plates, the scenes of which were all taken from the neighborhood of her home, and sketched at her father's, I thought how much was lost as we gaze on the beautiful in art, in the absence of the story of its progress, and its midst, and its ending. Often—how often! could we learn the whole of the poor artist's story as he spent his hours over the print we admire, would the tears flood our own eyes. And again, in tracing the history of other pieces, which have been the result of indulging a taste and accomplishment possessed, and contributing pleasure from its conception to its perfection, how would our own feelings often kindle, could we know of some of the incidents and feelings that attended the artist; and luxuriate, as we traced the combinations of real life with the scenes of the fictitious! We know that we are delighted with

the beautiful, and appreciate with most acceptable feelings the effect of the combinations in a perfect painting. But how those feelings would be augmented, did we know how many hearts, and why they gushed amid those scenes described—or that beat with kindred feelings of love and sentiment with our own when gazing on the same view—or sighed or smiled over the same prospect. Surely do I think, if this description meets the eye of this amiable lady, she will remember the hour so agreeable to myself, in which she narrated the little domestic incidents connected with the sketches of her *porte-feuille*, and the soft and beautiful prints of the Encyclopedia.

After prayers I took my leave.

WOMAN.

Conversation is the source of the greatest happiness of a social and rational being. And there can be few pleasures more unalloyed than man derives from the conversation of an intelligent woman. And there is nothing that sooner disgusts the virtuous mind than to listen to a cant that often prevails among some circles of the other sex, to the disparagement of the female character. Where I hear it, I stay not to argue as to the elements of the character of the coterie that will allow it, or the qualities of that heart that can be pleased with the trifling and disparaging remark, as associated with the female sex, to the wreathing of the lip with a smile of satisfaction. It is to woman, society owes its highest refinements and softest civilities. The virtuous, and honorable, and *high-minded bearing* of every community, is measured by the tone of sentiment with which woman is regarded. The chivalric age, when man would peril life for woman as freely as courses the blood in his veins, and when her defence was a profession, was a virtuous age. And the nations of the world are characterized for their civilization, general intelligence, delicacy of feeling, liberty, and perhaps prowess, in proportion as they are observed to treat the female sex with deference, hold their personal rights in consideration, and accord to them freedom in action, and unrestrained intercourse in social life. And there is nothing that speaks

more in compliment of the American people, and assuredly declares their advance in the dignity and moral worth of a mighty and a Christian nation, than the deferential respect with which they regard the female sex. And he has been but a slight observer of mankind who does not consider them, though the weaker, the *better half* of the world, in all that is kind, benevolent, refined, and holy.

It is a beautiful paragraph in the works of Ledyard, the indefatigable, and, to fame, immortal traveller, in which he speaks of woman, as he has seen her in all quarters of the globe. It makes one love his memory, saying every thing as it does for the excellency of his heart; and to the critic in literature, presents a specimen of almost the perfect in style. He says:

"I have observed, among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor superstitious; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer; with men it has often been otherwise.

"In walking over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free, and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the sweet morsel with a double relish."

Sunday, May 26th, I again preached in the English chapel, and administered the communion. As most of the foreigners had reached Macao from Canton during the week, the house was well filled, and the number of persons

who communed was greater than I had anticipated. The communion, in the absence of the chaplain, not having been administered for some time, the services seemed to gain additional interest to those who were present. And it certainly was great satisfaction to me to unite with my English friends of the same creed, in the services common to the American and the English mother church The prayers of the morning service were read by Mr. Stanton, a student of Cambridge, who is now preparing for orders, and who, in the absence of the chaplain, usually reads a sermon to the congregation on the Sabbath.

In the afternoon of the same day I attended a Bible class at Mr. Squire's, where I met the Rev. Messrs. Bridgman and Abeel, who, having reached Macao Saturday night, were at the services at the English chapel in the morning, together with the other American missionaries, resident here. At the Bible class were also the Rev. Mr. Brown and lady, Mr. Williams and Mr. Stanton. Mr. Morrison, son of the late Doctor Morrison, and first interpreter to her Majesty's commission, came in, having arrived from Canton, with Captain Elliot and others, during the morning.

After tea, I accompanied Mr. Squire to the missionaries' services of the evening at Mr. Browne's, where a number of the residents and all the missionaries usually attend, on Sunday evening. I heard the Rev. Mr. Browne, and was glad to listen to an exposition of the moral government of God, that relieves his benevolence and mercy from charges sometimes brought against it, by showing that the present system of God's government is the best possible to him as a Ruler over free moral beings, and the best conceivable, *if* these free moral beings had acted their part, as their interests and their obligations of duty suggested.

I called at Captain Elliot's on Monday morning, Commodore Read and Captain Wyman making a call at the same hour.

CAPTAIN ELLIOT AND CHINESE AFFAIRS.

Captain Elliot is the British superintendent of trade here, empowered by her Majesty's government with certain authority, the extent of which, in the secrecy with which he keeps his instructions, it is impossible to know:

but, as occasion requires, the decision with which he acts, and the responsibility he assumes, declare that his powers are equal to any exigency which has yet occurred. And he affirms that his instructions are full; and when occasion requires it they shall be known. He has assumed the responsibility of requiring from the English captains the delivery of opium, to the amount of some millions of dollars in value, for which the English government becomes the debtor; and through him, as its agent, it is surrendered to the Chinese authorities, according to the demand of the Chinese government, as the condition of the liberation of the foreigners held imprisoned at Canton. The amount has now been surrendered, and the foreigners are mostly in Macao beyond the further power of the Chinese, while the trade is again opened, on certain conditions, into which the captains of the ships are to enter. The English will not accept these conditions. The Americans may play their part differently, as their *present* interests lead them to secure their home cargoes.

A crisis evidently has come; and it will depend upon the will of the English government, in a good degree, as to what that crisis shall develop. If the ministry now in power continue to hold their places, it is presumed that Captain Elliot will be sustained in the course he has pursued; and that England will demand the restitution of an equivalent for the opium delivered, with expenses and injuries received by the detention of the English ships, and every other real or supposed damage received. And the Chinese government refusing to liquidate the amount, will thus afford to the English a sufficient pretext, real or imaginary, for the declaration of war, the conquest of the island of Formosa or some other in the neighborhood of Furkeen, the tea province, and reprisals be made on the commerce of the Chinese coast. *The ultimate end of all measures to be, the securing a foothold in the Chinese empire, and to effect a treaty with its government.*

But all this is yet to be developed. The progress of the drama, in its first act and several scenes, is long, even so far only as it has already advanced, and would occupy some pages to be repeated here, in the quotations of documents which have passed between the Chinese commissioner and Captain Elliot on the part of the British gov-

ernment, and others, who, at Canton, represent other foreign powers. So far, however, as the subject is connected with *our detention here*, and the presentation of the points in agitation and dispute between the Chinese and the foreigners are concerned, I shall endeavor to give a statement and documents, briefly as possible, further on, for the full understanding of the merits and the difficulties of the circumstances, in which the parties are placed in relation to each other.*

Captain Elliot is a gentleman of great ingenuousness of manners. Too frank, some would think him, for a diplomat. But there is a deeper management, sometimes, in frankness, than is found in guarded reserve or mysticism; and a frank communication of what it is of no consequence should lie concealed, may often form a veil for what it is important should be preserved *sub umbra*. And I divine that Captain E. understands this, while it is in his nature to be open in his communications, and undisguised in his actions. His ingenuous manner almost declares his profession, (and I should add, *en passant*, that he holds a post-captain's commission in her Majesty's navy,) and he has possessed himself of enough of all the languages of the East, and the Portuguese, with a knowledge of the French, to enable him sometimes to be amusing in the way of narrative, and always to round an anecdote successfully. Captain Elliot has done credit to himself in the difficult circumstances in which he has been placed; and his passing the Bogue on his hearing of the early measures at Canton, in the endeavor of the mandarins to secure the person of Mr. Dent; his passing the flotilla of boats which endeavored to prevent his landing by forming a barrier to keep his small boat from approaching the landing-place at Canton, is spoken of as a gallant act. Competent and confident in his measures, and acquainted with the genius of the people and bearing of the controversy, and the

* A statement, including public documents, and letters which passed between our Consul at Canton, and Commodore Read, was prepared by the author for the first edition of this work, but its extent precluded the possibility of its insertion; and the proposed size of these volumes still prohibits any further details, than, incidentally, have been given.

wishes of his government, he will succeed in carrying his own plans through, if he gains, as he expects, the approbation and further support of the ministry at home.

He brought with him from Canton a magnificent painting of George the Fourth, which has occupied the hall in the British factory there. Its size, however, occupying its present position, although a spacious room, reminded me of the family picture of the Vicar of Wakefield, which was found, after it had been finished, to be too large in its proportions to occupy a perpendicular position in the house. It is done by Laurence, and is deemed a masterpiece. I was less interested in it than I might otherwise have been, had not Mrs. Elliot recalled me to view a beautiful print of her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, whom Mrs. E. appears to admire with much enthusiasm. Certain it is that Mrs. E. herself is a queen in her way—possessing great interest as a lady of agreeable and easy manners, clever, accomplished, quick at repartee, and with a row of teeth that pearls may not equal.

On the succeeding Wednesday I dined with Captain Elliot, it being the day that suited the engagements of Commodore Read. All the gentlemen of the Queen's commission were present—Messrs. Johnson, Emsly, Morrison, some of the India service, and several gentlemen of the large mercantile houses, Mr. Jardin and others, and our worthy consul, Mr. Snow.

I took my leave as Mrs. E. retired from the table, for an engagement I had in the evening.

Among other places I had visited during the week is Mr. Beal's garden, possessing some attractions in its localities and arrangements and plants, but principally interesting to the visiter on account of its magnificent aviary, which contains a number of birds of the richest plumage and most gorgeous colors, characteristic of the feathery tribe of the tropics.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The bird of Paradise—that fairy creature, which we have almost thought to be a thing of fable rather than of real existence—is there, now in his perfection of plumage

and coloring. The Mohammedan places the souls of the blessed, in their highest heaven, in the crops of green pigeons. Had the bird of Paradise ever crossed the vision of Mohammed, the green-plumage colomba would never have shared the honor of bearing in its flight the souls of good Mussulmans. I seem to see that beautiful creature, again as my pen would describe it, hopping from perch to perch, changing its position at every note it uttered, as if, conscious of the perfection of its beauty, it would show every feather of its long, and soft, and downy, and richest-dyed plumage, and blue beak, and yellow eye, and ringed and speckled claws. There have been many descriptions of this identical beauty, nature's masterpiece of the feathered creation. But nothing can do it justice in the absence of colors; and its portrait even, which I possess, and so well done as apparently to be regarded with all the affection of self-esteem by the beautiful bird itself, reaches not the spirit of the gay original. Its light-blue and graceful bill, placed in its emerald green bed; its chocolate breast and pinions in contrast with its brilliant yellow of the upper part of the head and back, darker shaded towards the wings; and then, its gorgeous tuft of white, downy, and elongated plumage, tinged with saffron and extending itself like a train of light, all harmonize, in their blended colors, to form a perfect whole, which animated nature nowhere else presents. Sweet thing! it would seem that it ought to have a sweeter voice—that all the symphonies of nature—the Æolian strain—the whisper of the pine-top—and notes, they say of old, that syrens used, when they would throw a spell over the spirits of those they enchanted, should be blended in the note of a thing so fair and so perfect. Who can look on thee, thou beautiful bird, and not be won by the beautiful Mind that conceived the harmonies of thy coloring, and painted thee as thou art!

There are a great variety of other birds here, gorgeous in their plumage, and surpassing, for their beauty, the conceptions of one who has never seen them represented in ornithological plates. Among these is the golden pheasant, the silver pheasant, the Argus pheasant, and more beautiful than all, the Tartar pheasant. They are

larger than the English or American pheasant; and their gorgeous plumage of yellow and crimson and silver, with the hundred eyes of the Argus pheasant strewed upon its feathers, make the peacock almost a common bird beside them as they attract the admiration of the lover of animated nature. The mandarin duck is a peculiar bird; and beautiful sparrows, green pigeons, red and white parrots, finches, and half a hundred variety of other birds were seen, flying or hopping about within this spacious wire cage, which covered an extent sufficient to embrace the boughs and trunks of several well-grown trees, and an artificial water-pond, giving to these winged idlers of the tropics an evergreen grove through which to cut the air, to build their nests, to lave their wings, and to sport in harmony, shade, and song.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES TO CHINA.

The American Missionaries to China make Macao their residence. Here, they can enjoy all the advantages they need in acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese language, printing their books, and an ample field for missionary labor among the extensive Chinese population of Macao. The city is within a day's sail of Canton, and passage-boats daily ply beween the two places. Here, too, there is always more or less European society, being the only place at which foreign females can reside. And here they have the protection of the Portuguese laws, so far as those laws are adequate to yield it. The Baptist Society have three missionaries here, Mr. and Mrs. Shück, and Mr. Roberts. They each have a small school of Chinese scholars; and while giving them instruction, continue their own application to the acquisition of the Chinese language. These missionaries have been in China some time more than a year, and have accomplished a knowledge of the language which enables them to communicate freely with the Chinese. It is the only language in which they converse in their intercourse with their pupils and domestics.

It is a vast work that opens before the missionary to the Chinese empire; and surely if there were no arm but that

of mortals on which to rely in the hoped-for revolutions that are to be effected in the institutions of these people, for the introduction of the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, this small band, gathered at this point, might well veil their expectations of a brighter day in the deep shades that seem to hang thickly over the onward prospect of three hundred and sixty millions of people. But there is already a breaking away most assuredly observable in the moral horizon of this extended nation. There are facilities now existing which have not before existed for the acquisition of the Chinese language. The genius of the people is being developed to the perceptions of intelligent men; and a mighty revolution in the physical circumstances of a people, thus surrounded by Christian powers, daily approaching nearer and nearer to them, and whose commercial and political interests are beginning to come in sensitive contact, is destined, ere long, to come. The age is one of light, mental, moral, and philosophical inquiry, which has characterized no other period of the world, and which cannot let the Chinese empire remain unaffected by its influence. China must be opened. The time is at hand when a combination of nations more enlightened and powerful in arms, science, and literature, shall WILL it; and the Chinese cannot, in the nature of moral causes and their effects, hinder it. In the mean time the missionary is doing the right thing, in preparing the truth for the acceptance of the nation, when circumstances shall have so conspired as to render it admissible and acceptable. There are men who have acquired the Chinese language, so as to write it with accuracy and considerable elegance. The Bible has been translated into the Chinese character. And the Chinese, when once the chain of olden habits and institutions shall have been riven by the light of truer science and philosophy, will be found a people with less in their habits of thinking and systems opposing Christianity, than exists among many other nations, and far less than has and continues to be the influence of *cast*, or the opposing peculiarities of the creed of Mohammed.

The Christian world is becoming more and more interested in this people. They are a courteous and civilized nation. They are a reasoning people among the higher

orders, who govern, unopposed, the lower classes. The rulers are a literati nobility, or an aristocracy, to which the acquaintance with books (such as they are) alone makes them eligible. And thus they are prepared, and will be prepared, in the revolutions that shall introduce to their attention better principles, with the greater light and knowledge of the European nations and systems, to appreciate these principles. And with a government constructed as the Chinese government is, one Emperor might spread Christianity, almost without opposition, throughout the empire of China. His word is law; and besides, the Confucian system, to which the literati, who are the same as the rulers, belong, has, according to their own sentiments, but little to do with the gods, about whom they say they know but little, and ought to have but little to do. The Confucian system is a system of political economy, and its grand principle is that of obedience to the powers that are, resulting from the first principle Confucius inculcates, of veneration and obedience to parents. The Emperor being the great father of the empire, the same principle carried up secures to him the same, though greater veneration and obedience, which, in the premises, the Scriptures would not oppose, but inculcate. And could the Bible be introduced into the literary course of the Chinese as one of their classics, even alongside of Confucius as their political code, their system, as it now stands, would make the nation possessed of one of the most enviable courses of education the world could know. It would be *the desideratum* in systems, in Christian and national education, which good men can hardly hope for, but which they most justly and devoutly might wish and pray for. Of course, I suppose that the commentaries on the different subjects of the Scriptures should be, and would be, as extended and numerous in the illustration of the text, as is the case now with the Chinese classics, in the course of their graduates.

But I am rather anticipating the subject here, while it is yet a very natural association to make mention of the missionaries to China in this place, as they are resident at Macao.

The Rev. Messrs. Bridgman, Abeel, Browne, Mr. Wil-

liams and Mrs. Browne, are also here, connected with the American Board or other Presbyterian missionary societies in the U. S. Mr. and Mrs. B. have not long been in the missionary field, having arrived some six months since. Besides these American missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff, of wide-spread reputation in England and America, resides with his family, Mrs. G. and two nieces, at Macao. It has been my pleasure to meet this agreeable gentleman and his pleasant family. Mr. G. is a gentleman of much vivacity of character, has acquired a very intimate knowledge of Chinese for a foreigner, and is now one of the interpreters to the Queen's commission.

Surely it is no small task the missionary enters upon, when he devotes himself to a cause which is to require the efforts of his life; and for years must secure from him untiring industry, to enable him to acquire a foreign tongue, without which his usefulness can be of little extent. It can be no sinecure. There can be no cessation to effort; patience, application, and an untiring industry, must characterize the labor of the missionary in such a field. And I have witnessed it. And he who has gone through the toil, in his early days of boyhood, in his course of studies of the dead languages, can estimate the labor and the untiring application that it must cost the Christian missionary to gain the competent knowledge of a foreign tongue for the discharge of successful labors. And there are untold and unknown sorrows and difficulties and disappointments that, in the nature of things, often meet these devoted men and women, that none but those placed in similar circumstances can justly estimate. Though of a different denomination from all the missionaries whom I have met at the different stations where our ships have touched, I am happy of the opportunity of adding my testimony to their untiring efforts, and in most cases, successful action in behalf of the people to whom they have been sent, and to whom they have given their Christian sympathies. And while they are thus engaged in the service of their Lord, we should not forget, in our estimate of their sacrifices, that they lose not their sensibilities which attach them to their native home. Indeed, the very fact of their being on missionary ground, is presumptive evi-

dence of a tender heart—a heart that swells in benevolence and pious devotion for others and strangers, and with kindling devotion to the Saviour of mankind, who sacrificed so much for their personal welfare. And so the thoughts of the missionary do go home to their native and. So they do revisit, with intenser love, the haunts of their infancy and youth and friends and kindred, rendered doubly dear, as the often loneliness and difficulties around them contrast so vividly in their memories with the circumstances and the associations which they left behind them. And yet, they would not retreat from the field they occupy. They but redouble their effort in their devotion to the cause to which their voluntary act has consecrated them, but not to the exclusion of those sensibilities which make their sacrifices the greater, in proportion to the depth of their feelings. And to show that it is no sudden impulse of enthusiasm that actuates the devotee of missions and the Christian friends who resign their kindred to a living burial, as it has been to most who have parted with friends, as to their hopes of again meeting in this world; but on the contrary, that there is judicious and considerate thought, of considerate and intelligent and calm minds, capable of seeing the relations of things and their fitness, in the decisions which cause the missionary to leave his or her home for life, and to devote himself and herself to a foreign people, I introduce here a private paper which was written by an affectionate father, whose heart was then bleeding over the hourly-expected departure of an affectionate daughter, for a life's devotion to the cause of missions in a foreign land. The counsel given is valuable in other stations, but shows that our missionaries who go abroad are from among the sterling families at home. The first paper I copy is addressed by the father to his daughter in her new relations as a missionary's wife. The second is the father's farewell letter to this daughter, at the hour of her leaving him.

"A few private thoughts for MARY.

"First, on the subject of your marriage.

"You will find in many books, rules, and good rules for the government of your conduct in respect to your husband; but you may not meet with them, or if you do,

may not subscribe to them so entirely as to practise them. You will find the sum and substance of your duty in this respect in a volume which you will always, I trust, have near you—the Bible. If you observe strictly the directions therein contained, you will find your account in it. Your happiness and usefulness, depend upon it, is intimately connected with the manner in which you observe these rules. One principle *must*, of necessity, be acted on, and that is, *you must yield to the will of your husband*, whenever the point is made. This must be the case, or he must yield to you. I do not mean that it is necessary to yield a forced obedience, but a willing one. God has constituted the man, as the stronger in mind and body, to have the government, and in proportion as you may be disposed to usurp the authority which belongs to him, you destroy the order of Providence and the harmony of the connubial state. Never, therefore, oppose the will of your husband. You may reason with, and persuade, but do not attempt to dictate to him. '*I will*,' and '*I will not*,' are words which should never be found in a wife's vocabulary. Never use them to your husband, or you may force him to adopt such as he may lawfully do, but such as he should never have reason for, '*you shall*,' and '*you shall not*.'

"Do not fret at or quarrel with your husband, on any occasion. He is fallible, and may sometimes err and may speak unadvisedly, but on such occasions be silent and affectionate, and you will reform him.

"Be always neat and cleanly in your person and dress, and you will increase his love and respect for you. A sluttish appearance in a wife distresses and may disgust a husband. Little differences may, and will, sometimes occur between man and wife. Should you find this your case, take the earliest opportunity of making the first overture of reconciliation. You will thereby heal the wound, and increase the love of your husband.

"When you reach your place of destination, and your husband is necessarily compelled to be often absent from you, do not take it as evidence of his want of affection. If he stays beyond the time expected, meet him on his return with smiles and caresses; and depend on it he will be

thereby induced to hasten home, when otherwise he might not. Make home the quietest and happiest place, and he will love it. But yet he must often leave it, and you must consent that he should.

"Your husband may die before you. In that case, remember that if I am living you should take no important step without my advice, however distant, if it can be avoided. If it be impossible to get that advice, go to the pious and experienced, with whom you may be associated

"Improve your handwriting. It needs it. Write all your letters and journals with care as to penmanship, spelling, and diction.

"Do not be impatient when sick. You are rather predisposed that way. Take great care of your health. Avoid the sun when hot, and the dews, and all improper food; and do not take medicine too freely, and without great caution.

"Avoid careless habits in every thing.

"A place for every thing and every thing in its place."

"My dear Mary,—

"The time is at hand when you are to bid adieu to the land of your birth, to enter upon a mission of mercy to a distant and heathen portion of our race. If commissioned upon this embassy of peace and salvation to perishing sinners by the King of kings, I doubt not he will furnish you with such instructions, and afford you such encouragement and support as will enable you to accomplish the object of your mission. God however will not speak audibly in your ears, and you will have to receive his communications through the medium of his word, his servants, and by his Spirit operating upon your heart and moving you in the path of duty.

"Placed in the endearing relation to you of a father, it may not be contrary to the will of our heavenly Parent that I should assume the duty of imparting some instruction to you, touching the important business upon which you are about to enter.

"I have no reason to doubt the correctness of the motives which influence you. The sacrifice of all further personal intercourse on earth with so many dear friends,

to encounter the dangers of the ocean, and to live and die among uncultivated heathen, would seem to be proof enough of your disinterestedness, did we not know the pride and deceitfulness of the human heart. The desire of distinction, love of novelty, etc., are such insidious motives which sometimes assume the name of philanthropy, that it requires great caution and much self-examination to detect them. On this point I need not enlarge. You know that for these twelve months you have had my thoughts upon it. You have, as I trust, prayerfully and deliberately considered the subject in all its bearings; and you have decided to go. In making this decision, you have subjected yourself to many unkind remarks from the illiberal, the ignorant, and the wicked; some of which may have reached your ears, but by far the greater part have been uttered out of your hearing. To say that I have no fears whatever for you, would be untrue. It is what, I presume, you would not venture to say for yourself. We should distrust and jealously watch every motive which has so much to do with self. While I would not myself, nor would I have you indulge a confident boasting in regard to this matter, at the same time I am free to express the opinion, that, so far as we can judge, it is the will of God that you should take this step. If we be mistaken, I trust that he will pardon our blindness and overrule all for good.

"You have, my dear child, taken upon you the name and office of a missionary—a name and office which a Judson, and Newell, and Morrison, and Gutzlaff, and others have caused to be associated with honor; but you must remember that they are not necessarily thus associated. The reputation which those missionaries which have preceded you have obtained, cannot be transferred to you. By patient, continued, and faithful labor in the cause of Christ, must you win and share the honors of a missionary's life.

"While the result of your toils in the cause may confer some degree of honor upon yourself, let it not be forgotten that this is the least consideration which should animate you. The glory of God and the good of souls should move you to the same exertions, were you confi-

dent that, in the world, your motives might be impugned and your name be brought into disrepute. For the sake of the cause, however, in which you are engaged, it should be your care to gain a standing with the world—at least the Christian world—for a degree of moral and religious worth. Aim at high attainments in personal piety, not such as will cause you to feel like the Pharisee when he said, 'God, I thank thee,' &c., but rather, such as will humble you and bring you to the foot of the cross, and cause you to adopt the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"P. S. Since writing the above, we have attended the meeting for the public designation of your company as missionaries, and we have heard the official instructions of the Board. Those instructions are the result of age and experience, and contain all perhaps that is necessary for your guidance; and I shall, without repeating such thoughts as are there suggested, only insist, with parental earnestness, that you pay strict regard to them.

"There is one thought that I would impress deeply upon your mind, and that is, that you have enlisted *for life;* and that, unless extraordinary occurrences of Providence shall otherwise indicate, you are never to return to America—*never*, unless the Board here shall advise and require it.

"I part with you with all the feelings of nature, and shall, when let down to the feeling point, (for I am above it,) weep on account of our separation; but I assure you that I do not regret you are going. Assure me that all is right in motive with us all, and that God requires it, and I rejoice in the prospect of your living and dying on heathen ground. I should look upon it as a lasting stigma were you to become tired of your vocation, and quit the service in which you have engaged. Although you have reflected on many trials and difficulties that may attend you, after all you perhaps have not thought of half that you will experience. Prepare your mind for the worst. You should not however doubt the faithfulness of God—that he will be with you alway.

"In your intercourse with your fellow laborers in the same service, I hope you will find much pleasure. Catch all their virtues and avoid all their foibles, if they have any

"You will have much time during the voyage, and afterwards, it is probable, for devotion, reading, and reflection. Endeavor to improve it. Lay in a good stock of useful knowledge, and do not consider your education as yet completed. Take care of minutes, and have system in all your affairs.

"Remember those you leave behind—your brothers, sisters, friends! Pray for them, and write to them. We part in a short time to meet no more on earth! But we shall meet again shortly, in heaven. Till then, farewell!!

"YOUR FATHER."

Owing to the prevalence of the typhoons in the China seas during the months of July and August, occurring sometimes sooner and sometimes later in the season, it is deemed imprudent for a ship to lie longer than the latter part of June in the Roads of Macao; and the shipping, consequently, generally change their anchorage for a harbor under the lee of Hong Kong, Tung Koo, or Lintin, islands in the neighborhood. Either of the sheets of water hemmed in by these with other clustering islands and the main land adjacent to them, is deemed to afford a safe anchorage during the prevalence of the hurricanes of the China seas. The Columbia and the John Adams, therefore, will change their positions from Macao roads for Tung Koo bay some time during the week. I have consequently completed my visits to several spots in the city, which I had before omitted to inspect with the minuteness I desired.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND CATHOLIC PROCESSIONS.

The public buildings of Macao—the senate house, the churches, Santa Clara convent, St. Joseph's college, convents of St. Francis and St. Augustine, and the hermitages on their beautiful sites, flanking the city on either wing—are all buildings of interest in their olden associations and present material, enough for poetry and fiction; but, as specimens of architecture, have nothing particular to attract; and their internal arrangements are like all Catholic

chapels, with their altars and their particular saints in niches, and the paraphernalia of candlestick, taper, and tinsel. I have never yet seen a respectable and tasteful looking image in a Catholic church, of the hundreds I have seen. They always have the appearance of dusty wax figures, rendered doubly disagreeable for the priestly costume in which they are almost always attired, which could never give grace to a piece of sculpture as true taste would robe a statue, even of a Catholic saint. And then, above all things, to hang a wreath of fresh flowers on such a thing of antiquity, as is often the case, on festival days, when the patron saint of a particular church is paraded through the streets, makes one think that sacrilege is done to the flowers; and we turn from it as we would from a matron of threescore and ten, who should put paint on her cheeks, and gaudy decorations of gold about her neck and pendants in her ears. A festoon of flowers hangs with better taste on the intersecting bars of that beautiful emblem, the cross.

I love an old building. And I love to pace the silent aisles of the olden cathedral, and move beneath the moss-hung walls of the ruins of the convent and church, and courts of the once spacious cloister. And I like, too, the beauty and the freshness of the new and extended building, where there is space and massiveness and proportion blended in harmonies, that bespeak taste and genius in the construction. And I love to wander through olden fortifications that have many legends of the past associated with them. And he must be miserably insensible indeed, and a slave to the mere physical of his nature, who can trace the early and later story of this far-settlement of the East, ever in agitation in the furtherance of its own schemes of aggrandizement, or ready to promote the ambitious views of the court of Lisbon, or the high pretensions of the see of Rome, and finds not quite enough to interest his imagination and his reflection as he treads the high steeps and the deep ravines of the embattled and only asylum for foreigners in this region of the far East. Here it was, the Jesuits fixed their point of rendezvous from which they made their *entrée* into the celestial empire, penetrated to the imperial city, and had made the nation of the Chinese

a species of Christians had the Pope acted with the policy of these his sworn adherents, and prevented the mendicant monks, with their opposing tenets, to find their way to China, to the discomfiture of the harmonious action of the Jesuits and the final overthrow of the Catholic cause. And here, the Jesuit, the Dominican, the Augustine and the Capuchin, alike found a retreat and safety, when banishment or death awaited them on the promulgation of edicts, more powerful than the bulls of Popes resident half a sphere from the shores of the "middle land."

I had prepared a sketch in connection with the Catholic religion at Macao, to be introduced in this place. It were a topic, of itself, in connection with collateral subjects which have generally been associated by the Romanists with the action of the Propagandists, sufficient to fill a volume of historic facts, incidents, and reflections thereon —dissevered as that action has seldom been from commercial and political associations. Nor would it have been in my heart to do the Catholics injustice in this, or ever. On the contrary, where I find that which harmonizes with my own sentiment of truth and propriety, it is a pleasure for me to compliment and to commend. But this sketch, here, at least, must be omitted, while briefly alluding, before leaving Macao, to some of the processions of the church, still continued in this olden Portuguese settlement.

Christmas, Easterday, Whitsuntide, and other festival days, are celebrated with much pomp, though probably with less demonstration of show and veneration than in former times. There are eighteen festivals devoted to the Virgin Mary; thirteen others to other saints, male and female, and each festival is continued, in its celebration, from nine to thirteen days, and ends with processions through the streets. A flag, or some other conspicuous emblem, designating the saint, or some subject associated with the action and story of the venerated patron, is seen displayed near the church at which the multitude gather to worship; and sometimes at other places, in honor of the occasion, flags are streaming; while the public procession is attended by the clergy, in great numbers, chanting the praises of the saint, as his image is borne in its car upon the

shoulders of devotees. A detachment of the military, with the accompaniment of music, gives martial solemnity to the scene, and the fort of the mount discharges twenty-one guns in honor of the day. The senate defrays, from the royal chest, the expenses of the festival and procession of "our Lady of Conception," who is the patroness of the kingdom. Also, the charges of the festival of the "Guardian Angel of the kingdom," of "St. John the Baptist," and of "Corpus Christi day," are defrayed from the public coffers.

The processions of "Corpus Christi" and of "St. Antonio" I have had the opportunity of witnessing here. The mass was being repeated as I arrived at the church of St. Domingos, standing at one extremity of the square, which is fronted on the other extreme by the senate house. The military were drawn up at rest, in a line extending from the church on their left far down the wide street. The church was filled to a jam, by Portuguese women, kneeling in a mass, and most of them with the light shawl thrown over their head, while the dark lace veil formed the head-dress of the better class of the worshippers. The governor was kneeling near the altar, and other military officers occasionally entered, with a genuflection, and left again, watching the progress of the service, and being in readiness to move, at the signal, for the elevation of the Host.

The mass was over; and the sacred emblems, consecrated and believed to be the body of Christ in verity, were borne by four or six priests, and followed by the vicar general, the governor, and priests numerous, in their clerical robes, corresponding to their separate orders of Dominicans, Franciscans, and others, joined by the devout of the multitude. As they passed on from the gate of the church, the military, already formed, wheeled in platoons to the left, uniting with the procession, and the band of music struck up their solemn and fine music, as the procession moved on in measured and martial step towards the senate house—passing through several streets, and back again to the church. All were uncovered, the soldiers carrying their caps in their hand, as their muskets were pressed at their breast. The intense ray of the tropical sun beat alike

upon the venerable head of the governor and tonsure-priest, and darker and thicker locks of the soldiery. But the procession had soon performed its circuit, while minute guns from the fort of the mount bore their testimony of consciousness that the devotees were on their solemn march; which, with the circumstance and pomp and respectful demeanor of the joiners in with the procession, and the mass of spectators that crowded each side of the street, or thronged the windows of the houses, presented, at once, an imposing and impressive scene.

The procession in honor of St. Anthony was not dissimilar to that of "Corpus Christi," though less imposing. Instead of the Host, the image of St. Anthony, who is the patron saint of the kingdom, was borne in procession. I was particularly well situated for witnessing this procession, as I occupied a position on the turret overlooking the square, within which the procession moved to the strains of martial music, and followed by the various orders of the brotherhoods. The figure of St. Anthony himself was a small statue, wreathed with a garland of the sweet little malati flowers, and his car decorated with tinsel. The silver cross and other emblems were borne in procession.

It will appear a curious particular to those not familiar in their associations with the peculiarities of Catholic worshippers and system of saints, that this said St. Anthony, considered the protector of Macao as he is of the kingdom of Portugal, is declared by authentic documents to have been enlisted as a soldier in 1725, and in 1783 he obtained the rank of captain. On the eve of the procession the amount of a captain's annual pay is sent by the senate to the curate, which is used for the expenses for celebrating worship, and preserving the edifice and utensils in neatness for the service of the patron's church.

There is another procession said to take place on the Sunday of the Cross, yet more impressive than any other. On this occasion, "the image of the Redeemer, clad in a purple garment, wearing on his head a crown of thorns, and on his shoulders bearing a heavy cross, bends his knees on the bottom of a bier, supported by eight of the most distinguished citizens. The bishop, with the secular

and regular clergy, the governor, nobility and military, and the whole Roman Catholic population, it may be said, assist, deeply affected by a scene which prognosticates a divine sacrifice to be made for reconciling man with his Creator. Young children of both clear and dark skins, arrayed in fancy dresses of angels, with beautiful muslin wings at the shoulders, carry, in a miniature shape, the instruments which were required at the crucifixion. This procession takes a range over almost the whole city. When finished, the image of Christ is deposited in its shrine at the Convent of St. Augustine."

But, the time had now come, June the 14th, when I was to leave Macao. I had already sent my moveables to the ship; and this morning, as I took a walk on the Praya Grande, I was accosted by Mr. Forbes, a gentleman of great urbanity of feeling and manner. He said he understood I desired to visit Canton—a boat was going to-morrow morning, and he should be happy if I would form one of the company. It was no longer deemed much risk of detention by visiting Canton. I only waited the opportunity, therefore, for visiting the city.

ON THE WAY TO CANTON.

If it did not offer from Macao, I presumed to find one immediately after our ship reached her anchorage at Tung Koo Bay. But this opportunity now presenting, my arrangements were soon made for an early start on the morning of the 15th, in the little Sylph, that mischief-making little passage-boat, which it is supposed in former times has carried much of the contraband narcotic to Canton, but henceforward must make a living by being employed in a more legitimate business. And so, on board of this little clipper I was, in the morning, and with the sunrise up came the anchor, and we were away.

"Away," and on my course to Canton. Perhaps we should reach there the same night; we did reach there the next morning. Canton! It is not the Doric temple, the Corinthian pillar, the dome of mosque or the Gothic massive pile, that give interest to an inhabited or desolate city. It is the associations of the past, whether there be lofty

palace or crumbling ruin, stately buildings or but the cottage-lodge which marks a locality, and throws a spell around a place of desolation or of active and successful life. And Canton, be it what it may in external appearance, cannot disappoint the mind that has more to do with itself than with external objects. What youth of either hemisphere of the civilized world has not had his mind filled with images of Chinese association? He has read descriptions of the celestial empire and its long-cue or braid inhabitants; and contemplated in drawings the delineations of their peculiar costume, and more than half-shaven heads, and turn-up and thick-soled shoes, altogether exhibiting a picture, which resembles the creature man as found in no other part of the globe. And when the child's inquisitiveness has first begun to develop itself, his curiosity has been replied to as he was told that the green leaves of which his tea is made came from China. And the young American, the first thing he learns of the history of his own country, next to the stories of the Indian wars, from the lips of his mother, is the narrative of the *tea plot*—how certain men in masks went on board of a tea-ship in the harbor of Boston, and threw the chests overboard, because our forefathers would not suffer themselves to be taxed by the mother country. His imagination at once takes in the whole scene of the maskers throwing the tea-chests to the wave, and perhaps can hardly reconcile to his idea the propriety of the waste, at the moment, while the mysterious occupies his young imagination, and he leaves the comprehension of the great principles that were involved, for the consideration of riper years. And then he has wondered, as he has yielded to the conviction that the world is round, what sort of people are they on that side of the world opposite to him! And while he has read and become older, he still feels that his imagination has the most to do in the origin of the feelings with which he makes his deductions in connection with the people of the eastern world. For myself, I should have cared not if the city of Canton had been found built on a barren rock—her dwellings bamboo houses, could I but yet have found her thousand boats lying in the stream with their crowded families and chickens and ducks, which I had read of; and

the junks, and the dragon-boats ; and on shore, the crowded populace, the long cues of the men, and the small feet of the women, and the trinkets, and the ivory things, and the silks, and the shawls, and the crapes, and the *teas*.

But, our sails being set, and the wind favorable enough for our gaff-topsail, the little schooner soon made her way through the little islands, becoming more and more numerous as Macao is left in the distance, and the Bogue begins to open to the eye.

The Bogue, so often alluded to in the accounts of Canton, and particularly in connection with difficulties which have at different times occurred here in the English commerce, and within a few years back inducing the British men-of-war to "force the Bogue," is formed by the near approach of two islands, through which the waters of the river Tigris disgorge as its outlet, and from which, some thirty to forty miles up the river, the city of Canton is situated. There are two fortifications here of considerable extent, one on either side. In the hands of other powers, and with fortifications properly constructed, this pass would be impregnable. As it is, the range of cannon are placed on immoveable carriages, and, by consequence, can fire only in one line of direction. As they are now constructed, no man-of-war would deem the risk of the passage of much account, although a cross-fire, in other hands, would be brought to bear on the ship.

As we neared the Bogue we saw in the distance an object drifting to the leeward. It was approaching dusk, and though we made out the object to be a boat bottom upwards, and had consulted the propriety of putting about for their rescue, as the waves were running rather high, and the breeze fresh, we yet could not define the object with much distinctness. Our captain, a dark Bengalese, said it would be of no use to stand after the sufferers, as we had no small boat to lower for their assistance. We should probably have disagreed with him, even to his being put out of his honorable command, had we not fortunately at the same moment discerned a nearing junk, which had evidently discovered the same boat, and was beating down for her. We watched the junk on her several tacks, until, while there was yet light enough to save us from mistake,

we saw her lower her sails as she hove to, near the object in distress, and a small boat put off for their relief.

The Sylph having been examined at the Bogue, and the passengers identified as per the chop, which had been furnished at Macao, we passed on up the river. The first object that met my eye as I awoke at early daylight, was the towering nine-storied pagoda near Whampoa, realizing in all its proportions and outline the drawings I had seen of these octagonal and picturesque and mysterious buildings.

The scenery now changed from the boldness that characterizes the heights of the land views at the Bogue, and about Whampoa, to the plain on the edges of the river, where the paddy-fields were seen, and the banana trees growing, and here and there the mulberry, with its light green leaves, forming an interesting edging to the banks of the Tigris.

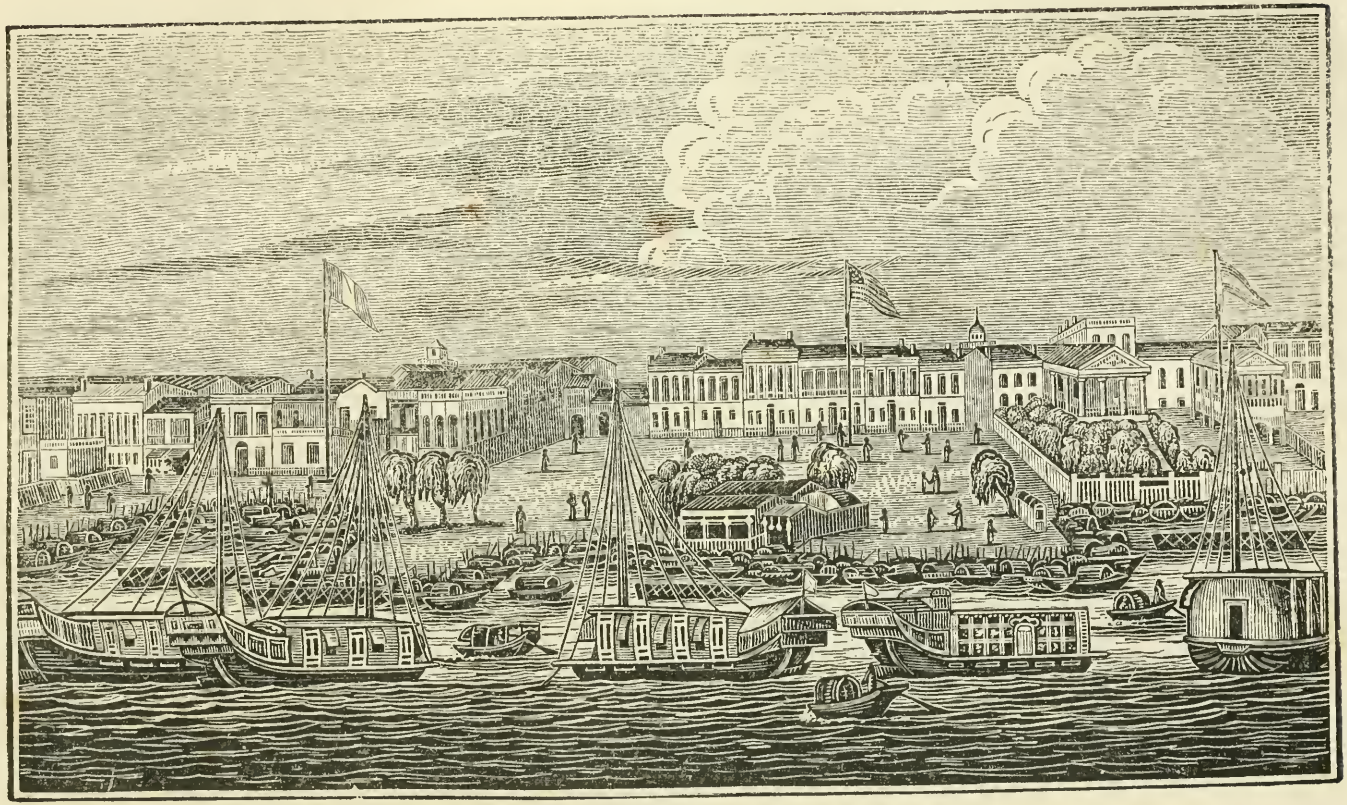
The junks now began to increase in their numbers, and the lesser boats to thicken in their clusters, and new war-junks swinging in the stream as we continued to near the city. And now, the city itself, over a flotilla of boats, came into view, the single pagoda within the walls of the town, and the cupola of the Moormen's mosque, and the embattlement, here and there, of the wall itself; while the back-ground was filled up with high lands rising in broken and receding outline. The Dutch and the French folly next meet the eye, as the Sylph glided along, now slowly against the rapid tide, dodging a clump of boats here and a fleet of junks there, and lesser boats everywhere, of every variety—the mandarin, the passage, the flower, and the tanka-boat—all unique in their way, some of them bearing about them the air of comfort and neatness and space, with ornamental carved-work; while others looked as if they might have drifted there from among the wrecks of Noah's flood.

Here was a scene of life that no other stream of the world, probably, exhibits. Each shore of the river was lined with varied boats several tiers thick, from the immense deckers that bring the teas down the river, with their varnished sides and roofs, to the smallest tanka, all with any number of young celestials displaying themselves

at the openings in the sides, with older heads of men and no less curiously inspecting women, gazing from these water-castles and their homes—sometimes indulging in the shout agreeable to themselves, "Fanqui, Fanqui," to attract the attention of the absent of their family to look with themselves at the "foreign devils." And now, one is almost indignant at the tone of humorous salutation and sometimes derision with which the stranger is greeted, who, however, quite as much pleased with himself in the contrast before him, soon indulges in the better taste, and smiles as he contemplates the scene, the curious scene that now lies around him.

Having reached a point of the stream nearly opposite the foreign factories, the Sylph let go her anchor. Small boats were immediately alongside, eager to take us to the shore; and in a few moments more, with my trunks, I was dodging from one line of junks to another, in a tanka-boat propelled by two Chinese women, now with oars, now with long bamboo poles, now with the hands, as they seized the sides of a line of anchored vessels riding in the stream, until, ere long, we reached the point of land in the neighborhood of the American hong.

No one is more pleased than a Chinese with silver coin; none, the Chinese think, understand the value of a dollar less than a *Fanqui:* hence they charge a foreigner more than ten times the amount they would presume to ask for doing the same thing for one of their fellow celestials. But a visiter at Canton, at these times, values his time more than money; and at a trifling expense for the amusement I experienced by the scenes occurring before me, I found myself at the door of the American hong, occupied by Messrs. Oliphant, King & Co., and Dr. Parker. My inquiry for the latter gentleman soon brought me a most *cordial welcome to Canton*, from Dr. Parker, in person



CANTON.

SECTION V.

CANTON.

Dr. Parker. Bible of J. Brainerd Taylor. Residence at the American Hong. Imprisonment of the foreigners. A stroll with Dr Parker. Chinese Temples. The dying beggars. Call on a wealthy Chinese. His grounds. Dr. Parker *no cash* doctor. Ophthalmic Hospital. Cases. The opinion of the Chinese of Dr. Parker. Temple of Longevity. Celebrated Budhist. Temple at Hanan. Sacred hogs. City of Canton. Literary examinations. Poetry. The Chinese Language. Walk around the city wall, and entrance into the city through a breach in the walls. Variety. Teas. Leaving Canton.

While at Macao I had heard from Dr. Parker, that he believed he had seen me in America; and an indistinct impression was on my own mind that I had heard my friends mention his name, as an acquaintance of theirs. The familiar and cordial reception which Dr. Parker had given me led to the expression of this idea. "Yes," Dr. P. replied, with his agreeable smile, as he turned to the bookcase behind him and took from it a small morocco-covered Bible; "yes; and do you recognise this? It was given me by your sister, Mrs. K. T., at the moment of my leaving New York." It was a melancholy recognition; but at such a moment, and under such circumstances, and in such hands, it was a grateful pleasure to see *the pocket Bible* of my lamented brother, James Brainerd Taylor, whose story has been told for his devotion and love of the Scriptures, and over which identical little volume I had seen him, for hours, and daily, in absorbed and delightful study. With such an incident occurring, we could not long be strangers. I was soon afterwards introduced to Mr. Morse, of the house of Messrs. O., K. & Co., at whose table, with Dr. Parker, I am to be entertained during my stay in Canton.

THE HONGS FOR THE FOREIGNERS.

The American hong is an extensive building, three stories high, fronting the grounds on the river, and extend-

ing back for some three or four hundred feet, with an open passage-way, or narrow court, running through its centre from the front to the back walls. The building is divided into three compartments, commencing with number one for the front, number two for the centre, and number three for the rear part of the establishment. Within this range of walls are the store-rooms, and rooms occupied by the comprador coolies, and other servants attached to the hong, comprising the basement stairs or ground-floor, and the second story affording fine drawing-rooms and chambers, both spacious and airy, two requisites for comfort in this climate. The top of the building is crowned by a turret, affording an ample space for a promenade at the edge of evening, for gaining the cool breeze, and from which an extensive view is had of the inwalled city in the rear, and in front, of the river with its thousand boats, either lying in their dense rafts or passing and repassing down and up the stream.

The other hongs, or as they are otherwise called, factories, which are no more nor less than extensive and convenient brick residences and store-houses for the foreigners, according to their several nations, are similar to the American hong, and situated mostly on its left, others on its right. The Chinese hong-merchants, by whom the principal business is transacted with the foreigners, and who legitimately enjoy the monopoly of the foreign trade, also have their factories. They are the body of men, twelve in number, through whom the Chinese government hold communication with foreigners, it being deemed beneath the dignity of the higher orders of the mandarins to hold direct intercourse with "barbarians" of the outer land, or to have any association with the "foreign devils."

It was within these buildings the foreign community were confined during the late troubles; the streets leading from the area, and fronting the factories, were stopped with brick and mortar, and the doors opening upon the street from the rear of the hongs were also closed in the same manner. A semicircular and triple tier of boats were arranged on the river in front of the factories, so as to intercept the passage of the foreigners, should they attempt to make their escape by crossing the river. Thus

were they entirely surrounded, and escape impossible, as long as the government so willed it.

The hongs are apparently deserted now, in comparison to what has been unsual in times of mutual good understanding between the foreigners and the Chinese. All the English have retired, with the Queen's commission, to Macao. The Americans, most of them, had also left the city, and all others of other nations; while some one member or more of each American house remains with the purpose of accepting certain conditions for the continuance of their trade—the English being the party most particularly involved in the present disturbances. The streets leading from the front grounds of the factories are still closed, as they were when the foreigners were prisoners a few days since, with one exception. A strict guard was kept during the imprisonment vile of the foreigners, and many demonstrations still present themselves about the premises, which show, besides the absence of the stir of business, that there has been no small change here, and that high-handed measures have characterized the movements of the ill-informed and self-complacent mandarins; for all which, if I prognosticate not wrongly, a "pay-day" will come which shall bear with it both information and demonstrations of foreign power that will convince these celestials that their inner land of the central kingdom possesses not all the might of all the whole earth; and that there is a right which the favored son of heaven on his imperial throne at Pekin has never dreamed of, and will learn to his once astonishment and cost.

The front windows of the American hong overlook the wide flagging running in front of the factories. From the window of the second story, therefore, in front of the drawing-room, we have a fine view of the passers-by as they come down in streams from old China-street. It is amusing to witness the insuppressible and unbounded curiosity of these celestials when they find us at the windows. They make a full halt. The boys, who have early been taught to repeat the term "Fanqui," in contempt of the foreigner, gaze, where they are the better bred, gravely, and then pass on; while the more mischie-

vous cry aloud "Fanqui! Fanqui!" and, with a shout, are again on their way. The elder pause, some with a smile, while perhaps a thin and long-bearded old man approaches, and hesitates his step with grave reflections on the past, and with undefined musings in connection with the future The late transactions here, make the foreigner more thar ever an object of curiosity both to the citizen and to the visiters from the interior. While looking from the window, among others we marked an aged Tartar, evidently a stranger at Canton, while a citizen was earnestly discoursing to him and pointing out the spot, a little distant from the hong, where the Chinese was executed in front of the factories, which led to the pulling down of the different flags, by which the insult was intended to be resented, and which finally led to the personal rencounter between the mob and the residents of the factories. They also passed on, like hundreds of others, some more grave, some less, some insultingly; while they all, at the distance of a story beneath us, indulge their gaze with an insatiable and unrestrained curiosity.

RAMBLE THROUGH CANTON.

Towards evening I took a stroll with Dr. Parker, passing up old China-street, one of the widest streets in the city, and composed of respectable shops on either side; and in a short time, we had wandered through a number of streets, presenting at once the variety of this extensive mart of the East. The streets are narrow, serving only for foot-passengers, flagged with quarried granite. The shops are open in front; and as you look down these streets you see a range of perpendicular tablets, designating the different establishments in the picturesque character of the Chinese, and generally in red letters. The scene is unique; and as you look still further on, the narrowing perspective converges until your sight is entirely obstructed by these gorgeous signs on either side and at every door, with the appellation, or fancy name of the establishment, or the real name of the proprietors, or flowery mottoes in their fantastically arranged characters. We passed shops contain-

ing extensive collections of grotesque figures and antiques, in which the Chinese much delight in the ornamenting of their houses and gardens; valuable ware from Japan; ornamented tablets representing mountainous and rural scenes in slabs of marble, having the appearance of mosaics, but said by the venders to be natural or immense cameos; shops hung with paintings, and filled with various other curious things in the glass line, from chandelier to beads of pearl and nob of mandarin; the paintings, however, all being preposterous, with the exception of an occasional copy of some European print; and the glass work is of the roughest kind, save the beautiful and delicate bead in imitation of the pearl, for the decoration of the neck and hair of the Chinese maid and the bride.

Having wandered through lines of shops containing every variety of valuables and trinkets, dry goods, porcelain and silver ware, carved work in ivory, wood, and shell, and streets that seemed everywhere to be piled on each side with green ginger-roots, and pickles, and eatables of every kind, we at length reached a Chinese temple; but were soon satisfied in contemplating the giant figures occupying the portal of the entrance which opens into the court containing the central building for the inner idols. The priests gave us ready admission, while the crowd that generally followed us were excluded.

The figures in the temples at Canton are immensely larger than those in the Chinese temples at Macao. The central god is generally sitting within a canopy with a square altar surrounding him, on which are incense urns and taper stands and flower jars, made of the "white copper" of the country, in which severally the josh-sticks are burned, the tapers placed, and the flowers arranged to propitiate and do homage to the presiding deity. In this temple the doctor assured me he had witnessed the approach of a female devotee to the altar. She lighted a josh-stick and placed it in the censer. She then drew, at hazard, a small tablet from a bamboo-cup, at the stand of the priest; again advanced to the altar, placed the palms of her two hands together, and knocked her head, or made three prostrations before the deity she worshipped. She then returned to the priest, and handed him the small tab-

let made of the split bamboo, stamped with some Chinese characters. Her husband had gone from home to travel, and she desired in her anxiety to know if he would return in safety. The priest, marking the character on the tablet, turned to his printed book and made a comparison, and deduced his inferences. "He would soon return in safety," was the reply. The woman, with a relieved countenance, presented the priest with the usual fee for the privilege of learning from the god the desire of her heart, and turned delighted from the temple.

We left the temple again, after declining the invitation of the priest that we should worship his god, and repassed the huge images at the portal of the court, on whose huge toes were labels, assuring the multitude that the god would grant to his worshippers various cures in the healing art, and wealth, and male heirs to support the honor of his house and to inherit the father's possessions.

THE BEGGARS' COURT.

We visited two other temples; in front of the last was a square, diverging from the street, into which, at night, the beggars gather, after having spent their toil of the day, either to sleep and drown their cares, or to linger out the shaded hours in wakeful sorrow, or, in neglect, to die. Never before have I witnessed such a scene as here was presented to my view. I do not wish to see another like it. The number of beggars to-night, (perhaps it was too early for the return of many,) was not so large as Dr. P. had seen it before. But on the hard flagging, in different parts of this small area of some two hundred feet square, were prostrated different objects of commiseration, lank, lean, haggard. Some were in groups, standing; others were beneath a little matting, which was sufficiently elevated on sticks to enable two or three to gather under, to shelter them from the sun at mid-day. Another was stretched on the hard stone, with his head pressing on his emaciated hand. *He could not speak;* but, at our approach, as if by instinct, he seized his basket and extended it with his skeleton arm for *cash.* We passed to another. He was *dying*, as he lay with his head against the side-

wall, down which was led a gutter, as if in his last extremity he had rolled his head there, to catch, it might be, a drop of water, which none gave him, to quench his fevered and dried lip. There was a collection of putrid water here, in which his head had partially fallen. A ragged mat concealed his face, and before the night-watch was over, he would be a corpse, with no one to catch his last word, which now, if he would speak it, he could not! We passed on to another, whose face was uncovered. His eye was turned upon us, but his articulation was gone,—his cheek fallen,—his mouth partially opened,—his body naked,—beside him lay his empty basin, and no one was near him. Good God! I thought, can man be brought to this,—houseless, pennyless, *naked*, breadless, dying, with hundreds of the populace, well clad and smiling, passing him, and abundance filling the neighboring streets, and no eye of pity or hand of charity be found to alleviate such distress, and pity such wretchedness! I could not sleep that night; and I thought I would never again murmur against the providence of God, in my allotments of earth. We passed from the scene and the place where the police come every morning to gather up the dead.

CALL ON TINGQUA.

We arrived opposite a range of private residences, in better style than any we had before seen. We marked, hanging at the entrance door of one of the principal buildings, two large *blue lanterns*, and at once knew, from the custom of the Chinese, that some one of the inmates had died, and that the family were in mourning. Dr. P. immediately explained, and said that it was the residence of Tingqua, late one of the principal Chinese hong-merchants, who had died. He was a patient of Dr. P.'s; and his son had returned from Peking, where he was in office of grade, for the purpose of attending to the obsequies and to go through the three years' mourning, according to the usage among the Chinese, on the death of a father. "I should like to show you the grounds of Tingqua," added the doctor, "as a fine specimen of the residence of a Chinese gentleman of the higher orders."

A servant was at the door, and Dr. P. sent in our names to know if his friend were to be seen. A message was soon returned, inviting us to enter. We were soon met by the courteous proprietor, and when we had passed a short distance through a narrow aisle, formed by the court walls of the buildings, were immediately conducted to the hall, where the tablets, which had been presented on the demise of the father, were hanging. This spacious and square room, opening in front upon picturesque grounds, broken by water-ponds, was arranged with two rows of seats favorably disposed for the guests to peruse the rich tablets formed of Chinese large characters, in alabaster, on a black ground, and suspended upon the walls as ornamental hangings. We passed, after a few moments' respectful contemplation of these testimonials to the virtues of the dead, and complimentary expressions of sympathy to the family, to a lovely bower, where, as we seated ourselves at a round table, tea was brought and served in small cups resting in silver stands, and with silver plates, perforated with holes, confining the leaves of the tea to the bottom of the cup. We then took a turn through the grounds, embraced within a spacious court, and varied by the intersections of water reservoirs, in which the magnificent lotus, that sacred flower of Egypt and Asia and all the East, was arranged in full blossom, in rows of porcelain flower-pots. Here was a verandah beautifully situated—there, a little turret overlooking the grounds and the water-ponds—and here again a passage-way, with water on either side leading to opposite parts of the garden, and lined with shrubs and flowers, all arranged in glazed flower-pots of porcelain—and here again wound a path through a verandah to the side-wall of the court, by which we now reached a more elevated position, arranged with seats and shaded by trees, and commanding the principal parts of the garden. A Chinese book was lying upon the small central stand, as if our literary friend had just dropped his favorite classic for our reception, and now returned with us to his favorite seat. We admired the taste of the student in the selection of this point for his readings, and passed on to a lower and open space nearly surrounded by water, and lined with flower-pots, where

we were again seated around a table while tea was once more served, with fruits of various kinds, and sweetmeats, and other dishes, and flowers gathered for our pleasure. But the sweetest flowers that presented themselves, with their sunny smiles and perfect confidence and freedom, were two pretty children—one a sweet boy with a perfect head, and the other a beautiful and smiling little girl, whom you loved immediately for their artlessness,—and they were so neatly dressed, and ornamented with taste.

We talked of Peking—had we been to Canton before —birds—animals—and winter. In Peking, said our fine specimen of a Chinese gentleman, we have ice a foot thick, and skating is an amusement. Have you ice in your country? We replied that we had every variety of climate in America, the United States, extending through as many degrees of latitude as the celestial empire; and on the northern rivers they sported with their horses and sleighs, while in the far south ice is never known.

I know not that our friend was incredulous, with the prevalent ideas of his nation as to the extent of their own empire in contrast with all other lands, but having been born at Canton, where ice is seldom or never seen, and experiencing the cold weather at Peking, probably led him to the remark he made, as if the facts stated might be curious to us, if our country were situated within a torrid zone.

My dark and tight dress, in contrast with his own gossamer and flowing robes of light and rich grass-cloth, seemed to strike him as uncomfortable, and he asked if I did not suffer from them.

I rightly complimented the rich Chinese on the superiority, both in the quality of the material and taste in the fashion, of the Chinese as to his costume for this climate over our own; but ours were for a cooler latitude. No one can long have accustomed himself to the costume of a Chinese gentleman, and not give it the preference to our own for a warm climate. It is more graceful as well as comfortable, in its flowing folds and gracefully loose proportions.

We had lingered as long as politeness would allow; and kissing the little girl and boy, we took our leave of

this already successful aspirant for official and literary rank, as he bowed us politely down the narrow court, passing several of the well-dressed females of the household, who had placed themselves at the different doors or windows to catch a glimpse at the foreigners as they left the grounds. My estimate of the refinement and courtesy of the higher class of the Chinese was very favorable, in this interview with the affluent son of Tingqua. His personal appearance was very fine—his age, probably about twenty-eight. His manners were sufficiently dignified, easy, familiar, and graceful—at once securing your respect, and intuitively impressing you with the assurance that you are in the presence of a well-bred gentleman, who would be at his ease in any society, and grace its circles.

On our return to the hong we found the water to have retired, which was so high when we commenced our stroll, owing to the freshet now in the river, that we left the door in a boat, and were borne at several places on our course on the proffered backs of the celestials. Otherwise our excursion might have cost us wet feet, a thing of little consequence to their *unhosed* insteps.

DR. PARKER AND THE OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.

Dr. Parker, in his benevolent practice, in connection with the Ophthalmic Hospital, has secured unbounded confidence among the Chinese, who look upon him as something superior to humanity, in connection with the many cures he has effected, and operations he has performed. "The Chinese think him," said one of their linguists to me, with a solemn air, "all same as one Josh." I had ample opportunity to witness the doctor's popularity, and the impression he has made, as I walked with him through the streets. He was often recognised, and an undertone of respect would now and then be heard among the crowd, saying, "The good heart."—"The doctor who cures blind eyes."—"The doctor with the pitiful heart."—"The *no cash* doctor;" alluding to the circumstance that Dr. P. takes no pay for his cures and practice. And the doctor's large hands, too, seem here to attract very gene

ral attention, which (the *noblesse* of the west notwithstanding) seem not only to ennoble our benevolent physician, but tend to add profoundness to the almost superstitious veneration with which they regard his person. "What hands!" the less instructed in decorum, as the crowd gathers around, sometimes exclaim, in surprise and astonishment, as if he were indeed of the race of the gods they worship, which are in all their temples represented in their huge proportions. And the amiable physician hesitates not to let them compare their own tiny fingers and palms with his, when their curiosity has surprised from them the ejaculation.

The hospital building was closed during the difficulties; and while Dr. P. had private assurances of the high esteem with which he was regarded by the Chinese authorities, no open demonstration of partiality could be allowed to come before the observation of the foreign community. His hospital therefore was closed—his patients retired—and he himself was cloistered within the limits that held the other members of the foreign community—sharing with them their weal and wo. It is hoped and believed that Dr. Parker will be able, in a few days, again to enter on his benevolent action, which has so far been attended with rich and even surprising success. At the time I write, Dr. P. has a private communication, expressing it to be the wish of the commissioner, Lin, the man who is acting with so much energy in the Chinese difficulties, to consult him, and he may the next hour receive a request that he will make him a visit at his station, where he is now attending to the destruction of the seized opium.

It would not be uninteresting to the reader, were I to give here some of the cases which have come under the treatment of Dr. Parker, and have led to so high an appreciation of his benevolence and skill among the Chinese, as well as among all who know him. Indeed, his reputation "as the foreign physician who cures all things, and particularly restores sight to the blind," has spread throughout the empire, more or less, and has drawn from various parts, and from the capital itself, patients seeking for relief; and in some instances have they been desirous, in the

possession of the sought-for blessing, to do him homage, and to proclaim his worth and virtues throughout the empire. The Chinese hong-merchants and the magistrates of Canton have indirectly countenanced the establishment of the hospital; and a number of official characters have found relief for their maladies, and regained a sight long lost, from the good foreigner; while more than six thousand patients, during the three years of the existence of the establishment, have been recipients of its benevolent intentions, and the doctor's unremitted and generous and successful efforts. The scenes, many of them, which Dr. Parker has described to me as having occurred during his practice, have been of much interest, and developed much of the Chinese character, while affording incident of the most novel kind to the eye of the foreigner; and nowhere else, in the absence of the circumstances and the customs of the Chinese, could such incident meet him.

A few facts, says Dr. Parker, will illustrate the eagerness of the people to avail themselves of the benefits of the hospital. When it was the practice to admit patients daily, I observed some of them, with lanterns, with which they left their homes at two or three o'clock in the morning, in order that they might be at the hospital rooms in season. When the days of admission were limited, they sometimes came the preceding evening, and remained all night, that they might secure a ticket in the morning. And there have been applicants from other parts of the province as well as from this vicinity. Numbers, from Nanking and Peking, have called. Several tea merchants from the north, or their friends, have been treated. When obliged to close the doors against new admissions, persons from a distance would avail themselves of the influence of some foreign gentleman or hong-merchant to intercede for them. With but rare exceptions, unqualified confidence has been manifested by the patients. A woman of the Mohammedan faith, sixty-five years of age, who had a cataract of both eyes, when I expressed a doubt whether she could bear to have my knife put into her eye, replied, "If you like, you may take them both out and put them in again." Another patient had been blind for forty years, but on couching the cataract I found the

retina still sensible to the light. A few days after, when I visited him, he seemed affected by the kindness shown him, and stroking down his long white beard that reached to his bosom, he said, "I am now old, and my beard is long and heavy, but never before have I seen or heard of such a man." He then enumerated the several favors which I had done him, and added in conclusion, "*You must be a divine person.*" An old Tartar general who had been some time in the hospital, and who was operated upon for a cataract with which he was afflicted in both eyes, as he was leaving, remarked, "I am now eighty years old, my beard is very long; (reaching to his breast;) I have been in office forty years; I have been in all the eighteen provinces of the empire, but never before have known a man that does the things that you perform, and for which you receive no reward. O, what virtue! the nation's great arm. Under heaven there is no other like you." And more in the same adulatory strain.

The following is one among the cases which have been treated by Dr. Parker.

"A young lady from Nanking, Le Awoo, aged nineteen, suffered from a disease of the left eye from her infancy. At this time a white spot with a fleshy excrescence covered the apex of the cornea, and the blood-vessels were enlarged and passed over the cornea. She was the eldest daughter of a silk merchant. The father was informed that the eye at least might be prevented from becoming worse, and perhaps the vision be improved. He said he confided the case to my care—had he not confidence, he should not have applied. By repeated applications of lunar caustic the fleshy excrescence was destroyed; the blood-vessels were divided at the union of the cornea and sclerotica; the general health was attended to, and after applying leeches to the temples a blister was ordered. New granulations filled up the depression in the cornea made by the caustic The blood-vessels of the cornea became indistinct and the sight improved, and at a little distance a stranger could scarcely perceive that it differed from the other eye. Just before the term of the hospital closed, the father and two daughters came to take a final leave, bringing presents, which were declined, saying that

it was abundant reward that the treatment of his daughter had been successful; but he would not take them away. The patient and her little sister, aged thirteen years, then came into the room, attended by a servant with a large crimson blanket. The first impression was, this is a part of the present. It was however spread at my feet, and the two young ladies knelt upon it. They were authoritatively told that it was not required nor permitted to *Kow-tow*. They heeded it not; and though I took the eldest by the collar to prevent it, both succeeded in bringing their heads twice to the floor. This was done in the presence of a large assembly of patients and several Europeans. The father was dressed like an officer, and his daughters wore splendid silk gowns, with the richest embroidery."

In the thousands of cases which have come under the doctor's treatment, many opportunities, of course, must have occurred, and which the consideration of the grand end at which Dr. P. is aiming in all that he does, would lead him to improve, for turning the attention of the Chinese to the true system of religion in opposition to the fantasies and superstitions of the worshipper of Confucius, Budha, and the thousand paternal gods of the celestial empire. And when patients, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, would have bowed in adoration before him, he has raised them, and with the spirit of the humble Christian, pointed them to the true God, to whom only power and praise belong. And even when success, in the advance of the disease, could neither be expected, or relief be given, opportunities have offered when the disappointed patients have seen how truly the sympathy of a Christian physician has been given them, as they have been pointed to the Being who hath pity for the sorrowful. Such a case we see in a patient by the name of Akeen, of whom Dr. P. remarks, that he gave him but little encouragement when he came to the hospital, and the day he dismissed him, after kind treatment, which disclosed that the organs of his eyes were so far destroyed that light again could never be enjoyed, "the patient manifested much gratitude," said the doctor, "for what had been done in the improvement of his health and for the attempt to restore sight. It

was a remark of one of my respected medical preceptors to his students, that when the materia medica of earth failed, they might yet point their patients to that of heaven. I have experienced this satisfaction in the case of this young man. His eyes suffused with tears as I took him by the hand; and with several Chinese listening, told him through my interpreter, of the world in which he may see, though never again on earth—that in heaven none were blind, none deaf, none sick. I also endeavored to point out the way for him to find admittance there."

A volume of interest might be written in connection with Dr. Parker's action at Canton. But further space cannot be given to it here. Dr. P. is every way the person desirable for the location and the calling he occupies and pursues.

On the 16th, the day succeeding my arrival in Canton, being Sunday, I preached in the British chapel of the Company's hong. The American missionaries supply the pulpit here, generally, the chapel having been courteously tendered them for that purpose. Dr. Parker, I believe, has the charge of the services, and officiates regularly, or alternately with Rev. Mr. Bridgman, when Mr. B. is here. The Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal church of America is used, with a few variations, to meet the peculiarities of the mixed community. For instance, in the prayer for the President of the United States, the word "*Kings* and all others in authority" is substituted. The gentlemen, not episcopal in their orders, generally use, besides the service thus slightly altered, an extemporaneous prayer before the sermon. The Rev. Messrs. Handson and Lockwood, when at Canton, officiated, in their turn, in the same chapel.

TEMPLE OF LONGEVITY.

On Monday I visited, in company with Dr. Parker, the Temple of Longevity, one of the principal establishments of the Chinese Budhist priests. The priests welcomed us, Dr. P. being already known to some of them. They conducted us through the buildings of the Temple; from the top of the main one, a fine view presents itself of the great-

er part of the suburbs of the city—the city walls, near which the temple is situated—and an extended view into the city within the walls.

At the covered portal, forming an entrance into the court, within which rises the principal and central building and within a recess guarded by bars, are four statues, two on either side, larger than life. On the toe of one of these sublime personages, sitting with one foot elevated, quite a number of Chinese labels were displayed, among other things proffering to give his worshippers *toe-nails* when lost. The opposite deities as confidently assured their votaries that they would secure to them children of either sex, as they might desire—the one proffering male, the other female heirs. But both of them, I presume, on the condition that the seekers of such gifts should reward the priests who served at the altars of their godships, for their trouble of throwing the tablets for them, and divining with their bamboo-labels and sybil-leaves.

In the principal hall of the floor-rooms, the god, elevated on an altar some feet from the floor, was canopied around by the usual fixtures, with openings for the exposure of his most comfortable and gilded person on the four sides of the altar. Incense urns, artificial flower stands, and taper-supporters occupied the front of the altar where the josh-sticks are burned, the flowers placed, and the tapers lighted and melted away.

The temples of the Chinese, which are built regularly, are two stories high, a piazza running quite around each story, from which you enter the sacred rooms constituting the centre of the building. The upper hall of this temple is a spacious room, occupying the whole area of the second floor; and in the centre of this upper hall sits the complacent, fat, and dimple-cheeked, corpulent, cross-legged, gilded, smiling, almost laughing god of longevity—a perfect contradiction in his air, of what one of my early instructors would have guessed, whom I have more than once heard, with an oblique allusion to a certain class of persons, and with a spice of sarcasm on the lip, repeat the words "*slumbering* fat." His deityship to-day was wide awake. And there was a most expressive air of comfort about the youthful-looking fat old gentleman, of whom,

should an earthquake or any other convulsion of nature happen to shake from his six or seven feet elevation, it would puzzle his best serving priest, with all the revelations he may have received in connection with his divining apparatus, to declare which way said youthful and fleshy old gentleman would roll along the floor—whether from head to feet and from feet to head, and from head to feet again, or like a pipe of wine, upon his bulging sides. As for such legs as said old gentleman has, with all their hundred weights of muscle, comfortable indeed for sitting à la Turk, *rather à la Budha*, they are altogether too duck-like to be thought of in any necessity of support for such a rotundity of person as this godship of longevity, or to be taken into any account which would estimate the chances as to the probable course which his godship would roll, in case of his being thrown from his present most comfortable attitude of rest.

This temple is apparently the most popular one, and certainly on the largest and most respectable scale of any of the temples situated on the Canton side of the river. And this upper hall of the Temple of Longevity affords a convenient and spacious apartment for the grandees to assemble in, on their festive days of particular worship. The god has lately been repaired, and his decayed person of antiquity has given place for the newly gilded statue, in the shape of a Chinese Lambert. The development of muscles in this specimen of wood, cut into something of a form, resembling the figure of a man, is superior to any thing else in the way of statuary that I have seen in the Chinese temples, and is not very discreditable to the artist, when the idea designed to embody in wood is considered. The figure, at once, strikes the visiter as a representation of a comfortable portly old gentleman in retirement, living upon the abundance of this life's good things, and as much good ale as would render his yet unwrinkled cheeks rosy, and his corpulent person a very prayer itself that one may have rest. A smooth-faced and portly young priest, who accompanied us through the buildings, seemed alike enough to the gilded god in his proportions and physiognomy, though in miniature, to have been a near kin, or else had sat as the model for the statue; and only wanted size and

age to be its fac-simile. He was a good-natured, full cheeked, shaven-headed priest, that flourished, in the best keeping, as his rotund person seemed to declare.

We were joined by a thinner and taller member of the body, while we were admiring the prospect from the upper verandah of the temple, which, with its roofed and spacious area, extends quite around the building. He was in black, and is the principal of the establishment, more dignified than the other, and at times not less communicative. They both accompanied us through the grounds, which are not in the best keeping; and the abundance of a species of cresses, in appearance covering almost the whole surface of the water-ponds within the premises, gives a stagnant aspect to these otherwise ornamental reservoirs. In these ponds flocks of ducks were sailing, feeding upon this weed upon the surface of the water; and here, as elsewhere throughout all the Chinese temples and the private residences of extent, the gorgeous and sacred water-lily prevails, in porcelain pots. We were conducted to a small square room, fronting the most pleasant part of the grounds, and tea was served, with a tray of sweetmeats of various kinds, each species of fruit occupying its division on the same waiter, containing the lichee—a very agreeable dried fruit, and yet more delicious in its undried state—dates, dried melon-seeds, ginger, citron, Chinese olives, beechnuts, and last, but not least peculiar, as they seemed to us of uncelestial tastes, *roasted beans*. We chatted for a while, as we sipped the uncreamed and unsugared tea, and partook of the variety of the waiter resting upon the centre-table about which we sat. It was inquired of the *abbot* (we use terms known to designate stations with titles unknown, as this person was at the head of some one hundred priests of the establishment) if there were nunneries embraced in their system. He answered no; and I know not the idea which seemed pleasantly to strike him, which however led to the remark, as he placed his hand upon the head of a fine-looking boy beside him, some twelve or thirteen years of age, "Budha sent me down this shaver in an egg about a month since, which produced him." The sweetmeats were very fine, some of them, and I so remarked complimentary, but the abbot replied that "they

were very indifferent," like some peculiar persons I have known, who greatly regretted that they had not that which was better to give, when they were giving, as they knew, the very best in the world.

We returned through the streets, being the lions of the way, and "Fanqui, Fanqui," ringing ever and anon in our ears, while a mob of children, both small and grown, surrounded us, and the women rushed to their screened doorways to catch, as we passed, a view of the foreigners, which seemed to be an era in their experience, and gleeful now as unfrequent, as I had opportunity occasionally to observe, while I lingered a short distance in the rear; and the curious sex, in the indulgence of their inquisitive propensity, suffered themselves to be drawn half way out beyond their screens in their gaze after the receding stranger, and apparently to the great surprise at their own presumption as they found another "Fanqui' almost confronting them as he came up so unexpectedly and near to them; and in again to their inner apartment they would dash, as rapidly as their small feet and waddling gait would allow them.

The whole community are evidently on the *qui vive* at this, moment, in connection with the late difficulties between the foreigners and the Chinese authorities and mobs.

We are the first of the foreigners who have ventured far into the suburbs since the shutting up of the streets which lead into the square of the factories. On my arrival at Canton, it was not deemed prudent to wander too much about town, but still it was believed a few days more would secure as much freedom to the foreign residents as they had ever enjoyed. For the present, however, the small boats are prohibited from passing on the river; and the pleasure boats belonging to the different factories here, are seen lying within the paling in front of the factories, where they have been placed by the Chinese authorities since the enclosures of the vacant lots have been made between the river and the hong houses.

These areas in front of the foreign factories will form pleasant promenades by and by, so soon as they become coated with grass. But the boats alluded to are mostly neglected, having been included in the estimate of the

English of their losses, and which, with the millions of other damages they have, or think they have received, will be demanded, including the amount of the opium which they have resigned to the Chinese authorities, and which demand either the Chinese will have to meet, or suffer reprisals (so we think the future will say) upon their commerce, and *perhaps* yield to the urgent request of British arms *a portion* of their territory.

TEMPLE AT HANAN.

It was doubtful, in the present circumstances of the times, whether I should be able to get over the river to Hanan to visit the celebrated temple there, deemed the most magnificent in the southern part of the empire, if not equalling any within the celestial kingdom. So writers have spoken of it; and persons who have enjoyed opportunities assure me that it is a very creditable specimen of the best order of the Budhist temples of China.

The story of its present prosperous circumstances, and the high esteem with which it has been held, is this: After the success of the first Tartar invader, his son was sent to subdue the remaining opponents of the usurper, who held out against his authority in the south. The general arrived with his conquering army, and entirely subdued the south Canton, and entered the town of Hanan with the intention, agreeably to the royal mandate, to put to the sword, without discrimination, the opposers of the conqueror's power. An attempt upon an invulnerable priest of the temple at Hanan caused the upraised arm of the prince, who, in person, was about to take the priest's life, to be withered in the attempt. The priest restored the use of the arm to the astonished general, and petitioned that the lives of all the people of Hanan, on condition of submission to the new power, should be spared. This was done. The prince petitioned his royal father. The inhabitants, to evince their gratitude, brought gifts to the temple, and royal beneficence enriched it, and the humble establishment rose into distinction, as one of the most richly endowed temples of the kingdom.

Dr. Parker's popularity among the Chinese and favorable

repute with the mandarins here would secure the privilege of crossing to Hanan if it could be obtained by any one. His wish was mentioned to a linguist, with the assurance that we did not wish to create any "bobbery," but very peacefully to visit Hanan and then to return. The linguist said he would see, and came back the next morning with the assurance that the boat of one of the hong merchants, whom he was requested to consult, would be ready for us immediately after dinner, which would allow of our reaching the temple in time to see the priests at their worship or afternoon vespers, at about half-past four.

A number of the officers from the Columbia and John Adams had arrived during the week, and an invitation was extended to them by Dr. Parker to accompany us.

We crossed the river and were soon at the entrance to the court of the temple. The first portal was characterized by two large statues, in better keeping and on a still larger scale than those before seen, being some fifteen feet in height. As you pass into the court you traverse a fine wide pavement flagged with granite slabs and leading up the gradual ascent to the portal, which forms the entrance into the second court within which the various buildings of the temple are placed. It is a spacious area which is inwalled, and passing the portal, with two immense statues on either side of the entrance within their bowers, still larger than the custodes at the portal of the outer court, you advance by a gradual ascent to the main temple, spacious, with its upper and lower hall surrounded with its verandahs. The priests were already at their mystic vespers within the lower hall, a spacious apartment, with the altar of their Budha nearer to the furthest-in wall than the front, but around which they were moving in solemn and monotonous chant of the sacred name of their god. Again they rested in front of the altar, while one of their number performed the three times three knockings of the head upon the floor, and the chant continuing in the most monotonous under and even tone of "Fuh-o-me-ta-to—o-me-ta-to-Fuh," I ever heard. Again they marched to the same monotonous sound as they circled the altar, with the palms of their hands pressed together, and held, with

the fingers upward, against their breast, while a string of beads rested between the thumbs and the edges of the hand. They were a curious spectacle, robed in yellow garments most of them, the rest in black, with shaven heads, and faces as solemn as if the bell which one of their number struck to mark their time, were the death-knell, or funeral requiem recited in anticipation of their own obsequies, which some spirit had told them would occur on the morrow.

A priest showed us through the different divisions of the buildings, one of the halls containing at either end twelve gilded statues larger than life, some with black beards, some with red beards, some with no beards at all. In the hands of some were the instruments of war, in the hands of others, instruments of peace; in others, the sword, the spear, the hatchet, the knife, the rose, the palm, the harp, together representing the ancient sages to whom the hall is dedicated, with veneration and worship. The hall is otherwise hung with tablets, the sages occupying their places within a glass partition at either end of the room, and the central altar of the hall arranged in front of the god with the usual paraphernalia of the censer, the flower-vase, and the taper-stand for the consuming of josh-sticks, holding the fading flowers, and the light from the melting wax.

All in life is marked with change, and decay is stamped on all that is material. What a burlesque, I thought as I stood in the Temple of Longevity, was the crumbled god who offered long years to his votaries, while he could not preserve his own person from the dust, but had lately been supplanted by a new image, and yet still confided in by a deluded and unthinking people! And here, as I stood looking on these statues and the god within the main altar, how *cold* seemed the religion that cherished such a system! The most it promised was, that when the soul left the body it might become the resident of some animal, and again pass through a series of other animals, in endless transmigrations; and as its chief blessedness, be finally absorbed into the Budha they worshipped. Blessed religion of Jesus Christ! thou dost open before the wishful spirit that longs after immortality, *consistent* hopes, meet-

ing its wants, and pointing out the way to a blissful state of endless life. The body may go back to its mother dust, but the spirit shall enter on its course of thought and action *suitable* to its being, in a state where it shall enjoy the changeless friendship of its God, and of the good and the holy, in the happy residence of the ransomed, the intellectual, moral, and immortal spirits. God give me gratitude in the possession of his Word and an education in its precepts.

There was nothing of interest about these figures to the eye of one who has formed any just notions of the natural developments of the human form. The immense statues at the portals are huge monsters of beings, neither divine nor human, and convey no positive sentiment save that of power and anger, which is the result of their hugeness and paint.

There was, however, one tasteful thing within the Hall of the Sages, and it graces the spot wherever it may be seen,—for beautiful nature is always lovely. I allude to a large vase of natural flowers, freshly gathered and placed upon the altar of the god. Without the permission of the oracle, but with the consent of one of his votaries, I plucked a beautiful flower from the gorgeous bouquet, as a thing that seemed to rebuke, with its soft loveliness, the rough features of ugliness and disproportion everywhere seen around, and now would do the kind office of soothing a restless sensibility that ever attends me, on the perception of *unfitness* in the combination of things or circumstances around me.

There is one curiosity odd enough about these premises of the temple of Hanan. In one part of the court there is a pen for some dozen fat hogs, kept with a sacred respect for their lives and good health and luxurious living. More in keeping I thought it would have been had their swine-ships been attachés to the Temple of Longevity, so nearly allied they seemed to be in proportions to the corpulent knight of that establishment. But here they were, and most comfortable specimens of the pork species they certainly are, those twelve hogs. They die not, so far as I learned,—they were too lazy, or too dignified, or too wilful to rise at our presence, though proper consideration

ought to be had to the usual manners of that species of animal, when treating of their responsibilities on the reception of visiters, knowing that their unsanctified race, without these consecrated enclosures, act ever as a contradiction and exception to that otherwise universal law of motion, that a body moves in the line of direction in which the face is impressed; for a sailor well knows, that to get a pig on board ship he must seize his tail and pull him in an *opposite* direction. But, the laws of motion apart, these swine (perhaps there were but eleven) have a very comfortable house; the premises are kept clean, and they themselves are fed, until, had they ever read Shakspeare, they might cry out "Hold—enough!" They retain their incumbent position as long as they choose, but, that they occupy a standing attitude, the length of time they would choose, admits of a question—as it seems doubtful if such small legs could very long support such round hundreds of fat. My own opinion is that they are not free agents in this matter, and, therefore, as it is said, "necessitas non habet *legs*," I conclude that they yield, as good Budhists, to the law of necessity, when they can stand no longer, and submit themselves, as quiet fatalists, to the favorite doctrine of most of the Orientals, and not less especially of the Chinese. It is thought, I believe, that however immortal may be the lives of these novel specimens of "otium cum dignitate," that, occasionally, one of their number disappears, and as often is supplied by the lay devotees, without charge to the fraternity.

We were conducted to the reception hall, after we had gone the round of the buildings, through the grounds, flower-garden, or an apology for what had once probably been such when the grounds were in better keeping, and saw at the extremity of the premises the reservoir, where the ashes of the priests are consigned, after they have been gathered from the funeral pyre. Here the principal priest met us, and with considerable urbanity endeavored to make our visit a pleasant one. His apparent amiable desire commended him to our kind wishes, and Dr. P. desired A-hoy to say to him, that when he crossed the river to Canton, he would be pleased to see him. "Oh no, *Meester*

Parker," replied A-hoy, as he hesitated to interpret the courteous invitation to the abbot; "you would *never* cease to have him present, *Meester* Parker, if you once invite him. Best first know him, then invite." The shrewd young Chinese was laughed at, and the invitation was turned into thanks for the priest's politeness, with assurances that we had been greatly gratified. And notwithstanding A-hoy's pre-admonition, Dr. P. himself assured the abbot that he had medicines, and with pleasure would supply him with any, in case he should need, if he would call at the American hong. The dark-robed Budhist seemed much pleased, and indicated that he should not be late in his application.

And that same A-hoy—I shall never forget the peculiar and exquisite smile that graced his fine features. It was the perfection of effeminate loveliness, without detracting from the manly features of the young Chinese. I know not how he may be esteemed in his place, but I do know that there was an interest of expression about his face which would immortalize a sculptor to fix it in marble.

We returned to the boat and found that the hong merchant, whose politeness had furnished us with his fine boat, had provided a variety of fruits also, to await us on our return to re-occupy it. We ate of the fruits; and A-hoy asked, "Will you have water, gen-tle-mens?" Some of the party accepted the finger-bowls and laved their hands. "My master knows enough of foreign manners," said A-hoy, "to get the bowls of water, but I shall have to remind him the next time of the napkins." The not witless remark, in the absence of the napkins, secured another approbative smile to A-hoy, for the penetration he showed on the occasion for which, in this one particular, by an oversight, he had not provided.

We returned unscathed by pebbles or in any other way molested, although we were the first of the "foreign devils" who have presumed to venture abroad on the side of the river opposite Canton, since the prohibitory measures which confined the *Fanqui* to their factories.

There is legend connected with the origin of the city of Canton, and all as veritable as the fictions associated with the foundation of the seven-hill city, once the empress

of the western world, which boasts the twins Romulus and Remus for its founders. But it would be of little interest to follow the story-tellers from the period when the inhabitants of the "southern regions" first commenced to bear their tribute of "crabs and frogs and snakes and crickets" to the "son of heaven, who received homage from the four quarters of the earth," up to the different epochs when, in one dynasty, the young Canton bore the name of "the martial city of the south;" or in another, "the city of rams," after five genii, robed in as many different colored vestments, who are said to have entered the city on as many different colored rams, which were enabled, notwithstanding each bore in his mouth a stalk of grain having five ears, to exclaim audibly to the people,

"May famine and dearth never visit your markets;"

thus giving the additional titles of "the city of genii" and "the city of grain" to the famous capital of the southern province. It will rather suffice to note that the rebellious people of the south yielded to the prowess of the northern arms; and after many alternations of discontent and submission, finally gave their adherence to the founder of the Han dynasty, some two centuries earlier than our own era. In the sixth century the provincial city had become a regular mart for foreign commerce, carrying on a considerable trade with Cochin-China and India; and for its protection against the assaults of the first, the city wall was raised about the year 1060. Internal contentions drenched the south in blood on the accession of the new dynasty in 1279; but commerce revived on the restoration of quiet, and in 1300 "abundance of vessels," as writers narrate, "came to Canton."

The pioneer of European commerce to China was De Androde, who reached Canton in 1517. Other adventurers, from the different European states, soon succeeded; and the trade, through the alternations of reverses and prosperity as the result of the internal broils on the fall of one and the rise of a new dynasty—which make the empire of China less a thing of quiet than some of the admirers of its political economy suppose—has risen progressively, until

in 1837 its exports have reached the annual amount of nearly forty millions of dollars.*

WALL ABOUT CANTON.

The city wall is about six miles in length, and may be traversed by a walk of little less than two hours at rather a quick pace. It varies in its height according to the unevenness of the surface at its base, from twenty-five to forty feet, and in width fifteen feet at its top, widening to twenty-five at its base. Its composition is stone and brick filled in with earth on the interior. There are sixteen gates—four passing through an inner wall and twelve forming entrances through the external bulwark, which runs parallel, on the south, with the river, and winds circularly back into the interior, resting on the brow of a hill in the northern part of its circuit some two or three hundred feet above the level of the river, which from this point it commands, with a perfect view of the plain on which the city is spread beneath it. "The gate of the five genii," "the gate of eternal rest," "the gate of eternal purity," will serve as a sufficient specimen of the names of these outlets of a city of "the flowery nation," of a "flowery language;" and the "dragon street," "the flying dragon street," "the martial dragon street," "the flowery street," "the golden street," and "the golden flowery street," will more than suffice for a specimen of the 1,000 and more or less avenues of this inwalled emporium of commerce, containing a population with its suburbs of 1,236,000, as estimated on the most credible data; and which, no one who has walked through the crowded streets of Canton, gazed into their one dense mass of shops, and viewed the fleet of 84,000 boats that float upon the stream in the neighborhood, each with its family of man, wife, children, ducks, geese, chickens, cooking utensils, chop-sticks and all, would think of estimating that number less than 1,000,000 of people. Surely it must be a blessing to the Chinese, as a body, that they need no more household furniture than a

* In 1836-37, English Imports $34,900,662. Exports, 30,168,380. In 1836-37, American Imports $3,678,696. Exports, 8,202,869.

stool to sit upon, and a bowl and chop-sticks for their table furniture, and a kettle for their cooking apparatus. Otherwise, broad as is their empire, 360,000,000 of people would cry out that the space is too narrow for us. As it is, a family of a dozen Chinese of both sexes can make out with a house of three rooms—one for their eating hall; and the floating gentry of the boats, I suppose, content themselves with but two equal divisions, in their water palaces.

It would be occupying more space than I have designed to appropriate to these volumes, were I to give the particulars which I have written in my manuscript, connected with the government of the city of Canton—its officers and police—and what to myself is of deeper interest, a general notice of the system of literary examinations which prevails throughout the Chinese empire. It is a system commendable in its arrangement; but when considered in connection with the books perused by the candidates for distinction in literary fame, affluence, and elevation in office, it presents a miserable course of education—philosophy, science, and geography alike being absent from it—and the highest perfection aimed at is but a successful imitation of an affected style in composition, and a logic which starts with false premises.

But our ships have yet a long traverse to make in their circuit of the globe, and I may not delay too long in the provincial city of the south, or among the endless subjects of interest associated with this peculiar people of the celestial empire.

CHINESE POETRY.

Poetry is the language of nature, and nature exhibiting herself in different circumstances. The American Indian delights in the chase and the war-whoop; and the burden of *his* song is of war, as he dances around the war-pole and shakes the scalps of his enemies, after his return from the distant trail of his foe, whom he has left in his blood. The revel grows louder, and the dance more fierce, as the red chieftain narrates his deeds of triumph, or the young warriors who have taken their first scalp

come forward to receive their war-name from the older chiefs.

The Goth and the Vandal were not unlike the aborigines of the American forest, in developing their feelings in rude song and music of the wild and heroic kind.

The refined nations of modern Europe, and the magnificent Grecian and Roman among the ancients, may all be traced in their advance in civilization and the cultivation of the arts and sciences and refinement of manners, in their poetry. And while the ancients in their master-performances, sang of the deeds of heroic action, they left to modern times the developments of all the combinations of the human heart, in its display of deep emotion and natural action in connection with restless ambition, profound and jealous love, and deeds correspondent to the universal passions of men.

We therefore should expect to find the poetry of the Chinese, as we really do, characteristic of themselves. They are essentially an agricultural people; and their whole system tends to *quiescence*, alike in their philosophy, religion, and politics. Their philosophy inculcates the influencing of men by persuasion in argument, rather than by force—their religion embraces the sentiment, that the destinies of men are woven indivisibly and irresistibly by the fates—and their principles of political economy require unquestioned and unquestioning submission to the power that rules. Patriotism with them is the inculcation of obedience, by practice and precept, to the precedents of the *past*—religion is the veneration of a remembered ancestry, and the preservation of their tombs, and the burning of gold paper and garments to the manes of the departed—and fame of every kind, that is honorable in the estimation of the Chinese, personal, political, present, and posthumous, all depends not on originality of genius and acquisition of true knowledge in the arts and sciences, and an independent literature, but on a successful imitation of a false, limited, past, but not obsolete standard of philosophy and ethics, embraced in the collection of the "Four Books" and the "Five Classics" of Confucius. To imitate these in style—to quote these in illustration—to be guided by these in action, and instructed by these in principle—and

successfully to produce these in argument, secures approbation, admiration, and reward, and is the only path to preferment and distinction. Hence it is, that *the mind of the Chinese is only imitative, and incapable of invention.* We look not then for excellence in poetry connected with any thing like originality, where the standard itself is a book of indifferent odes of the preceding ages, collected by Confucius five hundred years before the Christian era, and adhered to as the model of perfection and for imitation; and we justly conclude that the Chinese, for sixteen centuries, have made little advance in the poetic art, otherwise than in the smoothness of the rhythm, in the increasing refinement of the nation. They have no epic poem, and their tragedies are melo-dramas, which seldom reach the deep-natural of intense passion; and as performed on their bamboo stages, exhibit, at least to the European eye, more of the burlesque and the masquerade, than the natural scenes of dramatic life. I am aware that some better qualified than myself to judge (their partialities aside) as to this branch of Chinese poetry, would dissent from my opinion; and only on one occasion, without being fully aware of the scene I was about to witness, I had the opportunity of being present at the Chinese "Sing-Song." The action of the players then seemed well to comport with the *wooden* swords they used to do their fatal deeds; and of the thousand spectators, jammed *en masse* to witness the performance, probably three-fourths were incapable of appreciating a happy sentiment, and manifested more pleasure at the regalia of the dresses and the firing of the abundance of crackers than at the dramatic progress of the play.

But the Chinese are fond of flowers—are a rural people—cultivators of the ground—the emperor himself annually, for the encouragement of agriculture, holding the plough, that he may give the influence of his imperial example to the empire—all which, connected with the system of literary examinations already alluded to, so calculated to encourage a taste for literature, such as it is, would lead us to expect that their best specimens of poetry would be found in the descriptive, associated with calm nature, as found in the painting of rural scenes, conveyed

in sententious thought. And such is the case. They paint the garden—the water-pond—the lily—the sacred lotus, which fills their private grounds—the ever occurring peach-blossom and the plum, and their most plentiful flower, the epidendrum; while they applaud *that rest* of which their own Confucius speaks with admiring partiality, and which the Chinese looks to for his old age; and which certainly is grateful alike to every refined mind, as the Latins have it, *otium cum dignitate.*

The measure of the Chinese poetry consists of different feet, according to the number of characters which constitute the line, varying from three to seven characters. Each specimen is to be found in the Shee King, the book of odes collected by Confucius, constituting one of the classics, and which, I am informed, is being translated by the Rev. Mr. Shück into English, and, as soon as completed, will be published in America. Although rhyme occasionally prevails, it is not frequent; and owing to the peculiar construction of the Chinese language, the sounds are less perfect than words allow, which are formed of alphabetical letters. The Chinese poetry, however, depends principally for its contradistinction from prose, on its regularly recurring rhythm, parallelism, and antithesis, rendering it strikingly analogous in its construction to the poetry of the Hebrews.

I am indebted to Mrs. Shück, my missionary friend at Macao, for several specimens of Chinese poetry. The neat manuscripts in Chinese characters are beautiful specimens of the written character. I copy the translation of a single piece—the original containing five Chinese characters in each line, and the piece itself composed of a stanza of eight lines.

On taking leave of a Friend.

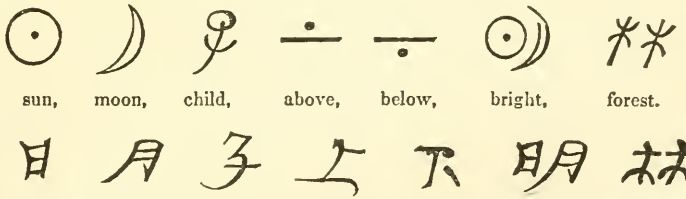
"Ten years have elapsed since last we parted;
And no sooner have we met, than we part again.
We bind ourselves by promises to renew this meeting,
But we shall never be so young as we are now.
The shadows of the passing cloud speedily vanish,
The falling leaf returns not to its branch;
Should I fly like the wild bird to seek you in the south,
In what part of yon blue mountain shall we meet?"

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

The Chinese language has been deemed a phenomenon in philology; and its formation, in its advance from its infancy to its present magnificence and comparative merit, as an oral and written medium of communication for three hundred and sixty millions of people, seems to be regarded as a matter of astonishment. On the contrary, so far as a slight familiarity with its first principles will enable one to judge, I should deem its construction to have been precisely as we would expect to be the origin of a written language among a primitive people. The illiterate peasant or huckster, unable to write, could yet draw hieroglyphics of straight and curved lines. And by way of refreshing his recollection, had he an occasion to debit his neighbor a cheese, he would naturally score upon the bark of a tree or upon the door of his tent a circular mark; and if it chanced to be a grindstone instead of a cheese, he would not forget to add a dot, for the sake of definiteness and distinction, to the centre of the circle, all which first attempts in the fine arts would be increased as necessity and convenience required, and improved in their form as the tyro-sketcher continued his practice. A combination of these symbols becoming definitely associated with the objects which they were used to represent, would at length become the medium of communication between different individuals; and, reduced to a written form, improve in their shape as convenience for their rapid formation and agreeableness in their appearance to the eye should suggest in their continued use. New symbols not being readily found for every new idea, a combination of the originally formed characters would naturally be suggested, and eventually, the symbols or hieroglyphics becoming so numerous, they would lose their visible resemblance to the objects they were originally employed to represent, and at length become mere arbitrary representatives of ideas.

Thus it precisely is, as it seems to me, with the hieroglyphic formation of the Chinese language. Their original form, representing the idea of the sun, is a circle with a dot in its centre; the moon, by a crescent or segment

of a circle; a child, by something resembling the first attempt in the nursery to draw a man; morning, by the sun's rising; above, by a dot over a straight line; below, by a dot beneath a straight line. Advancing to the combination of symbols, the sun and moon together mean brightness; two trees mean a forest; two men seated upon the ground represent the idea of sitting; waved lines, rivulets. And these symbolic representations of ideas, a few of which are here alluded to, would be increased; and for the purpose of meeting the necessities of a growing people and intercourse, a free combination would take place, and the original characters be improved upon, in the advance of refinement and taste, and yet more particularly, for convenience and uniform appearance, as the characters were used in writing; and with the discovery of the art of printing the characters would undergo still a further modification for the beauty and agreeable effect of the type or plates. This is seen in the fac-simile below, illustrating the preceding remarks—the upper line exhibiting the original form of the Chinese character, the lower one giving the form now used in their printing; and seen still more particularly in the plate further on, exhibiting the improvement of the original form by the beauty and uniformity of the character now in use.



The greatest wonder in the history of all written languages is, that an alphabet of twenty-five letters, representing the elementary sounds of the voice, should ever have been discovered, and remains yet a question if it were not originally a gift direct from heaven. If however it be a discovery of man, we should be led to conclude that it would be a result of after-times, when a people had become more philosophical and given to analysis; and that it would be the result of a cumbersome system of hieroglyphics and arbitrary characters, precisely like that

which we have presented to us in the pictorial language of the Chinese, giving its literati to feel the necessity of something by which the symbolic character of the language might be simplified. And in the range of philosophical analysis, there can be found no other example so striking as the alphabet of articulation (save the ten Arabic numerals) to illustrate the illimitable combination to which a few simples, having their origin in nature, can be carried. And the superiority of the alphabetic system to the symbolical character of the Chinese, renders it not an improbable conjecture that, in the advance of philosophical literature in the East and the certainly to be expected advance of Christianity, the language of the celestial empire will one day, and not at a great time distant, be expressed in an alphabetical character corresponding to the written languages of the West.

But as it is, the Chinese character, in which their language is embraced, is a magnificent structure when considered in its immense number of symbolic representations, which have now become arbitrary signs of ideas rather than hieroglyphic characters; and also, in view of the extent of space over which the language has spread and the number of people by whom it is spoken. And notwithstanding it has been formed in a manner we should deem the most natural, by a people advancing from the rude state to that of high civilization, it becomes a wonder in its solitary loneliness, in contrast with all other written languages of the world, for its existence as a language without an alphabet. The possibility of this at first seems to the Western, from his usual mode of thinking, to be incredible, until he shall have become familiar with the principles on which the Chinese characters have been formed. As it is, there are some peculiarities which are curious and interesting.

One particular character of the Chinese language, exhibiting it strikingly in contradistinction with the Western languages, is, that all its words are of one syllable. It is true that there is often a coalescing of two or more vowel sounds, which give to the character, when reduced to English orthography, the appearance of a dissylable or polysyllable, and have it in the original enunciation. But

if this be recognised in the vowel sounds, then I do not see why characters with certain elementary consonant sounds, as *ts*, should not also be regarded as dissyllabic, for there is here as distinctly an exhibition of two elementary articulations of the voice as in the case first supposed, if not more so—for *tseen* (*t-seen*) requires as distinctly the enunciation of two elementary articulations of the voice as *tïen*. The effect of this monosyllabic form, were it not for the different intonations given to the characters, would be most monotonous, but with this variation of sound the repetition of a lesson by the child at his daily task becomes a song, containing more of the elements of true harmony than I have been able to discover in the combinations of any number of Chinese musical instruments. The monosyllabic character of the language may be seen by the following lines taken from the Trimetrical, and the Thousand-character Classic, the first and third books put into the hands of pupils in the elementary schools. Both of these books are in measure—the first being constituted with lines of three characters each, the other with four characters in each line. The Chinese read from the right to the left, and from the top of the column downwards. The first quotation contains five double lines from the Trimeter, the second, eight lines of the Thousand-character Classic:

Fifth.	Fourth.	Third.	Second.	First.
Seih	Keaou	Kow	Sing	Jin
Mang	Che	Puh	Seang	Che
Moo	Taou	Keaou	Kin	Tsoo
Tsih	Kwei	Sing	Seih	Sing
Lin	E	Nae	Seang	Pung
Choo	Chuen	Tseen	Yuen	Shen

Eighth.	Seventh.	Sixth.	Fifth.	Fourth.	Third.	Second.	First.
Leuh	Jah	Tsew	Han	Shin	Jeih	Yu	Teen
Leu	Yu	Show	Lae	Suh	Yue	Chou	Te
Teaou	Ching	Tung	Shoo	Lee	Ying	Hung	Heuen
Yang	Suy	Tsang	Wang	Chang	Tsih	Hwang	Hwang

Another peculiarity of this singular language is, that all its consonant terminations are in *n* and *ng*, yet without giving it a disagreeable nasal enunciation.

But the most important consideration in connection with the Chinese language is the extent to which it is used as a medium of written communication. The extent of the empire, and the early non-intercourse of the separate but subjugated states now constituting the Chinese domain, has originated many idioms, and such a departure has there been from the court standard of pronunciation, that the colloquial use of the language in some of the provinces is utterly unintelligible to another province. And yet the *characters* used by all are the same. Another cause of this departure from a common standard of pronunciation results from the circumstance that *the sound* of each character in the Chinese language must be learned by being heard from an oral teacher, as the Chinese have no system in the absence of an alphabet, to designate the sounds of their characters. Still the written characters remain the same in all the provinces, and are universally understood over the empire, including 360,000,000; and adding to this number the inhabitants of islands peopled by Chinese, and others who have the Chinese character as their written language, we may estimate the number by whom this character is used at 400,000,000 of people. The illustration, showing how the written character of the Chinese may be understood by this vast mass of people, while they yet, in many parts, are unable to make themselves understood in conversation, is simple. The idea expressed by the English word *man*, in French is *homme;* Spanish, *uomo;* Latin, *homo;* Greek, ἄνθρωπος (*anthropos*); Hebrew, אִישׁ (*ish*); Chinese, 人 (*jin*). This Chinese character (*jin*) not being formed upon the principle of sound, but as hieroglyphic, addressed to the eye, might with equal propriety be pronounced *homme*, *uomo*, *homo*, *anthropos*, or *ish*, as well as *jin*, the present sound by which the Chinese distinguish it. And if this same Chinese *character* entered into the language of all these different nations, instead of their own present *words*, and was called differently by the sounds which each now use, for man, then the Greek would not understand the Roman when he spoke the sound *homo*, nor

the Roman the Greek were he to use the sound *anthropos;* nor the Spaniard the French sound of *homme.* But all having the *character alike,* though called by names of different sounds, they would immediately understand each other, should either of them take a pen and draw the *character* 人 (*jin*).

A better illustration is derived from the Arabic numerals used in common by the different nations of Europe and America. Were the American to use the word *thirty* to the Spaniard, who calls the same numeral *trenta,* he would not comprehend the American; nor would the Frenchman, who calls the same numeral *trente.* But either of these persons, taking a pen and writing the number in the Arabic numeral 30, and all immediately comprehend it, although each called it by a different sound.

Thus it is with the Chinese. Though the idioms in the various provinces throughout the vast empire differ as to the pronunciation of their character, the character itself remains fixed as to its *form and meaning,* and, addressed to the eye as a written communication, it is intelligible to all. The court pronunciation has been called the mandarin dialect. And as the candidates for promotion to offices from all parts of the empire have to pass their literary examinations in the mandarin or court idiom, the mandarin dialect is spoken by the literati universally, and most extensively, while this course of examination, in connection with their unchanging classics, keeps the language itself unchangable.

Here then we see the field that opens, *through the Chinese language,* for influencing *four hundred millions* of people, or nearly one half of the inhabitants of the globe. The whole system of the nation's literary course is such as would secure to a work, written to their taste and once admitted to their empire, the most rapid and universal perusal. And a Christian classic, once introduced into their triennial course of examinations, would imbue the nation at once with its principles. It is a high point from which the Christian missionary may gaze, amid every discouragement, in anticipation of the day when his books, or certainly those who come after him who shall have enjoyed the assistance derived from his labors, shall find the way

into the hands of the reading part of the people of such an extended nation, and, may be, form the classic which shall become the means of giving this civilized but idolatrous and comparatively unintelligent people, a better literature, science, and, above all, the happy institutions and the immortal hopes of the blessed religion of Jesus Christ.

There are no inflections in the use of the Chinese character in composition, the nouns, verbs, and particles remaining invariably the same; and the various sense of these symbolical characters must be fixed by the position they occupy in the forming of the sentence. Syntax, therefore, is unknown, according to its application to alphabetic languages where there are changes in the termination of nouns and conjugation of verbs and the variation of adjectives for the expression of their different degrees of comparison and agreement. Grammar, connected with the Chinese language, therefore, can only be a treatise of rhetoric, exhibiting the best usages of classical writers, and other elucidations, for the formation of the best style in the use and arrangement of unchangeable and unchanging but definite and significant characters.

There are six different styles of character, more or less varying from each other, now in use among the Chinese, which are exhibited in the opposite plate.

The first is the most ancient style after the original hieroglyphics, and by Europeans is called the seal character.

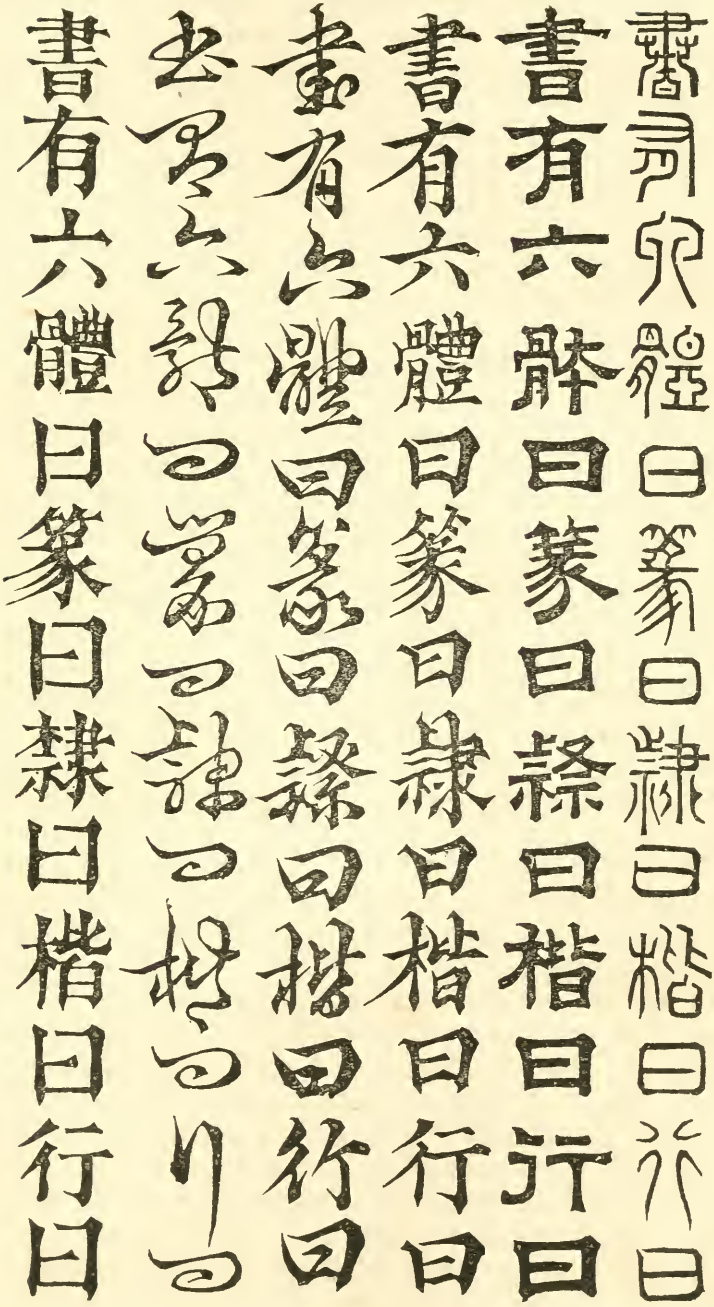
The second is the style of official attendants, as formerly used by writers in the public offices, and thence derives its name. It is now used in inscriptions and prefaces of books.

The third exhibits the pattern style, and is formed by gradual improvements upon the others. No Chinese can claim any consideration as a man of literature who cannot correctly and neatly write in this character.

The fourth style is a running hand, to some extent, as the pencil may, without being raised, pass from stroke to stroke in the formation of the character, while no abbreviation is allowable in writing it.

The fifth is a still freer running hand, full of abbreviations, as will be seen by the comparison.

Sixth. Fifth. Fourth. Third. Second. First.



The sixth is a beautifully formed character for its symmetry and uniformity, deriving its name, Shung Te, from the dynasty during whose time it was introduced, as a more elegant form of character for printing. This art, by means of wooden plates, was introduced into China near the commencement of the tenth century, and during the succeeding forty years the Shung dynasty possessed the government, under whose auspices this character received its modifications and improvements, and has remained and still continues to be the picturesque and beautiful character in which the Chinese books are printed.

It would be interesting to give in this connection various quotations from the prose works of the Chinese, which would serve to illustrate their style, manners, domestic economy, philosophy, and religion—their impressions connected with the power of charms, lucky days, festivals—aphorisms—a few hobgoblin stories and freaks of fairies who hold their court in the constellation of Ursa Major, and greatly concern themselves in the government of the Chinese people, making Mr. Bulwer's fairy action in guarding the beautiful consumptive in the "Legends of the Rhine" more natural, had the scenes been laid in China, than I thought them when reading his book; and though I now forget whether he places their court in the same star-palaces of the north——but, to indulge on all these topics, if it should not tire, it would too much extend this notice of the celestial empire in connection with our pause in the China seas.

It is certain, however, that in the literature of China, with all its crudities, there is much of interest—their books abounding in sentences of formal etiquette and graceful expressions, though deficient in tender sentiments. The people have been acting according to a prescribed code of rules in manners for centuries, which makes them the most formal nation in their habits of intercourse among themselves and with others, that exists on the face of the earth. And yet there is a measured politeness, and an ease too, with all the grave etiquette of the people, that gives an agreeableness to their manners and a grace to their formality, even to their attitudes in walking, bowing, and their stereotyped salutations; and you feel, while your

heart melts in kindness towards the Chinese gentleman in your association with him, that the "Board of Rites," at Peking, however much they may have retarded the Chinese nation in its advance in the scale of modern improvement, have yet given to the nation a system of manners towards their equals worthy of a refined people.

CHINESE SALUTATIONS.

Dr. Morrison has remarked, on the ceremonial forms of China, that the "joining of hands and raising them before the breast," is the lowest order of salutation known among the Chinese. The next more deferential mark of consideration is a low bow, with the hands joined as before. The third, still more deferential, is bending the knee, as if about to kneel. The fourth, kneeling. The fifth, to kneel and strike the head against the ground. The sixth, to strike the head three times against the ground previous to rising from a kneeling position. The seventh, kneeling and striking the forehead three times, rising and again kneeling and striking the head yet further three times before rising. The climax, or the eighth ceremonial, the Chinese call the *kow-tow*, and is required of all who enter the presence of the Emperor, and invariably practised by the courtiers around the person of his celestial majesty. It is kneeling three successive times, and at each time knocking the head against the ground. Some of the gods of China are entitled only to the sixth and seventh degree of veneration, while Heaven (Teen) and the Emperor receive the three prostrations and the three times three knockings of the head, from him who would approach these deemed to be equally sacred powers, in worship and for favor.

WALK AROUND THE WALL OF CANTON.

On the morning of one of the last three days I spent in Canton, it was proposed to me to take a walk around the city walls. This had been done, and it was deemed practicable now, though my kind friend Dr. Parker thought that the adventurers who should attempt it would render

themselves liable to be pelted with mud and pebbles, if nothing more serious should happen, before they returned.

The principal inducement to myself was the probability that the city might be entered through a breach in the wall on the northwest extreme of the city, should the point be reached at the break of day. For my own personal safety I had but little apprehension, having already traversed most of the town without the walls unmolested, save the inconvenience of the crowds that gathered around the *Fanqui*. It was also my desire to gain a view of the country beyond the city. My young friend K. offered to be my pilot, and we were to start at four o'clock in the morning, expecting to reach the breach before the celestials were moving. We were on our way at the moment appointed, and found ourselves threading the narrow streets at a quick pace, and with light enough just to discover to us the way our course lay; and now and then dark objects confronted us, which had begun to move earlier than we anticipated, and to increase in numbers as we passed from street to street. Occasionally a door of a shop opened, and the occupant placed a lighted josh-stick in the urn of the family god, at one side of the threshold of the door; and now we glided by a sleeping sentry who had anticipated the hour of daybreak, and stretched himself on some vacant stool to gain his morning nap. The faces of those who were passing us became more and more distinct, and began to awaken our fears that we should be too late to pass the gate in a wing of the wall extending from the main bulwark towards the river at the west corner of the city, and formed the pass to the country. We had already passed the southern gate, through which criminals are conveyed from the inner city for decapitation—a point we had visited the preceding evening, and saw near a dozen skulls occupying the manger-like reservoir attached to the wall, for holding the heads as they fall from the body at the stroke of the executioner. Labels of the names and crimes were still adhering to some of these victims of a merciless code; and we trusted that our own heads would not be perilled, though we were venturing beyond the limits usual for foreigners in their rambles; and in these

times of excitement could rely, if ever, but little on the good faith or forbearance of a Chinese mob.

As we had measured a good long distance through the narrow streets, and daylight had already broken upon us, we concluded that we had arrived at the gate leading through the wing of the wall, and quickening our step, advanced to sally through; when the sentry from within the guard-house raised a cry loud enough for the alarm, if a hundred cities had been on fire, and the halloo was repeated by numbers of the people already passing and repassing this opening through the wall. I had advanced and turned to hurry on my companion, without regarding the twenty arms of the celestials that were beckoning me to return, but we soon concluded that we had turned too suddenly to the left, and were bolting directly through, into the city. To the gratification of the sentry, who by this time had come out of his establishment and neared us with positive imperatives, we retraced our steps and continued our course still south and east, and in a few moments more passed the gate of the wing of the wall which we supposed we were doing in our previous attempt. We now followed a narrow lane lined on either side by inferior houses directly under the main bulwarks of the wall, and the crowds of the lower classes gazing from their doors as we passed them with a rapid pace. We soon stood in the country. The sun was just rising. The green field—a beautiful stream, purling along the deep cut of the ravine—and the ravine itself, were all objects of acceptable contrast to the pent-up space through which we had been threading our way by twilight.

The wall was on our left, rising high up some forty or fifty feet here, and here again, on a more elevated point of ground, not over twenty—the battlements crowning its top and ornamenting the heavy work by their regular openings. The lower part of the wall is built principally of stone, the upper part of brick. We saw more than once persons walking upon the wall as they discovered themselves to us through the openings of the battlements. A half hour more of rapid walking brought us to the high point where we doubled the southeastern corner of the wall, with high grounds at our right in the distance crown-

ed with lookout stations, and between them and the wall runs a deep ravine, to the high edge of which the wall extends. A short distance brought us to the breach on the northwestern part of the wall. We had left every object of animated life out of sight as we turned the southeastern corner of the wall; and fearing that our time was too far extended into the morning, the sun being already up, we apprehended, as we ascended the ruins of the wall which here occupied the highest point of ground within the city, that we might at once be brought into a confronting position with some of the frowning gentlemen of the long braids. But we ascended cautiously, and in a moment or two found ourselves standing on a spacious piece of table-ground forming the brow of a hill that overlooks the whole city. A single tree of forest dimensions is standing here, and beneath it we reclined and contemplated the forbidden city spread immediately beneath and before us, every part of its wide area within distinct vision. It was a beautiful field of perspective, surpassing all that I had anticipated, supposing it to be crowded, like the suburbs, with shops innumerable. But as it now spread before us, the spacious courts exposed themselves to the eye, and the dwellings being generally low but empaling spacious grounds for gardens, exhibited more foliage and shrubbery than is usual to be seen in an extensive city. Our eye reconnoitering here and there, rapidly took in this view and that, the elevation of another part, and the crowned spurs of the hills over which the walls on the northwest run. A still calm yet rested on the provincial city in its slumber of the morning, as the sun was now sending over it his earliest level beam.

But, another moment, and a halloo from a celestial, who had just made us out, came forth from a high building as his wail broke upon our ear. He advanced with an immense bamboo-pole, elevating it over his head in a threatening attitude, while, with a gesture, he indicated that it was his pleasure that we should walk over the wall again, and adown the steep pile of ruins, by which we had ascended.

My friend, who had once before made the circuit of the wall at the expense of some little inconvenience, received from the erratic flights of mud and pebbles at a

point a little further on, now suggested that it might be better for us to depart before the said threatening bamboo came in too near an approximation to us. He therefore stood with one foot on the edge of the aslant of the ruins, ready to retreat with most expeditious despatch, while I begged permission (as I like to have my own way on such occasions) to take one more look at the silent city, sleeping in its rest and shade of many shrub and tree.

I should have felt less confident in my position had I not possessed a spell in my pocket, which I well knew would act as a charm upon the hero of the bamboo, so long as he held the field single-handed. And therefore, both for the amusement of trying his spirit, and to hold my own place for a moment longer—relying fully upon my silver magic to quell any rising storm, however high the anger of the celestial might rage—I waved my very substantially proportioned walking-stick over my head, as much as to say that walking-stick and bamboo-pole might forget all politeness, should they come, without timely explanation, into juxtaposition. The Chinese now hesitated, dropped his pole from above his head and held it with his distended hand, and with his other began, by drawing it across his throat, to make all manner of indicatives that our heads might also be labelled and exposed in the execution catch-all, in the neighborhood of the south-eastern gate of the city, where we had visited, with more disgust than trembling, the day before. Having satisfied myself that the hero would not venture nearer until reinforced, I took another view, and at length advanced towards him on seeing several others approaching up the steep; and now, by a slight and confidential touch of the hand, assured him that I desired that we might be friends; and he having received a certificate of this desire, as he extended his, simply begged that I would leave the beautiful height as soon as possible with convenience to myself. To give the now amiable celestial all the credit of having driven us out before the approaching brotherhood, who were rapidly gathering, should come up, I bid the hero "*chin-chin*," and disappeared beneath the mound, up which we had ascended to the most prominent point of the whole enclosure within the walls of the city.

Our path lying outside the wall, we were aware that the party which had gathered as we left the wall might, by a shorter route, anticipate us, and cause us inconvenience as we reached the gate of the wing of the wall on the northwest, corresponding with the wing on the south, and where opposition had been experienced by some others, on a previous expedition to circle the wall of Canton city. But, while we quickened our pace we met with no obstacles at the position where we mostly apprehended it. By a sudden bend of the wall we were shielded from view until we could come suddenly up to the gate and pass it. We did so, and found a funeral procession at the point, moving thus early out of the city. We were suffered to pass without disturbance; and entering the narrow streets again of the city, called the suburbs of the inwalled town, we soon had our attention drawn to a number of butchers of dogs, which they were now dressing, and which had the appearance of young pigs. They reciprocated our smile, and wished to know if we of the outer land ate dogs. No, we assured them, only when shipwrecked, and would preserve life in our last extremity. We had not advanced far ahead of these gentry before they overtook us, and they trotted on with two baskets slung, one at either end of a bamboo-pole, bearing these identical and delicate specimens of the canine species to the market, for the gratification of the taste of the celestial epicures.

We reached the American hong without being conveyed thither in a pig-basket, as we have been told of a gentleman, who, it is said, having wandered too far from the factories, was very charitably returned in such a vehicle. Having taken a bath and consulted our toilets, we soon found ourselves seated at a fine breakfast, with appetites improved by a walk of about six miles, accomplished in about two and a half hours.

STREETS OF CANTON.

The two streets of Canton, where the principal trade with the foreigners is done, with the exception of the regular trade with the Chinese hong merchants, called the

cohong, which in times of good understanding are all bustle and life, now exhibit the appearance of an "infected district" in New-York, when the yellow fever chances to be reported as prevailing. New China-street is almost entirely forsaken, the original opening towards the river having been shut up, lest, at the time, an illicit intercourse should be held in supplying the foreigners during their "durance vile" in their factories, communicating as that street does with the grounds on which the factories front. And old China-street, the only one now remaining open as an outlet and inlet to the factories, presents the shops with closed doors, or at least with closed shutters; though the Chinese shop-keepers are seen standing in their doors, and cautiously but eagerly invite the European in to trade, while, with fear and trembling lest they shall be fined by the mandarins, if seen, they close their doors and commence the display of their thousand varieties of goods, curious and useful, to the stranger. Many of these shop-keepers transported their goods within the city walls, apprehending that there might be collisions between the Chinese and the foreign population. But they soon re-supply their counters; and you may have trinkets of every species —valuables of great interest—curiosities long to gratify the eye—and variety on variety, which gives the stranger ever renewing interest in his observation for the first few weeks of his residence at this extensive and only mart of foreign trade in the celestial empire. There are many expensive curiosities, which seldom reach the United States, found in *the antique shops* of the city, as they would be called elsewhere; scenic representations, frequently of considerable beauty, exhibiting mountainous scenery, and variety of pictorial representations resembling extensive mosaics or cameo marble slabs, though affirmed, by the venders, to be natural; also Japan ware of costly prices from Japan itself, though always in small quantities; figures in rock crystal, and crystallized quartz of dark, opaque, translucent, and purest transparent specimens. The lacquered-ware shops also present a great variety of furniture and household wares; work-tables; round-tables; dressing-tables; boxes of all kinds; waiters; chess-men; card-cases; card-baskets, &c., &c., of ivory and shell.

And the silver shops, though the work exhibited is inferior in workmanship to the European, so far as plate is concerned, yet present every variety; and the per centage on the work is lower than at home, the plainest patterns in silver being wrought at twelve and a half per centum; and from this varying, according to the pattern, to thirty-seven and a half per centum. One article of silver egg-stands struck me as particularly tasteful, exhibiting an originality of pattern I had not before seen. The filligrane work in silver and gold bracelets, and frontlets and buckles, would meet the taste of the lady delighting in finery, and not be inappropriate, so far as some of the *silver* patterns are concerned, to fillet the brow and to clasp the wrist of the most fastidious in their selections. But I should tire were I to enumerate more particularly, and shall be happy if, in my selections of Canton trifles or more valuable things for distant friends, they shall be suited to their taste.

Every Chinese gentleman as well as lady wearing a fan, at least in these southern parts, has caused particular attention to be given to their manufacture; and the varieties of leather, paper, tortoise shell, ivory, silk, painted, stamped, embroidered, brocaded, present to the purchaser all he could wish for making a collection to please his fair friends at home, that in the celestial's own "flowery language" they may bear "the gale, scented with the perfume of flowers, to the blushing cheek."* There is one specimen made of the feathers of the Argus pheasant, some of them more than three feet in diameter, very beautiful, and are a light and pretty thing for a hand-screen.

A Chinese, generally, wears no cap or hat except on official and ceremonious occasions, and the fan serves him as he walks to protect his eyes from the sun. In the shade the fan again serves him as a *graceful nothing* by which his hands may be put at ease, as he moves the gentle breeze or plays with it unfolded.

* A fan presented to Dr. Parker by one of his grateful patients, has an extract from one of the old poets on one side of it and the following note of the transcriber on the other: "Tsyng Mei, (a friend of Ma, who sends the fan,) copies the *tung shoo*, (the pine tree) and presents his compliments, and desires Dr. Parker to refresh himself with its breath."

There is a peculiar swing about the gait of the Chinese, which they deem to be both graceful and dignified. It would be death to their pretensions to a knowledge of the graces or the book of rites, did they move more rapidly than a measured step would allow. And there is certainly, with their flowing dress, something very graceful in the swing of the mandarin's gait.

I might add a long disquisition on the various products exhibited for sale at Canton, now I am alluding to some few of its most curious specimens of the shops. I could mention, with a page for each, first the *amber;* which, by the way, merits a more particular note when considered as a beautiful thing of nature, and once so valuable as an ornament and for the use of the temple in frankincense. But more fragrant odors now rise to please the gods of millions, that have eyes, and see not: ears, and hear not; noses, and smell not. And then *amomum*, seeds of pungent and aromatic taste; and *aniseed stars* from the Philippines and Japan; beeswax; benzoin; bezoar; bicho de mar; and *birds' nests*, that peculiarly Chinese staple, for soups, some of which I will exhibit to any of my friends, but cannot afford them many specimens, as they cost more than their weight in silver. And then, thirdly, cardamons, (elettaria et amomum cardamomum.) which the Chinese use to give flavor to their dishes; and *cassia*, that sweet genus the laurus, which makes the name of Laura, sweet, spicy, "gingerly," evergreen and beautiful, like Mr. Willis's poetry, whose piece to little "Laura W." is cassia-sweet, as is all he writes in rhythm. And then, cloves, cochineal, coral, cubebs, the violet-dyeing cudbear. And then, *dragon's-blood*, a resinous gum long known, once a favorite substance with alchymists in their mixtures; elephants' teeth; fish maws; gamboge; *ginseng*, that imperial monopoly when produced in Tartary, and which the emperor of China yearly sells to his subjects at the handsome price of just its weight in gold, and which the duped Chinese believes to be a specific for every disease. India ink, too, plain, silvered, and rolled in gold leaf, mace, mother of pearl shells, from which so many decorations, trinkets, and various figures, and letters, and stamps are made, and sometimes in Portuguese settle-

ments of the East serve as window-lights, through which the translucent ray streams in mellowed beam and richness; and musk and myrrh, nankeens, nutmegs, olibanum —the frankincense of ancient times of the Israelites, the Greeks, the Romans, Hindoos, and Budhists, still burned in Chinese temples—pepper, quicksilver, rattans, *rhubarb*, without which the Chinese seem to think the Americans and all the English and the world beside must perish, to a certainty. Rice—what would China and all the East do without rice? "Have you eaten rice?" is the question with the Chinese, if a friend comes in, near the hour of the first or second meal, instead of, have you breakfasted or dined. Sandal wood, sapan wood, shells from the sea shores, sea-weed, sharks' fins, silks, skins, steel, sugar, (I trust the reader marks that I recite *alphabetically*,) tea, thread, tin, tortoise shell, turmeric, tutenague, vermilion, woollens. Surely such a classification is not elsewhere known, even in the wild systems of the Chinese, founded on the analogy of their four elements, air, earth, fire, water.

My mercantile friends would give me no credit for acumen in the trading "lore and lucre," were I to discourse much on traffic, and therefore I must console myself with the knowledge that commercial *dictionaries* are at their elbows when they would learn of commerce and trade—subjects I purposely avoid, together with all *statistics*, *measurements*, *plans of edifices*, *tonnage*, *etc. etc.*, only so far as it suits my purposes to do otherwise, or would be inconvenient not to introduce them. The square and compass are not convenient companions for a walk—numbers, my phrenological friend says, I do not particularly excel in, though a very good mathematician, and yet more given to metaphysics.*

* If any reader of these volumes should be disposed to think the writer has indulged too little in statistics and local and commercial information, connected with the places at which our squadron touched during its cruise, I have only to say, that such omission has been intended. It were easy to compile volumes of tables, notes of population, geographical boundaries, and such like, and all this from books in one's own chamber and at home, as easily and as accurately as abroad. It has already been done; and the

And yet it would be neglectful of the memory of our ever-to-be-venerated mothers of the revolution, who so heroically practised abstinence from the folia of the China shrub, were I so slightingly to pass over the *tea plant*, with only the naming it as in the list above. And I should do injustice, too, to the aromatic recollections of mine hosts, Mr. Morse and Dr. P. of the American hong, did I not allude to the ulong and poshong with which their table was supplied; the one giving forth the odor of the marigold,—(marigold? aye, the marigold—some of my friends will understand my allusion to the marigold,) and mixed, yielding to the taste the flavor of roses, as their perfume comes to the sense of smelling. Surely could the heroines of those olden times, already alluded to, (blessed be their memory!) when no sacrifice was too great for the freedom of their sons, in whose liberties their own were identified, have been regaled with the aroma of the fresh teas which have been served to us here, the eventful scenes which gave birth to a new power among the nations might have been delayed. For it is a tempting draught, that cup of fresh tea as it may be drank in China, united with the American mode of serving it with cream and sugar, and most certainly would have made some of the Boston whig ladies notable tories, ere they would have sacrificed such a beverage. But one must take a voyage to Canton, and be an inmate of the hospitable hosts of the American hong, before one can gain such a cup of tea as the world nowhere else out of China knows. A sea voyage dissipates, to a great extent, the rich flavor that characterizes the fresh teas of the choicest kinds, as they are drunk by tea-connoisseurs in China.

The time fixed for the duration of my stay in Canton

books with these particulars are on our shelves or in every library. Descriptions of things one's self has seen, and emotions one's self has felt at the time of mingling in the scenes where, for the time being, he has moved, give him at least more acceptable topics for writing upon, in his indulgence over his private journal, and will be most likely to be acceptable to those whose sympathies he is so fortunate as to have, whatever may be the approbation or disapprobation of those (of less consequence to him) who enter not into his feelings nor pardon their indulgence, or rather their expression, as awakened amid the incidents and associations of his travels.

having been completed, and my observations hurriedly made, commissions executed, and my own wishes very nearly satisfied as to the length of my visit to the provincial city, I prepared to leave on Tuesday, the 25th of June. My time had been rendered agreeable in its rapid flight under the courteous attentions of Dr. Parker and Mr. Morse, to whom I am particularly indebted for the pleasantness of my visit at Canton. The hospitality of these gentlemen was not only cordial at the time, but a note from the latter assured me, after my return to the Columbia, that a second visit would ensure me another welcome to the American hong. I mention it to evince my sense of the kindness of these gentlemen, and the known liberality of the individuals composing the house of O., K. & Co. At the other American houses I received the courtesies with which the American gentleman visiting Canton is assured of meeting from his fellow citizens while there; and was happy to meet them at their table, by whom several of our officers, who were visiting Canton, were courteously entertained.

The community of American merchants at Canton preserve a style in living that does them credit as good livers, while practising (I am told) a good degree of temperance in their habits. Their tables were well furnished —their meals served in very creditable style, and the system of domestic arrangements, including their comprador and servants, is among the most convenient if not the very best in the world. The Chinese servants, too, are the very pink of perfection in their way. I am sure the officers of both ships will remember, with lasting pleasure, the acquaintances they formed at Canton, and the free courtesies they received from them, while there.

RETURN TO THE GOOD SHIPS.

With trunks, boxes, packages, silver-ware, lacquered-ware, tea chests and tea caddies, crape shawls, grass cloth in pieces, grass handkerchiefs, silk handkerchiefs, silks, chessmen, silver, shell and ivory card-cases, seals, canes, fans, some antiques, paintings, filligree work, etcætera, a company of nine officers were on board of the

passage-boat Union, on the morning of the 25th, gliding slowly down the Pearl river on which Canton is situated, —passing the raft of less than a million of tanka-boats, flower-boats, passage-boats, tea-junks, merchant-junks, war-junks—the French and Dutch follies, Howqua's fort, pagodas, Whampoa to the Boga Tigris, constituting, as the Chinese deem, the mouth of the Pearl river. Here a mandarin boarded, to see that all was right. Some of the young gentlemen, seeming to doubt whether an embargo might not be placed upon some of the contraband, were well away when once away from the easily appeased, but sometimes disobliging officers of the customs. The wind breezing up during the night, the next morning the Columbia and John Adams, lying in Tung Koo Bay, hove in sight; and the passengers of the little clipper Union, with their disgorged chattels, were soon on board of their respective ships, after a visit to the curious city of the south province of the most curious nation of the world; and with their curiosity abundantly gratified, and their curious tastes sufficiently satisfied by the medley of curiosities with which they had returned.

For myself, the young dreams occurring in my boyhood, associated with the far and near East, have been sufficiently realized. I am quite ready for our return course.

It is thought, however, that occurrences may daily take place to detain us here yet some time longer. But in the present state of affairs it is the intention of Commodore Read to leave China, so soon as a sufficient supply of bread is on board. The merchants desire that the Adams should be permitted to remain to protect the commerce in any emergency that may occur, either in the policy of the Chinese government, or as the result of any action that may take place on the part of the Queen's commission, now awaiting despatches from the India Admiral, who probably, however, will not re-appear on this station until he shall have heard from the British government at home, after its reception of intelligence of the present state of affairs, into which the late difficulties in connection with the opium trade has thrown the foreign commerce in China. The English shipping are all lying at Hong-Kong, and form quite a fleet; and all are in rest

waiting for the action, dependent upon whatever intelligence shall be received from the West as to the pleasure of her Majesty, or her Majesty's ministers.

SECTION VI.

TUNG KOO BAY.

The ships at anchor. Sounds beneath the hull of the ship. The bull-frogs' serenade. Fourth of July. Ships in gala-dress. Revisit to Macao. Picnic. Old walks renewed. Cassa gardens. Farewell to them. Incident. Lines—The lovely Maniac. Final leave of Macao.

As I had anticipated, at the time I left Macao, the two ships moved from the roads to Tung Koo anchorage-ground, nearer Canton, to ride safely during the typhoon season. Here they are in their solitary but social position, while all the merchant vessels have proceeded to Hong-Kong. The bay is formed by the main land, the high peak called the castle peak rising directly in front and north of us, the large Lantow on our right, and the small island of Tung Koo on our larboard quarter. The scenery is bold, the high peaks of Lantow, generally capped by a grayish cloud, throwing down the green mountain side its yet darker and broad folds. Lintin island, so often spoken of as the point where the "opium fleet" have usually concentrated, is seen over the little Tung Koo, daily frowning in its mists, as they wreath in sombre dun the high cliff of this to be future storied isle. But little of interest is found here, save a quiet which all love after a bustle for months. Our little schooner, the Rose, plies regularly between our ships and Macao, bringing the news and conveying requisitions, and forming a conveyance for letters and passage to and from the ships to the city. She is almost the only thing that disturbs the monotony that prevails around—the ripple of the wave, the going and return of the shore boats for water, bathing, rambling, and—sad as it has been all along—burying the dead. Since the ships arrived here the captain's clerk of

the Adams has died. He was first interred on one of the small islands; since, in Macao burial-ground. On one occasion, on the little island of Tung Koo, I repeated the service over three sailors interred at the same time, in separate graves. It was a solemn echo that came from each grave successively, as the earth crumbled with its muffled sound of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," on their coffin-lids.

The tides here set strongly, flooding and ebbing, and the waters rush like a mill-race by the sides of the ship. At night a peculiar sound not unfrequently makes its monotonous rumbling, which comes through my air-port like the croakings of a million of frogs. I heard the same, at night, on the west coast of Sumatra. Some say they are fish around the bottom of the vessel. May they not rather be millions of coral insects? The boats and cable-chains, with small coral palaces newly located upon them, would seem to make the supposition a natural one. But I did not care at first, though I were deceived, in deeming these noises the serenading of that long and sleek-legged gentry, which, in defiance of all their natural rights, are conveyed by the dozen into the Canton markets as a gusto for celestial tastes. These commingling sounds around the ship brought to my recollection some lines intimately associated with the rana brotherhood. I do not know to whom I must accredit them, but avail myself, on the occasion of introducing them, to say that I will thank any friend or stranger to make known to me where I may find a song called "The Dutchman's Bells," or something like it in name, originated by the custom of the Dutch teamsters decorating their horses' headstalls by these tinkling cymbals. But the serenade of the frogs;—certainly, were it set to Chinese music, it might prove an effectual charm for the Budhists to put to a distance beyond their present court in the Ursa Major, the fairies, so much an object of dread to the worshippers of Fuh.

The Bull-frogs' Serenade.

"The night was warm, the pool was still,
No sound was heard from lake or hill,
Save where, upon a log decayed,
A bull-frog croaked his serenade:

Wake, frogess of my love, awake,
And listen to my song;
The heron roosts far from the lake,
The pickerel his rest doth take
The water-weeds among.

The sun has put his fire out,
The daylight's hardly seen,
No enemy is round about;
Then frogess poke thy lovely snout
Above the waters green.

For lonely I am sitting here
Upon a rotten log,
Oh cast away all idle fear,
And for a moment sweetly cheer
The sight of thy bull-frog.

Oh hop with me to other pools,
Where we may live and love;
Where no cool winds the warm lake cools,
And where doth dwell no *human fools*,
Those two-legged things above."

FOURTH OF JULY, 1839—SHIPS IN GALA-DRESS.

This glorious Fourth has dawned upon us with a bright sky, smiling in sunny keeping with the associations connected with the birthday of a nation to its sovereignty among the governments of the earth. And our ships, they are now resting away from that western republic on the waters of an imperial power, which claims all nations of the world as tributaries; and she, whom they represent, alone of all the civilized powers of earth, has refused to bear tribute, when seeking from the celestial and self-complacent empire of the vaunted "inner land," the favors of trade. And around them the placid waters of Tung Koo, on this bright day, mirror back the green islets and isles rimmed with their beaches of golden sand; while their elevated peaks, here and there, are lost in the blue deep above, as one purple cloud only is seen lingering above the mountain top, seemingly to say: "Though, this day, your nation's privileges and homes and destinies are bright as the sunny bay and blue skies and green isles that surround you, there were clouds that overhung the nation when your suffering forefathers, in a clouded hour, strug-

gled for independence." And our ships, to-day, are arrayed in all the gorgeous apparelling of the national flags of every people, streaming in the gentle breeze as it quivers by them just in sufficient freshness to lay open their graceful folds, and trace to the gazer's eye the emblems of half a hundred nations. And Britain—olden and honorable Britain—though she was the power the infant Columbia contended with and overmatched, it was an honorable contention of mighty powers; and now, that nation's flag is floating in honorable distinction at the main-yard opposite the American ensign, at the first post of honor. And under the considerate taste of Lieutenant Turk, while our ships lie moored in the seas of the Celestial Empire, the black and blue and red and white of the Imperial Kingdom stream at the maintopsail yard; and Muscat and Siam, our treaty-friends of the East, and Cochin-China that would be our treaty-friend, occupy places of distinction, while the gems of Portugal, the gold of Spain, and the stripes of France and Holland wave from their several points, with corresponding jacks extending from the royal yard-arms to the several trucks of the now gaudy-colored ship. She is a beauty of no finical taste, but rich in her decorations on this gala-day, displaying her attire of varied dies to the astonishment of the hundred boats of the celestials, who, in unusual numbers, this morning cover the bay. And a few moments since, while the wondering Chinese were yet lingering in their undisguised admiration of the strange and gaudy ships, our loud-mouthed cannon spoke the notes of exultation in memory of the glorious day that declared the American nation a free and independent people.

The scene, in truth, is a beautiful one. The little Johnny A. (pity her name does not correspond with her sex, and she reminds me of a beautiful little girl I once knew, by the name of *Henry*) lies but a short distance from us, thinking that she has put on her prettiest holiday dress. And she thinks not altogether wrongly either, for she often has good taste; and, coquette that she is, like most beauties, is never backward in exhibiting her acknowledged attractions.

And at home—blessed home! how are ye all there,

this day? I think I see at least one happy-faced group, smiling among the green lawns around them, where they have gathered from the heated walls of that mart of the western world. And would I were with ye, enjoying the green fields and the luxurious shades of that sunny seat. And surely, to-day, ye may well glory in your home, and love the land of the brave and the free—of the *plentiful* and the happy. If it be true that political discord sometimes pervades the councils of your nation, and jealous and intriguing ambition wakes the cry of discontent; and disunion and degeneracy at times walk undisguised in your public halls, with designs of treachery and treason, ye are yet the happiest people of the earth—the freest, and *the determined to be free.* There is written on the brow of each of your citizens the certificate of his birthright—the lines of independence and comfort. And afar from the loud murmur of political strife rise your thousand homes, throughout town, village, and villa, that tell you are yet, and are long to continue to be, a happy nation. It is not mere self-complacency that colors the picture of your domestic and even political economy, which demagogues and despots alike would traduce—it is the reality of your quiet homes, and comparatively peaceful rule, that heightens the intensity of the bright contrast in the compare with almost every other nation of the earth, which your pre-eminence leaves in shade and sorrow. Even your own riots, that so defame the wisdom of your institutions abroad, declare you to be a *thinking people*, and that the voice of a community, that thinks for itself, shall rule, and not the dictatorial power that forbids any other will than its own to be heard. It was this independence of thought that determined the actions of your forefathers; and the rich bequest of thinking for yourselves was the manly and perpetual legacy they left to bless, in perpetuity, a free and independent nation. God bless thee then, this day, my happy country!

In the evening I strolled on the beach of the main shore, with Lieutenants Turk and Pennock. The sun was nearing its dip as our cutter shoved from the shore, and the two ships still reposed in their quiet, with their flags streaming in the level beam of a nearly setting sun. The

music was rolling off, as we neared the frigate; and when the sun's last ray glanced on the bosom of the still bay, the flags of the two ships fell, in unison, from lift, and stay, and spar, to the decks.

REVISIT TO MACAO.

The time of our leaving the China seas rapidly approaching, I availed myself of the opportunity offered by the Rose of revisiting Macao, to take a final leave of my friends there, whose welcome I again received, after an absence of a number of weeks to Canton and Tung Koo—retraced some of my old pleasant walks, called on friends, enjoyed a moonlight pic-nic party with Mr. Gutzlaff and family and others, who rambled to the heights that overlook the bay and the distant roads, and constitute the opposite cone of the range of hills on which the hermitage that flanks the eastern heights of Macao is located. The eve of the pic-nic was a lovely night, and still, as the unrippled surface of the bay, that drank the bright light pouring softly from the silver moon, as she was seen peering in more than her usual loveliness high up in the clear heaven. The music of flutes, and the soft notes of lady-voices, broke on the air of the still-calm scene, ever more mellow and sweet when the intonations are vibrated on the soft eddies of the moist atmosphere of eve; and the sweet sounds were borne on in the voice of song, along the green hill-side and over the sleeping waters. "We met," was spoken to the currents of the soft breeze; and Scotland's airs, in all that peculiar style of Highland melody, were heard from the steep, for Scotia had her representative there. The ground had been spread with mats; and viands and variety for various tastes had preceded us, to the elevated and romantic spot. And surely a distant gazer would have thought the fairies were holding their court, as they contemplated the rural scene, graced by the flowing-haired maiden and elder matron, seen by the soft light of the smiling moon, who, herself, was abroad without her veil to-night. Such scenes as these have a charm to the lover of soft nature, and make the amiable more amiable; the lovely more lovely; and the manlier brow, knit by mental

effort, to relax under the gentle influence of the soft breeze and moonlight melody. The party returned by the Praya Grande, that pleasant promenade at evening, and never more pleasant than was that walk this night.

And I took my last of many rambles in the cassa-gardens the succeeding day, which I had thought I should find a place of welcome resort, during my stay at Macao. It is not because Camöens sang in heroics the story of the first adventurer around the cape of storms, amid these shades and rocks—it is the sweet retreat itself, where solitude becomes a charm, and friendship lights the purest flames upon her altar when strolling with those we esteem, that will long secure to this retreat a place in the memories of the past, which come ever acceptably to the mind. Association—how ever-powerful and irresistible in the human mind! By it, life is relieved a thousand times, and man's existence of earth becomes the space of ages. Nothing is a trifle in its view, and trifles become worlds.

> "A word, a leaf, a faded flower
> Full oft possess a magic power;
> And wake, when gentlest memories flow,
> The smile of joy or tear of wo."

Have we not heard, in the simple echo of our own step, some peculiar sound, as we paced some spot, perhaps under some peculiar circumstances, which, in after days, repeated in similarity of echo, has borne back our thought to a far distant place, where we heard that sound before; and then, relieved in a moment, through scenes that were months, perhaps years, in acting? I have seen, at the repetition of a single word, an eye pearled in tears that had not wept before for months. There is a whisper among the foliage of the trees, we may distinguish as having been breathed in other groves. No one may forget where he first listened to the murmurs in the pine-tops—with what friend he has moved through the rustling leaves in the autumnal forest, as, on some other forest-path, he re-stirs the rustling messengers that wake the memories of the past. Nor may I forget the *cassa-groves*—the friends with whom I have paced those avenues—penetrated the wild bower, and together sat on the high turret of the wall beneath the embowering trees, and whose hands have plucked the

bough and mingled it with gathered flowers as the offering of friendship. There are, of whom it is poetry to think, and piety to love. And though I eschew all sentimentalism, I estimate with delicacy and vividness the refined female character, always sweet, yet a thousand times more sweet where religion is blended with its elements. Cassa, and its light, and its shade, and rock and avenue, and Camöens' olden cave of granite, and embowered turret, and scenes among which, with friends or in solitude, I have promenaded, adieu!—all, save one scene—adieu!

And that *one scene*, how it lies in my memory! I may not, nor would I forget it if I might. I am not certain that I should so freely narrate it. I had several times passed an old gentleman in this garden, attended by his daughter, on my evening walks. He is a Portuguese from Lisbon, of some family consideration, and deemed a man of property. He married an English lady, who was a Protestant and died not long ago. The young lady, his daughter, is a light brunette, with an exquisite head of hair, playing in unconfined ringlets upon her neck. The Portuguese residents here, wear no bonnets. A little incident had made me acquainted with the father, who speaks English, as did his family. The young lady, for some months past, has partially lost her mind, but not all her vivacity. Her father said she did not perceive the change in herself, *but thought it to be in others.*

I sat one evening on the elevated wall, to which I have already alluded as the embowered turret, approached by a flight of rustic steps. Mr. —— and his daughter came near as I rose; and the daughter placing her delicate hand upon my arm, while her own still rested within her father's, she said, "You, Senhor, are not among those who have changed to me!" I could have wept, but only pitied and admired. It was a subject worthy of a better composition than the following, which it prompted:

The lovely Maniac.

They loved me once, but now they're changed,
And look with scornful eye,
Though oft with arm in arm we've ranged
When none seemed loved as I.

They listened to my plaintive song
When I would have them weep;
And wished I would the glee prolong
When merry strings I'd sweep.

But all things now seem changed to me
Except old faithful Rove;*
He shakes his shaggy ears in play,
And dearer seems to love.

E'en when I walk the garden-path
And seat me in the bower,
Less sweet I deem the perfume breath,
Nor find my favorite flower.

The birds that came with fluttering wing
Among the garden trees,
Less merrily their carols sing
Upon the evening breeze.

Oh what can be this fearful change
On all around I see?
They said, though they the world should range,
The envied I should be.

But not as once I deem they love;
They sometimes whisper low;
And though they call me oft *their dove*,
'Twas once with smiles, not now.

And they would smooth my sunny hair
With fondness of caresses,
And say so soft, there's none so fair
As she with raven tresses.

My mother, when she lived, would say,
"Sweet Mary, come to me,
Do you forget, thou dark-blue eye,
The kiss that's due from thee?"

But she, some months ago, hath gone
Where spirits like her live,
She thought she left me not alone,
And oh, who could believe?

But meekness is an angel's charm,
And beauty has its spells,
And I would not resent nor harm,
But win with playful smiles.

*The name of their old favorite dog is Pirato, Eng. Rover

And yet my heart will sometimes break,
They look so strange and cold!
And then my silent room I seek
And weep my woes untold.

For God is there alone to see
The sighs my bosom swell,
As I before Him bend the knee
And all my sorrows tell.

And he is all unlike to those
So strange that seem to me;
And has a heart that feels my woes,
And says, He pities me;

And if they all forsake me else,
Not He will Mary leave;
And though the world is surely false,
None trusts in Him to grieve.

And when the summer months are o'er,
And they will dig my grave,
In heaven, He tells me, tears no more
My lilied cheek shall lave!

The Rose was to leave her anchorage in the bay for Tung Koo, after dinner. It might be her last trip. I had spent a very agreeable week in Macao, and was on board the schooner at the time appointed. Towards sunset the anchor was aweigh, and the Rose standing slowly out the harbor; and I, at least, am not again to visit Macao. At the extreme end of Praya Grande was to be seen a single couple—a gentleman and lady—on their evening promenade. The schooner was known, and for a moment they paused and a white handkerchief was waving. I took the compliment and repeated the adieu.

SECTION VII.

Getting under way and leaving Tung Koo bay. Gale, and near shipwreck on a lee shore. Entrance to the waters of the Pacific. Eclipse. Waterspout. Crossing the 180° of longitude. Gaining a day. Melancholy loss of men. In sight of the Sandwich Islands.

"I PRETEND not to be weather-wise, Mr. M.," I remarked to the Purser as I joined him on the quarter-deck, while our ship was just ready to trip her anchor on the morning of our leaving Tung Koo bay; "but if all the sailors' signs be true, we shall have more wind before we have less."

The John Adams, lying in a different position from ourselves, had already gotten under way, being towed through a different pass, as her position was more favorable with regard to the tide, which delayed us for an hour and more, before we could double the head of Tung Koo island.

It was four bells or ten o'clock in the morning, as our ship unmoored her last hold on the celestial empire. The sky was deeply blue, and beautiful beyond any morning I had before remarked it; and on this field of calm loveliness lay the soft and elongated cloud, with its spread train and feathery edge, more enchanting in its pencilled fringe than I had ever remarked that species of the airy coursers, which the seamen call the mares' tails. They slumbered in their unearthly and sweet rest as they lay, few and at far distances from each other, with the mackerel backs, in their checkered and broken layers, filling more closely the higher up portions of the blue—deeply blue concave. Few mornings ever broke more fair—few skies ever looked more beautiful, as these clouds in the play of their electric points varied the rich and sunny heaven. One mystic nimbus was alone to be seen amid all this rich beauty, as it wreathed its dark folds around the highest peak of Lintin, an island in the near distance, as if to say, "skies the brightest are not always unclouded."

The breeze springing up, we stood down the Macao Roads, under a gentle press of canvass, unable to take the

more northern and eastern pass ; and soon after dismissed the pilot, with the hopes and the prospects of gaining, with the increasing and favorable wind, a long stretch before nightfall, from this island-bound coast.

All were congratulating themselves and each other on their happy escape from Tung Koo. We had seen enough of the celestials, at their homes ; and this point seemed now, to us, the starting place of our return to our own dear land ; while every benevolent heart looked forward to our soon gaining a more northern latitude, which, it was hoped and believed, would give substance to many of the shadows which were moving, like so many ghosts, over our decks, and add nerve to the decayed energies of the ship's company. Every step now seemed to plant itself more firmly on the deck, and every chest breathed already more freely as the freshening breeze bore on our ships, until, with the sunset, all apprehension of a lee shore escaped the visions of the wary sailor.

"Stand by to furl the royals, I say!" cried the officer of the deck, after the Commodore had taken a few rounds on the quarter-deck, and scanned the prospects of the weather for the night.

"Haul taught—in royals!" was the next order ; and a moment had not passed when those far-up sails, looking so like the palm of a man's hand in their breadth, as they are spread upon the highest spars of the ship, were gathered to the slim and highest yards of the masts.

"We divined not wrongly, Purser, as we read that beautiful sky this morning :

> 'Mackerel skies and mares' tails
> Make lofty ships carry low sails.' "

The Purser and myself, at this pleasant hour, were trespassing, with other officers of the ward-room, on the arm-chest of the quarter-deck, while these orders were being given.

"Man the top-gallant clewlines—weather-brace—hand by the lee-brace—lay aloft to furl the top-gallant sails!" again cried the officer, through his trumpet, as the breeze continued to freshen, and the ship, under the impulse of the pressure upon her canvass now and ever met, with a bound

that bid defiance to the wave, the cleft surge, which the fresh breeze of the day had begun to conjure up to a greater magnitude each moment we had been deepening our water in its blue and fathom.

"Haul taught—let go the halliards and lee-sheet—clew down! Let go the weather-sheet—clew up!" A moment only passed, and the top-gallant sails of the fore, main, and mizzen, lay as snugly to their yards, as ever lady plaited surplice over stomacher or roll on dress.

The ship was deemed snug for the night; and as the hours advanced, with the continuance of the fresh and favorable breeze, all, save the watches in their turn, were lost at the usual time in their hammocks, cot, or bed.

The hour had reached a little past the mid-watch of the night, without awakening the apprehensions of the officer of the deck beyond the attentive marking of the weather, until a dark squall, as if magic had gained some new powers in rapidity of movement, came down upon the ship, and with its heavy breath, shivered to ribands *every sail* that was set upon the ship.

It was a sorry sight, as the day broke, to see the tattered sails, that had been with difficulty gathered to the yards. The squall had now given place to a steady gale, increasing every hour in its force and fury; and the ship was now lying to under fore storm-staysail and the main and mizzen trysails. The royal and top-gallant yards had been sent down, the topsail yards clewed down, and the Columbia, in her storm-dress, now abided the war of elements, the torrents of rain, and the hurricane of winds. The rains for a while ceased, while the winds yet drove the sheets of spray in their horizontal layers from the cleft tops of the high waves in as drenching volumes through the cordage of the nearly naked ship, as were the torrents themselves. A new course was bent while the frigate lay to like a lifeboat on the billow, though the sea had now swollen to the mountain-surge. The John Adams, under the same sail, was seen at the windward, apparently with all things snug, like a phantom craft, and at times under bare poles, as the two ships rose together, or again sunk, so that the trucks of either became for a moment invisible to the other, and the next, rose with their hulls and every cord distinctly

traceable on the wild and dun sky. And then, those winds, those howling winds of the gale, as they murmured with a voice more doleful than could be the chant of a thousand spirits of lost mariners engulfed by the raging storm, came through our rigging, with omens of dark things to the ship.

Thus the two cruisers stood on their parallel tracks for the day, bounding from surge to surge, or drifting from ravine of water to leeward ravine, while the roll of the sea spread out its giant proportions, now tumbling from its height to find its level as the top broke in its cataract of foam to the deep and blue declivities of the billows; or at times, threw its broad sheet in a crystal river across the bulwarks of our ship.

The wind in its fury fell not as the coming night shut in

again upon the dark sea ; but its fearful impulses increased as the night watches advanced. The ship was thoroughly soaked by the driving surges which dashed against the Columbia, now penetrating the partial openings of the closed port-holes or coming from the hatchways of the upper-deck ; and our ward-room was afloat from the sea that drove with an irresistible force against the stern-ports, and penetrated by the rudder coat. And the sick were in their darkness, and distress, but delaying death. But wet as was the ship, and shivered as were her sails, the revelation of the morning had not been anticipated for its fearful apprehension, and the critical circumstances in which the gallant bark was found. The top-gallant masts, notwithstanding the back-stays were well taught, bent like a withe in the roll of the ship; and the morning discovered, as trifles in these circumstances, that the main-top-gallant-mast had been carried away, together with the main-trysail mast; and one of the boats, without having been heard in the loud roar of the winds as it was disengaged by some surge from the davits, had gone on its wild buffet of the waves.

With sea-room, and the gale might, if it please, blow its worst in typhoon, hurricane, and tempest, and we would trust the good Columbia to her stumps, evincing, as she did, her stanch qualities, without admitting a drop of water through her lower planks, and bounding and rebounding like some light but solid trunk of a forest mammoth, which the storm of ages might beat upon uninjured and unyielding, in the tight work of her admirable mechanism. But the rock, and the coral reef, and shoal, and sand bar, in union with the surge of the open ocean, and the wild gale that shows no pity in its madness, would make even a thing so fair and faithful as the frigate that had so justly secured our confidence and attachment, a mere cradle of bulrushes, were she once to strike upon them, in the tumult of the elements that were now driving above, and raging around, and rolling beneath us. But it was hoped that we had gained an offing, the first twenty-four hours, of some hundred and fifty miles ; and it must be a fearful drift of tides and drive of winds, that could have borne us in dangerous nearness to the coast. The dark clouds had per-

mitted no observation, and the log could not give us the tides and the drift. The second morning broke, and the storm had not lowered its voice; and the hurricane in its torrent-tempest now blended its fury with the heaviest roll of the sea, heaving in its wildest commotion. None but the mariner, then, could estimate the fearful development of the daybreak, as the morn let fall its early light on a suddenly changed sea in its color, from the deep blue of the fathomless ocean, to the pale green of soundings. The lead in its cast gave the shallow water of but twenty-five fathoms, and in the drift of a few more casts, but twenty-two fathoms, still decreasing, while the elements commingled their continued and unabating furies.

All hands were called. Even the sick were summoned from their hammocks. On a lee-shore no officer would venture the ship within twenty fathoms, in so wild a blow; and the tide and the gale were sweeping her each moment nearer to the invisible land, now impossible to be seen through the whirling mists a hundred lengths of the ship. Our sails, then, seemed our only salvation; and yet they had all been riven to a useless mass of parcelling; while our anchors, in such a roll of the sea, would necessarily be the last resort. New topsails therefore were bent by the already far-spent and nearly exhausted crew, while the Commodore, in a consultation with three of his principal officers, decided that the anchors should not be cast so long as twenty fathoms of water swept beneath the ship. And yet no sails could stand in such a gale, to enable the frigate to beat from off the shore; and no ship could tack in such a sea; and no anchors, it was believed, could hold a ship driven by such a commotion of the rolling ocean; or, if anchors held, the ship must swamp beneath the surge as it broke in its sweep above the decks, and the masts, without a remedy, go by the board. And yet the ship, in her drift of another fifteen minutes, might strike; and if the gale continued but a few hours longer, and the wind held its point where it was, she *must* strike on rock, or reef, or sand; and in either case, in such a swell, those who best knew the dangers, cherished least the hope of rescue to a single soul of the frigate's crew.

Was it a miracle? It served us the same as if the Al-

mighty had extended his arm from the cloud, and pointed to the winds, *whither, for our safety, to change their course!* The rain in its last torrents seemed to have pressed down the sea to the ocean's level, by the weight of the cataracts that fell in their last effort. A lull came in a moment more. The crew, in their exhaustion, and drenched for hours, without sustenance, had but just completed the bending of the sails to supply the canvass riven in the gale, when the wind, as if by enchantment, came out from another quarter. In a moment more it fell upon our courses and topsails, which had been braced around as the ship wore, and on another tack she now lay several points further from the land. With the change of wind came a lifting of the mists; and under our lee, within four hours more drift of the gale, lay the high bluffs of an iron-bound coast! From this, in twelve hours more of light and freshening and favorable breezes, we parted, beyond solicitude or care.

For myself, I seldom experience much of the emotion of fear, in circumstances of danger; and in this instance could but slightly estimate the critical circumstances of the ship, compared with those who had made many voyages, and encountered many dangers. No sign of alarm, however, marked the energetic action of the officers or the unwearied efforts of the crew; while a gravity, becoming the circumstances of the ship, prevailed.

On the succeeding Sabbath, the attentive solemnity at our usual services indicated that there was no heart present that did not respond to the sentiment of the following prayer, which a sincere emotion of gratitude, in my own heart at least, had dictated, for the becoming thanksgiving of the day:

"O God, who holdest the wave and the wind in thy palm, and at whose command the gale awakes, and the sea rages; we give thee our thanks that our lives have been spared, and that our ship has been preserved through the dangers of the gale, which has swept, in its fury, so lately by us. May we feel that our lives are in thy hand; and that our breath is the gift of thy favor; and attribute the continuance of our mortal existence to the Providence which has sustained us. When there was no hope in

mortal power—when the winds and the tides were sweeping us fast and fearfully upon apprehended dangers—and when the hour had nearly come, that would bear with it destruction to our ship, and probably death to many of its crew, thy voice was heard by the winds; and at thy merciful mandate they changed their course. Oh God! we thank THEE, therefore, for our safety. We thank thee, for ourselves, that our day of probation is continued to us; we thank thee, for our friends, that they will be spared the sorrows of the tidings that our loss would have gathered upon them. But may we always remember that our last day, however long our lives may be protracted, will come suddenly upon us. May we therefore use the days that are continued to us in rightful repentance of the past, and in solemn and devoted discipleship to thee for the future; that whether we die soon and suddenly, or live yet for years and leave the world by a protracted illness, we may be thine—thine, through the eternal ages of thy blessed kingdom, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

We lost sight of the John Adams on the second night of the gale, but joined company again a few days afterwards, and together, on the 16th day of August, entered the Pacific ocean from the China seas. It was a brilliant day over head and a deep blue sea beneath; and the two ships, with studdingsails set, glided gaily, after the storm, through the pass between the Luzons and the Formosa to the long-desired and bright waters of the Pacific. Such a departure from the olden lands and treacherous seas of the strange Sinices to the ocean of sunny isles is indeed a welcome incident to the tempest-tossed, after having been buffeted by the wild wave and dark winds, and threatened shipwreck among the breakers of a leeward shore. We leave ye, then, seas of the olden land, with willing hearts, but with hearts that will not forget the scenes we there have witnessed and mingled in. And it is with an elation of spirit we enter the blue waters of the placid ocean, as our visions take in the welcome combinations of hopes and happy scenes and anticipated delights that await us, on the re-meeting with our friends at home—for, we are now on our return-way to those who will not have forgot-

ten—who *will* give us welcome—for, our own yearnings assure us of the coming response of their affectionate hearts. God be thanked for the past—and trusted in for the future—and hoped in, in all the circumstances of this world—and loved through immortality.

WATER-SPOUT.

We have been fortunate in witnessing two eclipses, on our voyage, which our friends at home will not have seen. And a peculiar water-spout has added to the number of sights and incidents, which have served, in some degree, to vary the monotony of our tedious passage from the China seas onward, to the port of Honolulu, lying five thousand miles distant, at least, from Macao Roads. The spout passed slowly across our wake, within a few fathoms of our ship, sailing free at the moment, in a still ocean, but with a gentle breeze filling her studdingsails. It descended from a dark cloud in a *bent* column, apparently six or eight feet in diameter, of a dark misty color, creating an apparent commotion at the point of its contact with the blue bosom of the deep.

I am confident there was no ascending or descending current of water of greater density than a sudden condensation of a small volume of air would produce, which however, was sufficient, in this instance, to exhibit the appearance of descending currents. But they could only have been strata of heavy mists. Had it been otherwise, the column of water must have possessed a *perpendicular* form, and ended suddenly, as the volume of water spent itself. On the contrary, the moving column broke nearly in the centre—contracting its ends to a point, and exhibiting two cones, with the base of one in the clouds, the base of the other on the sea, and each drifting to the leeward like two narrow, elongated, and tapering clouds of mist.

But an incident of more interest than that of crossing the equator, or looking the third time upon an eclipse, or water-spout, was our crossing the 180th meridian of longitude; where and when, unlike the "*noble Roman*" and *Dr. Ruschenberger*, who each lamented that he had "lost a day," we, on the contrary, exclaimed that "we had

gained a day;" and, adding *another Thursday* to our reckoning, evidenced the inaccuracy of another verbal fallacy, "that two Thursdays never come together."

But the curious, the bright, and the terrible, that often meet the voyager on the ocean, have not rendered our passage through the Pacific ocean, thus far, otherwise than a very sad one. It was sincerely hoped, that, so soon as our ship should reach a northern latitude, our sick-list would diminish, and our apparently convalescent cases become much improved in health. But the gale we had experienced, and the loss of fresh provisions which had been laid in for the sick, as a consequence of the gale, and the obstinacy and almost incurableness of the disease of the dysentery of the East, made our ship a floating hospital. We left the roads of Macao with more than a hundred and twenty on the sick-list; and death seemed the only power that diminished the old numbers, while new cases or the recurrence of old ones supplied the vacancies that this perpetual comer among our numbers continued to reduce.

In one instance, three of our crew have been given to the deep, at the same moment; in another, two; and on two or three days at different times of the day, two others. In all, since the time of our leaving the anchorage of Tung Koo, and this day, the 10th of October, on nearing the anchorage-ground, off Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, we have lost twenty-six men.

But the sight of these fair isles, rising high up, from the placid expanse of the wide and deep ocean, beneath a sky so fair, and a climate so mild and sunny, as this day presents, in the latitude and longitude, and in full sight of the island of Oahu, cheers every heart and delights every anxious mind, in the anticipation of supplying our ships with the necessaries for the sick, and for the recruiting of an exhausted, dwindling, dying crew.

For myself, I record it, in acknowledgment of the kindness of a Providence I would never distrust, that after an illness of three weeks, I am again convalescent, and, in the opinion of our benevolent and Christian surgeon, prepared rapidly to be reinstated to usual health, at our pause of a few weeks at these islands, never more welcome to the weather-beaten and distressed, than to us.

SECTION VIII.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

HONOLULU.

Honolulu. Delightful climate. Courteous reception. Call at Mrs. L.'s Dr. R. and Rev. Mr. S. Rev. Mr. Bingham preaches on board the Columbia. Sixteen thousand natives members of the church. No milk on Sunday. A still Sabbath, to America a national characteristic. Residence on shore. Houses of the missionaries. Natives on their way to their meetings. Rev. Mr. Richards, interpreter to the king. Letter to his Majesty Kammahamaha. Coral church. Native congregation at worship. Tea at Mrs. Deill's. A marriage; and the marriage party. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Sunday on shore. Address to the native congregation. The native dress. The natives *in the transition state* from savage to civilized life. Success of the mission. Disparagement of the missionary action justly to be frowned upon. Tea at Rev. Mr. Bingham's. Night-blooming ceres. Meet his Majesty Kammahamaha at Dr. Judd's, at tea. The king forced to abrogate the temperance law, and admit *French brandy* into the islands. Impolicy of reviving the ancient games. Messrs. Castle, Knapp, Cook. Mr. Chamberlain and family. Lua at the Pari. Salt lake. Success of the missionary enterprise at the Sandwich Islands. Visit of the French frigate l'Artemise. Manifesto of the French captain. Protection offered to all foreign residents but the American missionaries—an insult to the American citizenship and American rights. Distress of the mission families. Testimony of the officers of the squadron to the disinterested and successful labors of the missionaries. Farewell to the Sandwich Islands.

Our ship anchored in the Roads of Honolulu, Thursday morning, October the tenth. A sheet of beautiful water spreads out itself between our ship and the coral reefs, over which the surge in its roll curls its white lip, and by a break in the cascading and coruscating foam of the dashing and maddened breakers designates the narrow and still pass between the jutting points of the two reefs, to the inner bosom of the bay. The shore beyond sweeps in a green aslant for miles to the northwest, while the brown lava-peaks rise abruptly back of Honolulu, flanked on the southeast by the truncated cone of Diamond Hill, where once the fires and smoke and associate noise and lava-streams disgorged themselves in volcanic eruptions. Now it sleeps in its stillness and solitude as its rotund and

brown sides lie against the horizon, separated from the adjacent peaks, in its further-out position in the sea. And then the valleys indenting these volcanic hills, as they stretch their deep ravines across the island, here and there develop their green sides, which retain their rich and verdant coloring and luxuriousness, under the influence of daily showers, descending from the misty clouds that hang in their perpetual sombre on the highest peaks of the almost perpendicular and lava-battlements which inwall these deep cuts across the mountains. And the sun is out, in its mild, and here, said to be innoxious beam, throwing his enchantment of smiles over this yet different specimen of the picturesque from what we have elsewhere seen; while the *delicious atmosphere* dilates the nostrils of the invalid, at least, with acceptable and never more welcome and revivifying breath. The shipping, including a number of whalers and vessels of lesser tonage than a frigate, lie in the inner harbor, hemmed in and protected seaward by the coral reef; and the town stretches itself on the plain of volcanic cinders and alluvial from the mountains, which forms an extensive area between the base of the mountain and beach, superincumbent on a coral bed.

I had not intended going on shore until the day or two succeeding our arrival, being myself an invalid; but another death among our crew, making the twenty-seventh since we left Tung Koo bay, occurring in the morning, I accompanied the body a little before sunset to its burial-place on shore. The dock we found crowded with expectant natives, who had learned from the men who dug the grave, that a burial from the ship was to take place. There where a hundred or more of all ages, sizes, and of either sex, waiting the arrival of the boat. I was glad at so early a moment to have an opportunity of seeing such a promiscuous assembly of the natives, exhibiting so favorable a contrast in their dress and manners to the Malayan population with which we have met in other parts of our cruise. They accompanied the procession of the mariners as they bore their comrade to his grave, advancing through a wide street walled on either side by a line of parapet formed of blocks of dried earth, giving a neat and regular appearance to the street, while the dark material exhibits

the sombre of a greater age than the formation of the avenues, through which we passed to that part of the town, where the grave-yard is situated.

There was an air of simplicity in the manners of this good-natured people, which attracted my observation. Not one unkind face was seen; and here and there among the group I marked, in the simple manner of expressing their rude affection, several couples walking with the hand of one within the other's, and all apparently enjoying the scene with the natural curiosity of rude minds, but with perfectly respectful demeanor. The grave was surrounded, as the body was lowered to its rest; and while a hundred voices were heard a moment before, a stillness pervaded the whole group, so that a whisper could have been heard throughout their number, as I removed my hat and recited the funeral service at the head of another of our men, who first occupies his place here among the dead, only as a forerunner of a number more who will for ever sleep in the volcanic dust of the island we now are visiting.

The services at the burial being over, two strangers of the foreign residents were introduced to me, one of them handing me a note from an acquaintance, whom I had met in Macao, and now assuring me of a welcome to Honolulu. "Rest assured," says this kind and polite note, which I quote here as evidence of the ever ready courtesies and hospitality tendered by our Christian friends abroad, "I can speak for myself and my missionary friends, that our hearts and houses are always open to welcome the stranger, as well as to sympathize with the distressed. It is true we are deprived of the elegancies of life, but we have ever had reason to rejoice in the belief that we were in the way of duty marked out to us by our heavenly Father." The same note informed me that a lady of the mission was acquainted with some of my friends of New-York, and insisted with her husband upon *the right* of claiming me as their guest during the stay of our ships at the island.

On returning to the frigate our boat passed the John Adams, lying at anchor. She arrived some hours later than ourselves, this morning, after a separation of about forty days, during which time both ships have been well buffeted by boisterous seas. We were glad to see our

consort arriving in the offing, after we had been lying but a few hours at our moorings.

Several of the gentlemen of the mission were on board the day succeeding our arrival, leaving their names for the Commodore, who had gone ashore to call on the king. They left the ship at an early hour to visit, on their way to the shore, the John Adams, where they were sure to meet with a welcome reception from the gentlemanly officers of the Adams, who have manifested, in no equivocal manner, their due appreciation of the missionary character in several of the ports at which we have called on our cruise in the East. The name of the Rev. Mr. Bingham has most frequently been before the public in connection with the Sandwich Islands missions, and my interview with him to-day leads me to believe him a devoted, as he has long and very meritoriously exhibited himself to be an unflinching disciple of Jesus Christ.

The succeeding day, Saturday, I visited the shore, making several calls and dining at Mrs. L.'s, who had very kindly sent me an invitation to make her house my home during our stay at this port; but I deemed my missionary friends to have a prior claim upon me, and therefore accepted a previous invitation to make my home, whenever I went on shore, at Mr. and Mrs. D.'s.

Dr. Ruschenberger's book in relation to the islands was very naturally made the topic of conversation.

For my part, I assured my lady-host, that standing on the high peaks of the mountains back of Honolulu, I should willingly trust myself to the care of Dr. Ruschenberger, to save me from pitching headlong over the precipice as I gazed on the beautiful sea in the distance and the island scenery about us; but as for Mr. Stewart, not to him should I trust me in such circumstances, lest together we should pitch down the steep, to the breaking of both our necks. Dr. R. has but little imagination. Mr. Stewart's mind glows in its perceptions of the beautiful of nature. And yet this does not necessarily make Mr. S.'s descriptions less accurate, or Dr. R.'s correct. They might be both true to nature, so far as each, in his own way and with his own eyes, viewed them. But one eye would detect a light and a shade in coloring—a tint and

convolution in a cloud; a wave in the undulating surface of a field or in the flexible bend of a meadow of grass, and drink in the harmonies of nature through the sight, as the ear taketh in the melodies of sound; while the other saw not, heard not, felt not. And yet the more delicate eye and the more sensitive heart, in description, would paint, and truly, what it actually did see, and the emotions actually felt, in view of the perception; while the other, seeing only one half the first perceived, feels, accordingly, only one half as much, and wonders that the other should be such an enthusiast; when, in fact, the feelings of the first are only in the *same ratio* with his perceptions, as were the other's, who saw with but half an eye, and consequently felt with half a heart.

But delivering my sentiment, I believe, in fewer words than I have employed in repeating it, I perceived an agreeable smile to wreath the lip of Mrs. L., which induced me to add, "But I have never seen Dr. R.; were you acquainted with him?"

"He stayed with us when here," was the reply; "and we found him a very agreeable gentleman," continued Mrs. L., with another of her characteristic and agreeable expressions.

"Well, then," I continued, "I have no doubt but Dr. R. told you that your boy" (a fine little fellow of three years of age, then sitting at the table) "had a very fine head."

"Yes, he said so," continued my lady-host; when we continued to discuss Dr. R.'s excellencies, phrenological acquisitions, etc., very much to our own satisfaction, no doubt, and certainly to the agreeable passing of a half hour in analysis of Dr. R.'s merits as a writer.

But, in truth, I have not read Dr. Ruschenberger and the Rev. Mr. Stewart's letters, originated by Dr. R.'s work, and therefore, for the time being, excuse myself from taking upon me the duties of an umpire in the case.

Mrs. L.'s situation is quite a pleasant one, in the cottage style, and will be yet more pleasant when yet more shrubbery and folia of taller trees cluster about it and shade the grounds.

On Sunday, agreeably to an invitation which I had

presented to the gentleman of the mission, at the request of Commodore Read, that one of their number should officiate on board the Columbia, the Rev. Mr. Bingham gave us a discourse, in which he stated a fact, which ought to thrill the heart of Christendom and paralyze the tongue of defamation, that about *sixteen thousand* of the inhabitants of these islands have become communicants in the churches, and exhibit evidences of sincerity, as the disciples of Jesus Christ. Among this number are most of the influential chiefs of the islands. And although the nation is but partially enlightened in its advance from the savage state to the civilized, the principles of the gospel have become familiar to their minds and feelings; and the cases of discipline, regarded as puritanically strict by some when associated with the sect of Christians which is established here, are not more frequent than in the churches of the same denomination, in the United States. Ten thousand of this number have been gathered into the churches, as the fruits of the more than unusual and interesting state of feeling on the subject of religion, which has pervaded the population of all the islands during the last two years.

It was no unequivocal evidence of the change which has been effected in the circumstances and habits of this people, given us by an amusing little incident which occurred this morning. In other parts, wherever we have been, in the East, the *Sabbath day* has been to the people generally, as any other day. The Arabian, the Hindoo, the Singalese, the Malay, and the Chinese, give no consideration to the Christian Sabbath; and their tradesmen work at their several employments. Their shopkeepers deal in their merchandise on this day as much as on any other of the week; and in their engagements with the European are often unable to tell when the Christian's Sabbath comes, unless they are reminded of it in view of engagements they may be making, and never take it into account without being thus reminded. And the Roman Catholic is not, one would think who has observed their customs *abroad*, much or at all better in the reverence due to this holy day, who, while they are supposed to respect the sacred day of rest, yet turn it into a holiday for

amusements and good cheer. In Catholic European countries we know that it is the principal day for frequenting the theatres and other places of amusement, particularly thrown open on Sunday for the supposed benefit of the populace. And in South America and in the East I have seen the Sabbath day, which terminated the gala season of some favorite saint, devoted to the pomp of parade, and concluded by an exhibition of fireworks—the discharge of sky-rockets and crackers—for the amusement and amid the carousal of the mob in front of the temple-gates.

It was a delightful contrast, then, this Sabbath morning, which was presented to our ship, as she slept in her loneliness and quiet on the bosom of these waters, amid the calm and the rest of a Sabbath-day morning. Not one native boat was alongside, and a stillness pervaded, where heretofore, each Sunday morning we have been in the ports of the East, the chatter of a hundred native voices has greeted the ear.

Our market-boat, which had been sent to the shore, ere long arrived alongside, and before I had left my room, I heard a murmur of displeasure about "*no milk* having been procured." As my boy called me to breakfast, "Smith," I asked, "have you gotten no milk this morning?" "No milk, sir, this morning—the *missionaries* will not let it come off."

"The *missionaries*, dunce!" I exclaimed, with a half-suppressed smile, "what have the missionaries to do with it?"

"Don't know, sir, but they say the missionaries"—— Here my boy seemed to perceive the ridiculousness of the complaint against the missionaries, which, if true, the fact told volumes in their favor, of the happy influence they had brought to bear upon the public sentiment of this community, and he left his sentence unfinished.

The subject was a matter of remark at the table; and while it was proposed, either in ill-will or sport, that a boat should be ordered off from the shore, it was conceded that things were in fact as they should be, on the Sabbath day, and that the influence of Christian principles here was not only holy, but truly *American*, in contrast with scenes

that have attended us during our whole course, since we left our native land. And if there were no other consideration than that of preserving a striking and beautiful *national characteristic*, the American should ever be an advocate for a quiet, restful, Christian Sabbath.

Our steward had relied on the shore-boats for milk, but such has been, and *is*, the influence of the missionary action at this island, that no boats are seen moving from the shore on the Sabbath morning, or to it, save from the ships, for attendance of religious services at the seamen's chapel.

But not only is the observance of the Sabbath here more purely American, as well as Christian, than we have found it elsewhere since we left the United States; it is also true that other things harmonize with the unperverted tastes of a citizen of the land of our homes. The very beef, turkeys and other poultry, potatoes and other vegetables, taste like the same articles we have eaten in the United States. All perceive this, and relish it accordingly, in contrast with the less agreeably flavored articles procured in the Indies. Even for these four days, during which we have been at the Sandwich Islands, we have thus been often and agreeably carried back in our memories to the homes of our infancy.

On Monday I took up my residence on shore with my stranger-friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dimond, to the neglect of invitations from others of the foreign residents, to whom my acknowledgments are due, that I might be more immediately in the neighborhood and circle of the missionary families.

The residences of the missionaries are generally two-story dwellings, built of coral-rock, with narrow piazzas in front. The premises had been yet more pleasant had the piazzas been wider, and the roofs of the buildings extended proportionally, for yielding an acceptable shade in a warm climate. All the houses of the mission families have more or less shrubbery in their yards, and shade, from the very beautiful and gaudy mimosa, as I took the plant to be, down to the favorite little rosa vincula, which flourishes luxuriantly here, and without an abundance of water, which is a consideration, as the soil is of such a

nature, in its capacity for absorption of moisture, that it makes the irrigation of plants even of a small plot of ground a considerable labor, with the few conveniences and water advantages enjoyed for the purpose.

The ladies of the mission deserve credit for the beautifying of the grounds about their houses so far as they have gone, as I am informed that the praise of what has been done is principally due to them; and it is certainly a thought worthy of consideration, that the lots possessed by the mission should be thus improved and adorned by the beauties of nature,—tending, as such improvements do, to the health of a family of children, the refinement of their feelings, and the cultivation of their tastes. It is said that flowers about the hut of a savage is a sure evidence that there is some advance of civilization within, beyond that of others of the tribe. And the garland of ferns and the beetel flower, and other green and flowery chaplets that are here sometimes seen to wreath the tawny brow of the lowest of these Sandwich Islanders, while it may serve to render the *deficit costume* of the poorer native yet more glaring and laughable to the unphilosophic eye, yet declares that the least civilized among these people have advanced one step on the scale of refinement in feeling and of elevation in social life. And when each native shall have a small bed of flowers, or a single flower-pot cherishing a choice shrub at the door of his thatched hut, he will exhibit proof of having taken an additional step in the path of civilization and refinement of feeling, harmonizing with the legitimate tendencies of Christian principles. And thus should the native be encouraged to have his little border of the *rosa vincula* as well as his larger patch of *kalo*.

From my window at Mr. D.'s the Columbia is seen lying in full view, and near enough for her colors to be designated by the naked eye, while between her anchorage in the roads and the shore the surf breaks in its eternal voice and monotony, and long line of untarnished white. And in the heavy swell of the open roadstead, even at this distance, the frigate is sometimes seen to lie in a state of unrest, as her trucks mark their curve lines on the azure above them.

It is a more interesting view, however, to see, from my window, the crowds of the natives on their way to the early morning meeting, to which the church bell has summoned them, at the break of day. One of the churches is a short distance beyond the residence of Mr. D., and my window commands it, with the intervening area. The building itself is an immense thing for the space it covers, constructed of upright poles and cross-ribs, to which thatch-work of grass is attached externally, of which material the roof is likewise composed. This building inwalls an area of twelve thousand square feet, and allowing three square feet for each attendant, will give seats for four thousand natives, as they place themselves upon their mats, which constitute the floor. The introduction of seats in different parts of the building diminishes the capacity of the building by some few hundreds. A number of doors form the entrances into this spacious area, which also serve in this mild climate for lighting the building. Thither, for morning prayers, the natives gather in large numbers ere the sun has yet come up over the high peaks of the island-mountains, though he may be shining on their eastern ranges, and on the ocean beyond them. And here too, during this week, in attendance on "a protracted meeting," the natives are seen gathering twice at other hours of the day. And when the services are over, they stream in vast numbers, from every door of the spacious building, in order and propriety, returning to their homes. No noise, or the loud laugh is heard, but stillness and a gentle demeanor, not often so universal in a higher state of civilization, prevail, as the crowd floats along the streets to their humble residences.

At dinner I met the Rev. Mr. Richards, who has accepted the appointment of interpreter to the king and instructer of the adult chiefs.

On a late visit to the United States, Mr. Richards conveyed proposals from the king and his chiefs, for some Christian and philanthropic member of the bar to visit the Sandwich Islands, for the purpose of giving instruction in political economy and jurisprudence, and the general science of law, for the benefit of the rulers of this nation, and for the better organization of its laws and development of

its resources. Mr. Richards found it impossible, at the time, to procure such a person, to the regret of the mission and the disappointment of the chiefs. But, the chiefs said on further consideration, "we are glad that you have been unsuccessful in your application. It would have taken such a person, had you found one, some years to acquire such a knowledge of our language, as would enable us to understand him. But you already have a knowledge of the language, and we can converse with you and understand you as one of our own number. You, therefore, must take this duty upon yourself, and we will support you."

This was an entirely unexpected proposition to Mr. R., from the chiefs; and not once dreaming of entering upon such a task, he had brought no works with him which he might need for this purpose from the United States; and besides, it being contrary to the instructions of the Board of missions, that their missionaries should connect themselves at all with any government, near which they might reside, Mr. R. still hesitated. But the subject being one of great importance at this particular point of the nation's circumstances, in their advance from the savage state to the civilized, when the chiefs have felt the influences of Christianity, and mostly become conscientious in their desires of acting right and of advancing in civilization as well as in morals, they need the light they now have not, to inform their judgments, and for the suggestion of correct principles, to enable them to mature those plans which shall most rapidly and successfully advance the nation in civilization, and develop, for national and individual prosperity, the resources of the island.

In view of these considerations, Mr. R. was finally induced to accede to the wishes of the chiefs; and feeling the embarrassment that the instructions of the Board to their missionaries to abstain from all interference with the affairs of the government might occasion him, or that he might be deemed as transgressing the letter of these instructions by accepting the appointment, he sent in his resignation to the Board on entering upon the duties of his station. His connection therefore with the Board of missions has ceased, while his sympathies necessarily continue with the missionaries; and with them, in his present

situation, is he endeavoring to advance the people to the possession of those institutions which characterize a Christian and civilized nation. His responsibility for his further action is now to the chiefs, to his own country at home, and to his God. And it is to be hoped that he will have the independence, decision of character, and the wisdom to act as the present necessities of the people or any unforeseen circumstance of the nation may require. I consider Mr. Richards a gentleman well qualified for the position he occupies. His amiableness will secure his popularity with the chiefs; his piety, a conscientious course; and his familiarity with the national circumstances, his aptness to acquire from books the principles applicable to a nation's greatest prosperity, together with his practical knowledge of the character of the people and the motives that will most successfully influence them, will all enable him at once to comprehend the ground upon which he stands—the obstacles in the way—the object to be aimed at—and the most successful means for securing it.

It was my privilege, after the period of which I am now speaking, to have many conversations with Mr. R. And in this connection, although I have as yet but simply mentioned the KING of the Sandwich Islands, with whom I afterwards frequently met on occasions yet to be described, I choose to introduce the following note, sent to his majesty just previous to our leaving his islands; and after I had enjoyed ample opportunity of seeing and becoming interested in the action here put forth by the missionaries for the Christian and intellectual improvement of his subjects.

HONOLULU, October 18th, 1839.

To His Majesty Kammahamaha III.

The American people have heard much of the king, chiefs, and people of the Sandwich Islands. It is a high gratification to the writer that he now has the pleasure of visiting your majesty's possessions, and to mark the advance of institutions of which he has heard much and with which he has not been disappointed, by his inspection of them since his arrival at this place.

Your majesty will believe me when I assure you that, at home, the missionaries to your possessions have the con-

fidence of the American nation; and that the American government gives your majesty its cordial wishes for the advance of every valuable institution tending to the promotion of intelligence, morals, and the Christian religion among your subjects. That I may evince to your majesty my own feelings of interest, I herewith beg you to accept "Kent's Commentaries," a work in four volumes, which contain the collected knowledge of one of our greatest men and most able jurists, who has, for his learning and his worth, the confidence and admiration of the people of the United States.

The Rev. Mr. Richards, who I am happy to learn has accepted the appointment as your majesty's interpreter, will find these volumes of great service in illustrating the great and general principles of the laws of civilized nations; and be enabled, so far as they may be applicable in forming the jurisprudence of your majesty's government, to present to your majesty's consideration the interesting subjects on which these volumes treat.

Most assuredly and cordially, and with great respect,

Your friend,

FITCH W. TAYLOR,
Chaplain U. S. frigate Columbia.

P. S. The Rev. Mr. Taylor having heard that Mr. Richards has just received a set of "Kent's Commentaries,"* begs leave to substitute a set of English History, in nine volumes, in the place of the Commentaries, which he proposed to send as evidence of the assured interest he takes in his majesty's happiness, and the mental and religious welfare of his majesty's people

Besides the large building already described, which occupies the southern end of the town in the neighborhood of the missionary residences, there is a newer and better edifice, of equal dimensions, with neat dobie walls and glazed windows in the northern part of the town,

* By an arrival of a vessel from the U. S. the day after writing the preceding letter. The same vessel brought an account of the Board's acceptance of Mr. R.'s resignation as a member of the mission.

where a congregation usually gather at the same hours as at the other. This congregation is under the care of the Rev. Mr. Smith—the other is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Bingham. The usual number of the congregations attending at these two native churches, at the same hour, varies from twenty-five hundred to three thousand each.

A new church is being erected for Mr. Bingham's congregation, on a large scale, and of durable materials. The walls of heavy blocks of coral rock are already carried up some twenty feet or more. The building is one hundred and fifty-four feet by seventy-eight, and with galleries will accommodate three to four thousand people. It is no larger than is desirable for the congregation; and when finished will be a building very creditable to the place, and do honor to this interesting island-nation, now in its transition state from barbarism to civilized life. And few things will tend more rapidly to advance the people on the scale of civilization than such works, while they add permanency to the Christian institutions which they have adopted among them. For the erection of this building, the king subscribed three thousand dollars, and the chiefs and people twenty-five hundred dollars more. The materials for building this spacious edifice are brought from a coral formation, where the blocks are quarried. At first it was proposed by the chiefs that these blocks should be conveyed as burdens generally are, or have been, upon the shoulders of the natives, with the simple use of the pole. But a simple invention of wheels, and an experiment with the assistance of a yoke of oxen attended by a boy, soon convinced the natives that a simple dray would save them the labor of a thousand men. And it is thus that this people are daily acquiring the knowledge necessary for the advance of a community in all improvements, and to appreciate the power of that knowledge. And when this building shall have been completed, it will have shown the king and chiefs, and the Hawaiian people, that they have resources that they never dreamed of; and advance them in self-possession and dignity of character in proportion to this new consciousness of their capabilities and power.

The progress in the erection of this building has been interrupted by a late incident (the visit of the French frigate l'Artemise) at this place, which will receive the animadversion, and I trust just censure, of the writer, in the sequel of this sketch of his visit to the Sandwich Islands.

The site for this church edifice is a good one, though occupying the plain; and the proportions of the structure are in keeping. I should have altered some particulars in the model, but it is interesting as it now is, as showing its paternity. The New Englander will at once recognise its origin, in its walls broken by double rows of small windows, instead of the continuous Gothic or elongated Corinthian. The additional strength gained, and the characteristic language of its model, would at once prevent the suggestion of change, and at the same time render undesirable any alteration in the proportions of the interesting fabric.

I happened in to the native church, in the afternoon. What a scene was that which I witnessed! I never dreamed of seeing such, though I had read and thought much of missions, and seen much on our cruise around the world. But here were before me near two thousand worshipping disciples of Jesus Christ, in their own native building, which their own hands had erected and thatched. It was one of the native prayer-meetings of the two churches, during the session of a conference or protracted meeting of this week. A native prayed, reverently, in the soft and expressive language of the people, with a measured intonation, and sometimes with a repetition of words that struck the ear with the agreeableness of rhythm. A hymn was sung. A number, twelve or more, of the female natives were in front of the pulpit, and as many of the males, constituting together a choir, on the level of the congregation, without the usual separation and formalities. Their singing was agreeable, and the performance creditable. Having familiarized myself with the pronunciation of the Hawaiian language, I joined in the tune. A second prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Bingham, in the native language. Having turned a leaf that I might remember the hymn that was sung, I left the church at the conclusion of the prayer. I came to my room, not far distant from

the church, to muse in memory of the scene I had left. What hath not God done! A nation become a religious people, who were but late the worshippers of idols and the advocates of human sacrifices—and before me I had just seen nearly two thousand of them worshipping the God of Christians. Will that God forsake them, in their attempts to please him, however rude may be their first essays towards attainments in knowledge and reformation in morals? I think he will not.

In the evening I took tea with Mrs. Deill, the lady of the seamen's chaplain, at the port of Honolulu.

The succeeding morning I called with Mrs. D. on the families of the English and French consuls. Mrs. Dudoit, the lady of the French consul, is deemed among the prettiest of the foreign residents here, and is said to be as amiable as pretty; and Miss C., the sprightly daughter of the English consul, is almost the only unmarried young lady among the fair exotics of Honolulu, and has been but a short time in the island from "home."

MARRIAGE AT HONOLULU.

Thursday evening was an era in the little world of the foreign residents, I suppose, at least in that part of it over which the nuptial divinities claim empire. A marriage in Honolulu I should think an unfrequent occurrence among the foreign population. The wedding party, then, of Mrs. Little, now Mrs. Hooper, became an interesting incident, and the parties most particularly concerned seem to have timed the period of their union with some reference to the visit of our squadron, which we certainly should appreciate as a compliment. A few particular friends, the American consul, and Captain Wyman of the John Adams, were present at the ceremony, performed by the chaplain of the squadron. Nearly all the foreign residents, soon after, were in the rooms. I was particularly pleased with the entrance of the governor of the island, who advanced to the bride and gave her his hand, and then, successively, to the other ladies and gentlemen in the room, and with an ease and a grace that was not surpassed by the *entrée* of any gentleman during the evening. There may have been

the smallest spice imaginable of the *hauteur militaire* in his movement, which however did not diminish his ease, but in his circumstances of office and rank, and being the only native present in the crowd of foreigners, with every eye for a moment fixed upon him, did him credit. The king was absent, on the plea of illness. The governor left the rooms early, and Commodore Read, who is doing himself credit at these islands, also soon disappeared, with the considerate dignity of his high command; while the party seemed to arrange themselves in groups of easy guests, though, as is not unfrequently the case in many parties, there may have been too much clustering of the sexes into their separate classes.

The American Consul introduced the officers of the squadron; and with a degree of home feeling and familiarity, did credit to himself and the position he holds. Ere long he was absent, for attention to his ill family.

The bride, an interesting young widow lady, was pretty, as all brides are, and more than what is true of all other brides, in this instance, is a tasteful and clever woman.

The succeeding evening I took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Most of the missionary families were present during the evening. The Rev. Mr. Bishop, from Ewa, arrived to-day, from whom I had previously received a letter. He was my early instructor in the academy at Laurenceville, N. J. He is a worthy man, well informed, and has improved in interest, though here comparatively isolated. There is sterling worth in intellect and feeling in his character. The evening was spent in agreeable conversation. Scientific subjects are not unfamiliar to the members of the mission, as well as the religious and the intellectual of other departments. Several of the missionary ladies here have handsome collections of shells, and specimens in mineralogy and geology, with lavas and curiosities associated with the islands of the Pacific. And though there is but very little of the "azure hose or blue stocking club" discernible in the conversation of these women, occasionally they may venture to hint the scientific name of some shell, when exhibited as a beautiful specimen in conchology. Some of them show themselves

creditably familiar with several branches in the natural sciences; and I have been told, otherwise I should not have learned it from the retiring manners of the lady in question, that one of their number, at least, is familiar with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

Mrs. S., my interesting hostess of the evening, showed me some pretty impressions of plants taken by herself, and an orange cowry, a shell I have never before seen, but have made many and unsuccessful inquiries for.

The residence of this missionary family is in the northern part of the town near the church of the second congregation, of which the Rev. Mr. S. is pastor. It is a very pleasant situation, in full view of the luxuriant and beautiful valley, which stretches quite across the island, terminating at the further end, by the abrupt and storied precipice of the Pari. Mrs. S., with her fine susceptibilities to the beautiful in nature, appreciates and enjoys the view, and describes it with correspondent feelings. She would wonder that any eye could behold it and not kindle equally with her own.

The social interview was terminated by singing, prayer, and a few remarks naturally awakened by the circumstances of the meeting. It was not the worship of mere ceremony. It was the expression of mutual sympathies, at a welcome and social moment, when hearts blended their feelings in a thank-offering of worship to the God who has made us religious, and intellectual, and social beings.

The more disinterested, and the more worthy, and the more persecuted does this band of benevolent men and women appear to me, the more I hear, and learn, and see of them.

A SABBATH AT HONOLULU.

Sunday, the succeeding day but one, and the only Sabbath I spent on shore at Honolulu, may never be forgotten by me. I preached twice in the seamen's chapel to attentive congregations. The foreign residents and the missionaries attend the services of the chapel—the native services being so arranged by the missionaries as to admit of it. But the service the most peculiar, and which will

leave the longest impression upon myself, was the meeting I attended in the large church of the natives. The spacious building was filled when I reached the house. I walked through a long range of these Hawaiians, as I ascended from the door, crowded thick upon the mats and filling the whole area, or were arranged upon their seats occupying the more central part of the building. As I entered the pulpit, already occupied by the Rev. Mr. Bingham and the Rev. Mr. Richards, I looked over a congregation of near three thousand of these worshipping islanders. What a scene was this for a Christian to contemplate in a foreign land, where the same people a few years before were a heathen and a savage nation! And before me, now, were some who had witnessed, and one, at least, who had been the cause of human sacrifices, to propitiate and atone for a broken *tabu*, which human blood alone could satisfy. A hymn was sung; after which I gave the congregation an address, which was interpreted, sentence by sentence, with such facility by Mr. Bingham, that there seemed but a little break in the continuance of the discourse. It was still throughout the house. Attention was arrested, and held. I repeat not here even the substance of the address, but I assured the islanders that it was happiness for a stranger, from a far land, to witness them worshipping the same God he worshipped—the same Redeemer—the same sanctifying Spirit. "Their friends, the missionaries," I continued, "who were also our friends, had told us much in their letters sent from the islands, but they had not said all that I, that day, beheld before me. In America, they prayed for the Hawaiians. They prayed for the missionaries among them. The missionaries had left their homes, and friends, and many comforts for long years; and we, who in our ships have been absent from our homes, which are in the same land they left, though but for one year and a half, yet feel how dear that home is to us, and therefore can estimate how much these our missionary friends have been willing to leave for the love of Christ, to spend a lifetime of labor among you. In America, therefore, we give them our prayers—we give them our Christian love—we give them our confidence—we give them, sometimes, when we think of them so far away, our tears. But we

also are happy that they are among you, doing their duty where they think God has directed them to come. Will you not, therefore, more than ever, listen to their words? Will you not be more grateful that they have told you of the immortal soul—the thing within us which thinks, and loves, and is happy, or is sad, and wishes to be happy still and for ever, when the body shall have gone back to its dust? Hawaiians, these missionaries have brought you things worth more than gold—more than gems—more than silver dollars—more than pearls—they have told you how to save for ever this immortal pearl within you; and how, millions of years hence, if Christians, ye shall live on and be happy with the undying saints in heaven, where God shall give to them his friendship as he gives it to his angels. Will ye not then hear them?

"I am glad that I can talk with you, through my friend, though I do not understand your language. But I must not talk longer with you. Yet would I ask of you, who are professors of religion, will you give me your prayers? Our ships will soon again leave you, as we go on our way around the world to our homes. *We* came not to disturb you. We came to approve of your religious worship, and to tell you so. And when I reach America, I shall tell the Christians there that I have met those who love God among the Hawaiians—that I have heard them pray to our God—sing in our own hymns and tunes—and that I have shed my tears while I have beheld the sight, and thanked God for permitting me to behold it. I shall never be with you again. Christian Hawaiians, through this house! here in your temple I shall not meet you again, but hope to meet you in heaven. Farewell! But when I shall have reached America, I will not forget you. I will not forget how I have heard you pray, sing, and worship. I will not forget your green valleys—your home in the islands in the seas. I will not forget these missionary friends; but when the sun wakes up over the hills, and when it goes down in the ocean, I will pray for them and for you. Hawaiians, farewell! Hold fast the religion you love. Let a world, if it will, rage. Still hold ye on to the religion of Jesus Christ. The world will soon crumble to nothing. These mountains and this ocean shall soon be burned up,

and then you will want the friendship of Christ. *Hold on, then, to the religion of Jesus Christ!* And when heaven and earth pass away, you shall find Him to be to you more than an elder brother—your Redeemer, and your all. Hawaiians, farewell!"

I offer no apology for introducing this brief sketch of part of the address alluded to, in the form I here present it, and in which, amid the circumstances described, it was delivered. It will more naturally paint the scene that was presented before me, than otherwise could be done. When I had ended my address, Mr. Richards spoke briefly and feelingly to the congregation. A hymn was then sung, in a melody that could not but touch the heart of him, with any feeling, who for the first time looked on such a scene as this. And while my own was melting, I thought if ever there were a just cause for *indignation*, it was while hearing flippant man, as sometimes he has been heard, decrying the holy and self-denying men and women who have here been laboring for years to produce the astonishing and glorious effects which I now beheld before me. And never did virtue more justly frown on vice, than wakes the voice of benevolence in displeasure when contemplating the vicious defamation which self-interest, jealous traffic, and depravity of heart, at times indulge against such demonstrations of the righteous work of God's children, who advocate the religion of Jesus Christ in its purity and practice.

On attempting to leave the church, at the conclusion of the services, I found it impossible to proceed for a while, as the warm-hearted natives pressed around me to give me their hands; but moving slowly as I accepted the proffered demonstration of their interest on either side of me, as I passed, I finally broke through their gathered numbers. And when I had reached my room, but a short distance from the church, which overlooks the grounds in the neighborhood, I gazed, with a feasted eye and a full heart, on the streams of men, women, and children, flowing from every door of the large building, and directing their way to their homes, in the quiet and orderly walk of the respectful, who give consideration and conscientious observance to the Sabbath day.

All were decently clad, but in such a manner and variety of costume, in coloring and in material, as to interest the beholder, and to declare *the transition state* of the natives, in their passage from their original savage to civilized life. Here was a passing group, one of whom perhaps was clad in a deep orange-colored gown, with a bright yellow wrapper around the waist, knotted behind by the upper corners, so as to form something like an apron, while the dark bushy hair was filleted with a wreath of yellow flowers or a roll of yellow feathers, constituting a costly ornament for the head or neck of the female native. Another, in the same group, has thrown a large purple tappa around him, knotted over one of his shoulders after the style of the Roman toga, and discovering a white shirt beneath, with a chaplet of ferns circling his head, while his dark neck and lower limbs are left in the freeness and bareness of a Highland chief's. Again, a light blue silk shawl covers a white frock, with a small straw bonnet upon the head ; or a crimson shawl over a blue calico dress, with a similar hat. Indeed, almost all the females wear a straw bonnet on the Sabbath, which is manufactured upon the islands ; and I am not certain but that the chaplet of leaves or flowers to which I have alluded is only a week-day ornament. And here, again, is seen an old man with a long staff in his hand, and with feeble step, clad in a simple white dress of tappa, the native material of the island, made often beautifully from the bark of the mulberry, now wending his way from a Christian temple, in deep thought and musings, unlike those that attended him from the revel and the sacrifice of former days. And there, the light-hearted group of children, in every color of stripe and figure of silk or cotton, or tappa of coarser or richer material, move on, with free and bounding step. And there, the governor, in his blue cloth frock-coat and white pantaloons, and straw hat, is seen, attended by a little boy in his dress of frock-coat and white trousers, and shoes and stockings ; and a little girl, in black frock and white pantalettes and jockey hat, all undistinguished from a well-dressed group of Europeans, accompanied by a train of more indifferently clad attendants. Many others were in European style, among the males and females—the loose gown, and shawl, and

bonnet being the common dress for the female natives. And one group more may serve to fill up the picture. It is the principal woman of the islands. She is drawn by four or five natives, in a small hand-vehicle, with two wheels, not unlike a porter's hand-cart, but a convenient carriage on a plain and smooth path for the principal lady of the islands, who is more than six feet high, and weighs —I know not how much. Her dress is European—the expression of her face good-natured—and her signature required to give validity to the acts of the king and his chiefs. Her son is the adopted heir-apparent to the government of the islands, and she has in charge the infant child, who holds, as queen, the same position in the government as does his present majesty as king.

But as the eye lingers on this moving crowd, as they are seen retiring from the house of worship to their homes, presenting so great variety in their dress, they are yet all decently clad, and move at their ease in stillness and propriety, and exhibit evidences of great, though as yet a rude contentment and happiness.

How great is the contrast! How unlike the picture the same people exhibited but a few years ago! Another congregation of equal size, at the other end of the town, was dispersing from the house of worship to which they had gathered, in like order, decency, and rude respectability. The wide avenue, extending for a half mile between the two churches, seemed crowded by the meeting throng.

But it would require the Christian community at home to see, as I have seen to-day, the worshipping thousands of the Hawaiians, duly to appreciate the scene. Over the same congregation of these islanders which I had addressed, the eye of the Christian could look, in late months, as they gathered for worship, and see, not as an unfrequent scene, half the congregation in tears, as the preacher declared to them the truths which have been borne to their understandings, through the labors of the devoted missionary, during the few past years. They bowed their heads in sorrow for their sinfulness—with religious sympathies, in view of the affecting story of the plan of salvation—and resolved to be the disciples of Jesus Christ. And to this

church, more than four hundred have been added, on profession of religion, during the last year; and more than six hundred to the communion in the second church; and more than *ten thousand*, in all, to the churches on the different islands. And the whole number of the communicants in the different churches of the mission amounts to more than sixteen thousand souls. The mission has thus been blessed, by an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon its churches, and the ingathering of thousands to the communion. At Hilo, on a neighboring island, five thousand two hundred and forty-four have, this last year, joined the church. And at Waimea, on the same island of Hawaii, twenty-three hundred more. Surely, the heart that has any Christian sympathies for the cause of Christ, or the eternal welfare of his fellow-men, must glow in view of this statement; and the lover of the missionary cause may exult in gratitude to the Giver of all good, for this triumphant exhibition of the success of Christ's cause among the heathen. And tell me, Christian reader, while the grateful tear wakes in memory of the goodness of God to your own soul, and in boundless mercies to these once and but lately benighted savages, can you feel otherwise than an abhorrence at the slang of the infidel and the opposer, who are sometimes heard, either from self-interest or hate, to decry so worthy a cause and so worthy a band of devoted men and women, who have blessed, by their residence and efforts, at the sacrifice of friends and home, the whole people of these islands? Believe me, this mission is worthy of the confidence of the Christian community at home; and as surely as the smile of God has rested so signally upon it, so surely it *will* receive the confidence and the support of the Christians in America. And I trust, as an Episcopalian, my testimony of confidence and commendation and deep-felt interest in behalf of this Congregational and Presbyterian mission to the Sandwich Islands will not be regarded, under such circumstances, the less unbiased and sincere.

VISITS TO THE DIFFERENT MISSIONARY FAMILIES.

On each succeeding evening of this week I took tea with some one of the missionary families, accepting their kind invitations in that way that would enable me to make each an evening's visit before we left Honolulu. Usually I met some of the officers of the squadron present, and some of the gentlemen and ladies of the mission or of the foreign residents. The families of the mission resident at Honolulu are sufficiently numerous to form an interesting circle within themselves.

The day I first called on Mr. and Mrs. Bingham was the twentieth anniversary of the day they together entered a stage coach at Hartford, Connecticut, for Boston, whence they soon after took their departure for the Sandwich Islands. And this evening, Monday, when I was taking tea with them, surrounded by other members of the mission and officers from our ships, presents a change indeed, which these two oldest missionaries alone can justly contrast in all its shade and light.

Mrs. Judd brought in with her, after tea, the gorgeous and indescribably delicate "night-blooming ceres." There are things in nature which so affect one with their beauties, that the mind feels its incapacity, by emblems and comparisons, adequately to define them, and loves rather to feel the effect of the beautiful than to attempt its delineation. "How *unearthly* it looks," said Mrs. J. "How unearthly it looks," I only repeated, and still gazed on the exquisite and elongated white corollas within their yellowish green calix, surrounding a thick fringe of stamens, which, with their circle of tasseled, straw-colored and flexible filaments, inlay this cup of more than alabaster white and purity. The white pistil, too, tufted with a yellow fringe, further ornamenting the centre of the cup, harmonizes, in exquisite softness, with the surrounding tassels, that wave or languish, as the beautiful cup may be turned, with the grace and mellowness of the softest fringe on silken and richest scarf of lady. We took the gorgeous and soft flower to its native element, the moonbeam, to-night falling from a clear and bright heaven.

And it drank in the soft ray so sweetly, and itself looked so lovely, that nothing short of Moore's æolian euphony in lyric rhythm, or Bailey's soft melancholy of song, should, by any attempt at description, disturb the sweet harmony of this bright night, this exquisite climate, and a thing so blended of the loveliness of the one and the softness of the other, as is this lovely "night-blooming ceres."

This beautiful plant of the cactus is plentiful and luxuriant here, overtopping the high palings of the garden fences, and annually and prodigally displaying, in the soft moonbeam of this delicious climate, its graceful flower, which bends its modest neck, as it receives the approbating and blessed smiles of the silvering queen, on her passage in her night-car through these serene heavens. The flower is a thing to be thought of in connection with the remembered friend with whom we have gazed at it, with like appreciation of its harmonies in itself, and the moonlit scene of light and mellowed shade, in which it timidly unfolded its modest and unequalled beauties to the sight.

The next evening I met the King, at tea, at Dr. Judd's. I had before seen his Hawaiian majesty at his own residence near the fort, in company with the governor and chief princess, and other chiefs who were present. The king seemed interested in a description given him of the proceedings of a court martial. And it was remarked to him, that if the cause of temperance on our arrival had prevailed, so that liquor could not have been procured here, the case before the court then holding its sittings would not have occurred.

"It is a pity," said the king, with an expression of countenance which indicated his deep sincerity of feeling. "I am sorry the temperance rule prevails not entirely."

Where the king's mind was wandering at this moment, no one at the table could doubt, though it would have been impolite to urge the subject, to the recalling of the late occurrences at this place, when, the king feels, and all impartial judges feel, that he was necessitated—*by the interests of a French consul*, in near view of the guns of the frigate l'Artemise, and the threat that a larger French force from the coast, ere long, should appear off the islands to take possession of them unless proposals which

were made were complied with—to sign an instrument, which, if it made him not a vassal of the French king, took from him the power of excluding from his possessions, for the benefit of his subjects, *French brandy and French wines.* And why? Because M. Dudoit, the French consul, would be a dealer in the articles, notwithstanding the king had, a short time previously, to the great satisfaction of the best wishers of the subjects of his majesty, *totally excluded, by law, the further importation of all distilled spirits whatever into any port of his possessions.* This was in accordance with the nearly unanimous voice of the residents of the islands, and shipmasters visiting these ports; and after the king's own sincerity had been manifested by the destruction of the whole (three in number) of his own distilleries in his islands. But, more of this in its proper place, further on.

The king spoke of the ancient games of the people, and their influence upon his subjects, and what would be their effect if renewed. It would be the reviving of a system of gambling, to continue from Monday morning till Sunday night. The exercise might be well enough, but the dissipation and idleness consequent thereon would more than counterbalance any good that may be supposed to rise from the sports. He instanced the rolling of the disk; the name of the game is forgotten; but it consists in rolling a round and smooth stone, of about four inches in diameter, and increasing, from its edge to its centre, from one and a half to two inches thick. Were this game to be revived, said the king, you would see the street, for a half mile, crowded with people to witness the success of the competitors in rolling this stone. The one who rolls it the furthest is the victor. But the evil of the system would be, that all this multitude would not only be present to witness the rolling, but would be sitting up all the succeeding nights, betting and in exciting conversation in connection with the sport, and this for several succeeding days, to the neglect of all business, and ending in disputes and revels. But as a substitution for these things, the people are encouraged in agricultural pursuits, raising the kalo and other vegetables and productions, and it is to be hoped with increasing success, and to the

cultivation of permanent habits of industry among the great body of the natives.

The grounds about the house of Dr. Judd are well filled with trees and shrubs, a very acceptable and pleasant thing always to the stranger as well as to the foreign resident in view of the arid level on which the town of Honolulu is situated. For all this, the doctor says, the merit is due to Mrs. J., as he is often absent in his practice, as the physician to the mission, to different parts of the island. Mrs. J. is a lady of taste, with a heart of great kindness and benevolence. It will be acceptable to the friends of midshipman Morris to know, that it is within the bosom of such a family that he is now located in his illness, and where he will be left, we would hope, to recover; but we fear that in his advanced stage of pulmonary affection, that even this favorable climate, and the nursing which the kindness and the sympathies of those with whom he is staying in great tenderness and care will secure to him, may not possess the power to restore him to health. Young Morris is sensible that he has fallen into kind hands, and is resigned and contented as far as his circumstances of great debility admit. And to me, in the apprehension that he may never again be recovered to health, it is a consolation, though he sailed in another ship, to know from my conversations with him, that we shall leave him thoughtful of his future destiny, and with hopes that he has made his peace with his God, to whom he trusts he has (even since we have arrived at these islands) committed himself, in resignation and discipleship.

The following day, Wednesday, the twenty-third, the king visited the frigate, to whom an entertainment was given by the Commodore. The chief princess of the island, the governor, and other natives, constituting the king's suit, the American, English, and French consuls, the gentlemen of the mission, and the foreign residents generally, were also on board.

The king was received with the yards manned and a salute of twenty-one guns—the officers and company being on deck. I know not whether the dress of his majesty was of the Windsor pattern or not, but it was a rich and

every way an elegant suit. The coat was richly laced on lapel, skirt, and collar, and is known to have cost eight hundred dollars. His pantaloons white, and richly laced at the sides, and his chapeau corresponding, in its lace, for breadth and richness.

The king supported himself with propriety; his manners were easy and sufficiently dignified. His health was drunk at the table, standing, while he retained his seat. On drinking wine in compliment with the queen regent, (as I suppose she may be called, having the care of the infant queen in her minority, and acting in her stead,) to whom I was near at the table, she remarked, as she was further helped to a bunch of raisins, "*this* is the *best wine*" —wine and raisins being designated by the same word in the Hawaiian language. She was dressed in a lilac-colored silk, and is an immense woman—more than six feet high and proportionally large.

The company had strolled over the ship previously to taking their seats at the table, and seemed at their ease, and gratified. I left the ship with my missionary friends at dusk, and the king and his party reached the shore at about the same time. The entertainment passed off very agreeably to the guests and creditably to the host. It was a coincidence of sufficient interest to be noted by me, and acceptable enough for the Christian community at home, perhaps to be repeated in connection with the religious effort which has been put forth in behalf of these islanders, whose king to-day was entertained under the circumstances described, that it was the *twentieth anniversary day* of the departure of the first missionaries from Boston for these islands. There is evidence written, everywhere we move on shore, of the success of this early and Christian enterprise, as we contemplate it in the advance of this people thus far on the scale of civilization and Christianity, however far they may be from the highest point of its graduation.

The succeeding evening I visited at Mr. Knapp's, and met, besides some of the officers as usual, at tea Mr. and Mrs. Castle, Mrs. Walker and Miss Smith.

I was agreeably reminded by Mrs. Knapp of her having seen me before her leaving the United States, in

Greenwich, Connecticut, whither, during my university course at New Haven, I had wandered with a friend to that border of the state. I was grateful for her memory, as it enabled me to re-live over a very agreeable incident among those hours of halcyon days, when the world had a freshness in its scenes, which a few years only in its broad walks reduces to common incident. Mr. and Mrs. K. are a young couple who have not long been to the islands. The same is true of Mr. and Mrs. Cook, at whose house I visited the succeeding evening.

Mr. Chamberlain, whose interesting family I visited, is the secular agent of the whole mission of the Sandwich Islands, assisted by Mr. Castle, a gentleman of great worth, already mentioned. Mr. Chamberlain is a person well qualified for the position he occupies, and is beloved by all the members of the mission, among whom there is one harmonious feeling of agreement and kindness. The children of Mr. and Mrs. C. are particularly interesting for their fine and classic features, and the womanly manners of the two little girls. I mention them here, that I may also say that the children of the missionaries, generally, will not fail to interest the stranger for the precocity of their minds and manners. This is to be attributed, in a good degree, to the fact that the parents make *companions* of their children, and that they are cut off from an intercourse with numerous children of their own age. And here, too, they are kept, as a matter of principle, from acquiring the language of the natives, that their association with native children may be prevented, lest their minds might be corrupted by much in the Hawaiian language deemed to be objectionable. Whatever may be the policy of this course, it is certain that it throws the children upon their parents as resources for their amusement and conversation. These two little girls of whom I speak, I take to be, the one six and the other eight years of age; and they entered into a conversation with me with all the zest and vivacity of young ladies with the advantages of a number of more years. By some circumstance the conversation fell upon *noses*, (I am half disposed to think that the circumstance was originated by myself, as *their noses* were extremely fine and Grecian,) when I

mentioned that Bonaparte, I believed, was in the habit of selecting his body-guard by their noses. He always considered a man with a large nose, to be possessed of courage and firmness.

"And I remember," said the little girl of six, with great playfulness, "precisely what kind of nose my brother has, who is in America."

"And what do you think of America?"

"I think it must be a very fine country."

"And did you ever see any chestnuts from America?"

"I think I have."

"And what were they like?"

"They were like"—I forget now the particular reply of my little friend, otherwise than her chestnuts proved to have been filberts, and I promised (and I intend to fulfil all my engagements to my little friends abroad) to send her a parcel of chestnuts and other mementoes on my return to the United States.

The missionaries send most of their children home, so soon as they reach the proper age and preparation for the continuance of their education under more favorable advantages than they would receive here. They are consigned to the care of their kindred; and I am told that the proceeds of property committed to the care of the American Board by some of the missionaries here, either on the part of the mother or the father, more than yield a sufficient income for the education of their children in the United States, and in some instances, besides, defray the amount of the nominal salary, in that case, which they receive from the Board at home.

LUA AT THE PARI.

We had heard much of the native manner of cooking food and their mode of getting up things at a lua, which is something after the manner of a southern barbecue. Not having as yet ridden to the Pari, one of the curiosities of this island, and the arrangement having been made to have a lua at that point, I accepted an invitation to form one of the numerous party on the occasion.

The ride to the Pari lies through a beautiful valley,

stretching quite across the island. Having mounted our horses, which are all in good keeping on the island, but ill-gaited, as the full canter seems to be the usual speed for riding here, we passed over the level ground back of the town by a track that soon conducted us through patches of taro, (arum esculentum,) written kalo in the Hawaiian. Crossing one or two bridges we soon found ourselves threading a spacious ravine, which contracts as one proceeds to its further extremity, a distance of some six miles across the island, where it is abruptly terminated by a precipice. The word precipice, in the language of the island, is pari, and hence the name of this steep.

We first reached the residence of Dr. Roke, who has a dwelling at the entrance of the valley. He joined our party and we rode on. The doctor, who has been some time resident on the island, seems familiar with its localities and productions, and many of its legends. On our left as we advanced, high up among the peaks that rose in their eminences above us, the doctor thinks to be a cave of the ancient kings and chiefs. So the legends go, and he has often and long looked for it, but has never yet struck upon its mouth, though the natives point out a prominent tree as designating its entrance. The present ruling family have their royal mausoleum in the town of Honolulu, where the coffins are retained with their coverings of velvet.

Having measured a mile or two further over the gradually ascending plain of the ravine, we reached the cottage of a Mr. Pelly, agent of the Hudson Bay Company, at this island. Below his house, and formed by a break in the plain of the ravine, is a small but quite a pretty fall of water. Having alighted, I chose to be interested in this pretty exhibition of one of the forms which nature assumes, on which no one can gaze without having his heart rendered more *pure* in the communion, rather than to seek the conversation of a man, with whose principles in morals or actions as a gentleman, I could have no sympathies. This Mr. P. constituted one of an *honorable quincunx*, who, in the late visit of the frigate l'Artemise to this place, joined in an expression of thanks to her commander for pursuing a course, which, in his public documents, *expatriated American citizens:* and which, had his plans

been carried into execution on the non-compliance of the government with the conditions dictated to it under the guns of a man-of-war, would have exposed all the families of this mission to the mercy of the crew of a French cruiser. That this gentleman with his four compeers may have all the glory that such a paper can confer, I may, further on, quote the same for their especial benefit, and to awaken the frown of every virtuous reader.

The rest of our way was by a less even path, though not less interesting, as we pursued a narrower track through the luxuriant undergrowth matted about the more elevated hibiscus, among the boughs of which the convolvulus wormed its spiral vine and let drop its trumpet cup to the rider's view. A native was at my side, who kept pace with our advance, and gathered for my pleasure whatever I designated on tree or shrub or ferns, among the latter of which (beautiful in their varieties and luxuriant in their growth) we were now moving in our more elevated but gradual ascent. We now passed on through the grandest part of the ravine, formed by the perpendicular sides of basalt lava, with the mystic cloud hanging upon the highest tops in their threatening shade and misty wreaths, as if they sought to throw a gloom to the deeps below, to heighten the sublimity of the threatening battlements that rose, in their height and mists, above us. We came to a space of clear ground, where the ravine had again narrowed in correspondence with the termination of the perpendicular ranges of basalt at a point we had passed, and thus forming an oval basin, as seen from either extreme of the valley. We dismounted and gave our horses to the care of the natives, while we walked up a short ascent to a notch of the mountains which we had seen all the way before us, and found ourselves suddenly on the brow of the Pari—a precipice, which terminated this end of the ravine. The prospect overlooks a spacious level below, luxuriant in its richness, and mellowed to the softness of velvet; while the curling breakers are seen dashing over the coral reefs beyond, and the deep, deep blue sea is far out as the eye can reach.

But the gale—for a current of wind ever sets through this gap—almost choked me as I attempted to wind my

way across the pass, through which the currents of air rush in their passage of the whole length of the valley, and pour their currents over the town of Honolulu. We proceeded a short distance on the side of the mountain, to gain the path for descending the Pari. This we accomplished, though deemed in former times a difficult attempt. By the assistance of an iron railing in the most difficult part of the steep, the feat is not difficult, though very much to the disturbing of the easy breathing of a plethoric man. For myself I found the descent and return of little difficulty, and at the expense of but little fatigue, and for a very good reason it may be, as I had a native hold of my stick to keep me from too rapid a progress down, and two of them to draw me back again.

When already about to encounter the currents on the top of the Pari, which drive in a hurricane through this gorge of the ravine, two natives seized me to keep me from being blown up the mountain-side, or point blank into the broadside of a lava-rock—my hat already having been seized by a third native, and a fourth attempting to secure my umbrella, all in the greatest kindness. I broke from them all, and was met by a messenger from the party at the bower, where the *lua* was to be spread, saying that one oven had been retained unopened, to await me, that I might see the mysteries of the native mode of roasting pig, fish, and *dog*, and whatever else might be the ingredients of the oven.

I hurried on, and found, in the neighborhood where our horses had been left, that a bower had been raised—half a hundred natives gathered in different groups—several fires smoking—and, within the temporary bower, constructed of poles and bushes, and matted with the ki leaf, were seen his majesty Kammahamaha III., Commodore Read, commanding the U. S. East India squadron, H. B. M. Consul Captain Charlton, and some dozen, more or less, of the officers of the squadron, comfortably—that may be questioned—but certainly seated, at their leisure, on the ki-leaves, beneath the bower. Here all had gathered to the lua.

The eating of dogs was formerly a very common custom with the islanders, and a canine roaster was deemed

a delicious dish—a royal dish. The dogs, however, are of a particular species, so said, though I suppose it matters little as to their kind. Those which are destined for the lua are fed on poe, a dish made from the kalo, and forming the principal food of the natives. Those who have eaten of the dog, as cooked here, say it is fine. This is the universal testimony; and a person, not knowing to what he was helped, with a piece of dog thus prepared upon his plate, would pronounce it to be more than a usually choice piece of pig. So say the epicures—so say the curious. The consequence is, that those who visit the islands generally have a slight sensation of an inclination, for eating dog—for once. Consequently, the lua was given to gratify the curiosity of the stranger-comers of our squadron.

Behold, then, when I had reached the last oven, yet remaining uncovered, behold the opening of its contents. First, a play of fine wreaths of steam dissipating themselves in thin air above a hillock of green leaves, over which the drops of vapor had condensed themselves, so as to preserve the outer leaves of the little pile moist. Behold! A native, under the direction of Mr. Thompson, a gentleman of travel, seeking health and pleasure, who seemed to be the master of ceremonies to-day, removed layer after layer of leaves, until some six inches thick of these long and wide ki-folia were disposed of. Behold! The removing of the next layer presented the proportions fair to the hungry man, proportions tasteful to any man, of a whole pig, from tongue to tail, from back to breast, from toe to teeth. There he was, nearly as big as life, quite as big as a *whole roasted pig*. And beside him lay, in their white and clean appearances, the whole, and the half, and three quarter pieces of kalo, reposing upon a pavement of hot stones, which inlaid a circular and concave hole, which had been scooped from the earth, about twelve inches deep.

"Very fine," said his majesty's secretary, as he took a piece of the kalo and broke it for me to taste. "Very boo-tee-fool," he continued, as I tasted the mealy and delightfully flavored vegetable, adding between the first and second taste, "very fine, very beautiful," not at all dissent-

ing from the secretary in the truth of his ideas, however much we might differ, generally, in the application of English words.

"Very fine, very fine indeed," said another, as he unveiled from the smoking and verdant wrapper of the ki-leaf a fine fish, and submitted it to my examination and taste.

"Very fine, very fine indeed," I repeated; and there could be no mistake as to the fine manner in which these fish had thus been cooked. The pig had already been borne to a distance, while we were tasting the various articles besides those already specified, wrapped in their separate coverings of the ki-leaf, save the fine taro.

"Do they cook the dog in square pieces, Mr. Thompson?" I asked, as I saw the natives take one or two such proportioned packages from the oven.

Unaccountably, Mr. Thompson was called to see the direction of some of the distant-going moveables, before he gave the reply. I had asked one of the Hawaiians previously, what the oven contained. He had replied, a pig. But Mr. Thompson, on being asked if the dog were in this last oven, had hinted that it was. I therefore drew the inference that the object of particular curiosity had been dissected, contrary to usual custom, as I had no doubt but that the conspicuous, and well-baked, and very delicate-looking animal, in all his indismembered proportions before me, was, in truth, *a pig*.

I adjourned to the bower and took my position among the guests, everywhere reposing "otium *non* cum dignitate," on the leaf-matted floor of the bower.

Ere long the various articles of the lua were making their appearance on various dishes—dog—pig—several pigs—fish—various kinds of fish, and never better than at these islands—taro—sweet potatoes, et cetera et cetera—and poe, as another characteristic dish of the natives, new and old, the first sweet, the second sour.

"And which is the dog?" was the general murmur of interest, as that specific gentleman, in all his proportions, which I had seen removed from the oven, was placed near Mr. Thompson, in the neighborhood of the King and the Commodore. That is the dog, said one; and that is the dog, asserted another; and I will take a piece of the dog,

said all in their turns. But are you sure that this is dog? I could not refrain from asking, always having been considered somewhat incredulous without having positive evidence for what I am to believe, if circumstantial evidence rather prevails against the thing affirmed.

"Let me try a piece, I can tell," said Mr. S., a gentleman near me—"Calo, here, will not eat it if it is dog," added Mr. S., as he pitched a small piece to his favorite pointer. But Calo was a gentleman's dog, and it was not his part to refuse aught that was set before him; and therefore Calo ate it without a murmur.

"Dog don't eat dog," they say, and incredulity, in our neighborhood, seemed rather to prevail.

"Mr. T., will you take a piece of the dog?" asked Mr. Thompson—"I do assure you this is the dog," reaffirmed the amiable gentleman.

"Pass it, if you please, Mr. Thompson;" and Calo was treated to another small piece, perhaps from another dish, but apparently from the one from which I had previously been served.

The politeness of Calo did not fail him, even the second time; and the conclusion now inevitably was, that either dog will eat dog, or else no dog graced the feast of the Pari. And it is equally true, that if the piece to which I was helped was dog, I did not distinguish it from the choice rib part of a pig, though in the passing amusement of the moment, I confess I did not particularly call into requisition my most particular powers of discrimination.

The officers were soon moving back on their return-way to town, in separate groups. The lua had passed off in great propriety, at least so far as I had seen, without the rude noise of boisterous toast, which may be in taste with bacchanalian carousals, but not with social and rural repast of rational and colloquial beings. Who would not forget a toast now on record, in that *refined*—no, I will not speak ironically—in that scurrilous and disgraceful penny-sheet paper, the S. I. Gazette—as having been given on a similar occasion, but very differently conducted repast, in which there is neither wit, sentiment, nor sense, and a thing to be regretted in the remembrance, because it is destitute of all three of them.

This is a region of rainbows. On leaving this beautiful valley, the prismatic colors arranged themselves in an arch that spanned the valley, with its bases resting on either side of the ravine, advancing with its beautiful colors to the very opening of the valley, and fading away as if bidding us adieu, as we left that green ravine for ever.

The native custom of cooking dogs is diminishing rapidly among the natives. It is desirable that it should, not particularly so because there need be any fastidiousness about eating this animal; elsewhere, and particularly in Canton, they are a regular article to be found in the markets. And one will in some measure, perhaps, have lost his own fastidiousness upon this subject by the time he has made a voyage around the world. But the particular reason why the natives should dispense with the habit, is, the expense of raising the animal in comparison with others of greater value, when considered as an article of food. And then, again, they are greatly destructive, where their numbers are large, to the kid and the lamb, and poultry. The same care and expense laid out in some other species of production, would yield a greater profit, and contribute to the support of a larger population. A town, too, crowded with dogs, is always inconvenienced by the nuisance; and the bite of a rabid one is so terrible in its consequences, as to render the diminution of the number, in any given place, desirable. It is in view of the principles of political economy, production, population, and consequent wealth, that many of *the customs and sports* of the natives are to be viewed; and if so viewed, the silent influence or the more positive and open action of the missionaries, in the changing of the native customs, would not only not be found fault with but highly approbated.

I reached my pleasant home, rendered such by my kind hosts, a little after sunset, fatigued by the ride, but pleased with the excursion.

SALT LAKE.

The salt lake, lying some four miles on the way to Ewa from Honolulu, is a natural curiosity, mentioned to the newly arrived as among the objects worthy of a visit

and a ride for pleasure and exercise. So I found it; more than counterbalancing the inconvenience of wet boots, which one is sure of acquiring while crossing a field of water in the first part of this ride from town. The ride itself affords a variety in plain and occasional steep—flocks of goats—a deep hollow covered with high and crooked cocoa-nut trees—Madam Boki's plantation—to whom, as I was told, some fine patches of taro and plantain trees and other productions had belonged, as we were passing through them, although the worthy woman's funeral was celebrated but a short time previous to our arrival. But the object of interest is the lake, some three or two and a half miles in circumference, reposing in a low basin among the broken hills of a lava formation, and one edge of it is near the sea. As a body of water it possesses no interest; the edges around it are barren, and the broken hills that hem it in are without verdure, and the water is shallow. Indeed, it is but a large natural basin, in which, by the power of the sun's rays, reflected with additional intensity by the surrounding hills, the salt water is evaporated, and a process of crystallization is continually going on. The lake is covered with a stratum of salt more or less thick, from a few inches around its edges to a foot and more, and I know not but two or three feet, as the depth of the concavity of the basin increases towards its centre. The stratum of salt is mostly overflowed by a few inches of water which was excessively bitter to the taste, and nearly of blood heat in temperature, judging from the sensation of touch, not having a thermometer with me. The article has been quarried, and considerable quantities taken from the bed—the excavations soon filling again in the continual formation that is going on. The material is deemed inexhaustible. As I stood upon the ridge of the hills that surround this curious basin, I judged its level to be lower than the adjacent sea, with which the water of the sea must have some communication, either by oozing through the soil on the side bordering on the shore, or else by some more distinct subterraneous channel. The only other supposition being, that it is fed by salt springs. The most probable conclusion, however, is, that the region being volcanic, and the basin itself deemed with great

probability to be an extinct crater, some subterranean fissure leads from it to the sea, thus forming an inlet from the sea by some opening in the lava-beds which in a former period poured in streams from this caldron. These fissures are known to exist in great numbers in the craters of the active volcanoes of the neighboring island of Hawaii; and in digging a well at Honolulu, an instance is known of a crowbar passing out of the hand of the workman as it pierced the crust through which it perforated, and was lost, as it was heard to sink far down in a crevice of the rock below. It is affirmed in the Hawaiian Spectator, in a mere allusion to this lake, that it has a communication with the sea by a hole at its centre. But as the same writer affirms, in the same passage, that the bottom of the lake is *above* the level of the sea, we conclude that his affirmation is mere conjecture, without positive examination, as it must be very obvious that such a communication, *if* the bottom of the lake were *above* the level of the sea, would soon, by forming an outlet, drain the lake, and leave it as dry as the arid lava-cliffs around it.

I secured some very choice specimens of the crystalline formation, continually in process here. The wide stratum covering the surface of these natural salt works, is intersected by seams, resembling appearances in a field of ice, resulting from the cracking of the main body; produced here probably by the streams of fresh water, running, during the rainy season, into the lake, and creating, by dissolution, these fissures in the riven stratum. In these seams the crystals have space for shooting forth in perfect formations, and fine specimens can be collected by the hand, being easily detached, in small masses, from the more compact stratum.

On returning, we took a different route from the one that guided us to the lake; and while crossing the hills adjacent to this extensive and natural salt basin, we saw a dog bearing a young kid in his mouth, and moving with an apparent consciousness of his dereliction from all duty of obedience to the laws, while the penalty, his conscience seemed to tell him, would sorely be felt by him, if once caught.

We next struck upon a little thatched dwelling, sur-

rounded, in an otherwise barren field, by immense clusters of the prickly pear, overtopping, in their luxuriant growth, the head of horse and rider, as he came up to their huge and impenetrable clusters. And wo to him who shall attempt to pluck the curious fruit from the prickly plant, have he buckskins on or other gloves to save his palms. A native, however, was soon near us, but too late to preserve us from an experience that may serve us in the future, and plucked, by a little noose upon the end of a stick, some of the fruit for us, and, with the greatest care for the comfort of his own fingers, opened the outer rind and displayed the gorgeously beautiful and rich fruit within, having the color of the deepest crimson melon, with the consistency and sparkling crystalline appearance of iced cream, to the eye and taste, though possessing the property of the watermelon without its liquid. We descended the hill and came upon a cluster of small houses, from which the natives poured, in a group of some six or eight, and one of them more neatly clad in her white gown than the rest; and the cause of it was written as legibly in the thing she bore in her hand, as the same said book narrated on its leaves, *stories in the Hawaiian language.* How truly do letters, from the A, B, C of the alphabet, to their must perfect and learned combinations, produce a refinement upon the mind as it becomes familiar with their powers and meaning in composition! Here, as everywhere, in its different degrees, was seen the influence of the missionary abroad, as well as the schoolmaster at home. These people seemed to be on the plantation of Madam Boki, and were very kind, as they knocked down at once, a passage-way, that had been tightly boarded up with nails, for our convenience in taking a nearer course across the flats and taro fields. Home, and a cup of tea at home to-night, were acceptable, after a wet and late ride.

It is now twenty years since the first missionary to the Sandwich Islands sailed from the city of Boston. During this time the number of the missionaries has been increased, from time to time. The nation was found a people given to idolatry, superstition, and the general vices of savage life. Human victims, at times, were sacrificed; and the conquered foe in war sometimes formed a feast for

the victors. Their language, barren in general terms but copious in nominals, had but a verbal existence. The contrast presented to us at this time, is a nation, who have adopted, as a whole people, the Christian religion. An idol, as a curiosity for a cabinet, can scarcely be found. Missionary families are located on all the islands. Common schools have been established throughout the districts on the different islands, under the care of native teachers, more or less competent; and station schools, at the different residences of the missionaries, from which the native teachers are principally supplied. Select schools and boarding schools for boys and girls; and a high school, college, or seminary, as it may be called, in its infancy, with a number of promising scholars, and with instructers of liberal education to take them on in the different branches of the sciences and arts, as their capacities, purposes, and the course of improvement in the elevation of the people in religion and civilization, shall demand and render practicable. The Hawaiian tongue has been reduced to a written language; the Bible translated into the native tongue; a native newspaper printed; elementary books, for the schools, prepared and published, including Children's Lessons, Children's Teacher, Hawaiian Grammar, Arithmetic, Lineal Drawing, Algebra, Trigonometry, Surveying, Hawaiian History, Scripture History and Geography, Church History, Hymns, Tracts, Music, Nautical Almanac, etc., etc.; the printing of which, with other works not mentioned, principally in the Hawaiian language, amounted during the last thirteen months only, to eleven millions four hundred and ninety-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-six pages.

Eighteen native churches have been organized on the different islands. School-houses and church-edifices, several of the latter large and stone buildings, have been erected.

And as the contemplated end of all these efforts has been the religious and eternal welfare of this people, it must cheer the heart of every true lover of his species, and thrill the bosom of the Christian, to learn the hopeful accomplishment of this end even beyond the expectation of the most sanguine, from the following additional facts.

During the last year *ten thousand seven hundred and*

twenty-five persons of the native population of these islands have been added, by profession, to the communion of these Christian churches; and *sixteen thousand five hundred and eighty-seven*, from the commencement of the mission.

The language of the missionaries is this: "The past has been a year of unexampled prosperity to the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the islands. At the close of the last year, the work of the Holy Spirit was going on in a most glorious manner at nearly all the stations; and the work so commenced has, to the praise of Divine grace, advanced with steady progress. Persons of all ages have been subjects of the gracious visitations of the Spirit, from opening childhood to decrepit old age. The boarding school and Sabbath school scholar, together with many who had been neglected, have sought, and, it is hoped, found a Saviour—or rather, they have been found by him and gathered into his fold. That every one apparently renewed by grace will prove to have been born again, cannot be expected; but we may confidently hope that great numbers of those who have this year professedly turned to the Lord, will be found in the last day to be truly his people."

FRENCH AFFAIR AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I would willingly leave the reader of the foregoing sketches of the date since our arrival at the island of Oahu, to form his opinion of the merits and the success of the Sandwich Islands mission, from the impression he has gained in their perusal. I am sure it would not be too vivid; the light, however faintly as yet breaking over this but lately benighted people, has been reflected in description, but dimly on these pages, in comparison with the brightness of the divine beam which has been streaming among the deep shades that enveloped the Hawaiian people, when they were first contemplated by the eye of the coming missionary. And he alone can draw the contrast in its depth of shadow and welcome and relieving light. And while the nation has far yet to go in its course to reach the intelligence and refinement of a cultivated people, what nation like this, in the history of civilization and

Christianity, ever made so rapid a step from savage life and heathen superstitions to the possession of civic and Christian institutions?

The story of our visit to the Sandwich Islands, however, would be incomplete were these notes in connection with it to be ended here. My private feelings in connection with some who may be pained by the public exposure of transactions which will reflect no honor on some of the foreign residents, and particularly those in authority from the English and French governments, would lead me to pass over in silence the account of the late visit of the French frigate l'Artemise, and transactions connected with it, and the associate action, equally discreditable to the persons concerned, previously to her arrival. But personal feelings are to be sacrificed to the cause of truth, while the high-handed and vicious measures which are now to be noticed, merit, and shall receive, rebuke.

We had heard much in connection with the action of the American missionaries to these islands before our arrival at Honolulu, and were assured that we should hear a great deal more on our arrival; that there had always been a party here opposed to the influence exerted by the American missionaries upon the native population, and that this party was ever ready to repeat stories, and re-affirm them, to the discredit of the mission. But the testimony of all disinterested persons, and the inquiries of all our national ships when touching here, after proper and considerate examination of the state of things as they really exist, and have been conducted, gave unqualified testimony to the happy influence of the mission upon the natives, and acquitted the missionaries *of all just cause of censure.* We were prepared, therefore, to hear much defamation from one quarter, and expected to witness from our own inspection the happy influences of Christian efforts upon a population but lately a savage and heathen people. And by making due allowance for the imperfection of all human institutions, and the slow progress of all barbarous nations from their savage state to civil life, as delineated in all history of the past, we believed we should find evidence of even a remarkable and almost unhoped-for success in the action of the mission.

But we were not prepared to hear, that, by misrepresentations of religious hate and self-interest in contraband merchandise, a French frigate had been secured to visit this port, to redress falsely affirmed insults, and to secure to a French consulate advantages in a nefarious trade. And when the course pursued by the captain of the French frigate, *under the ex parte representations of the French consul*, towards this helpless people; and yet more particularly towards an intelligent, devoted, and most worthy band of Christian and *American* missionaries, was learned, an indignant burst of honorable displeasure expressed itself in the feelings and from the lips of most of the officers of the American squadron.

This French ship *l'Artemise*, as she is called, arrived off the harbor of Honolulu, Thursday, July 9, 1839, about two months previous to our arrival, and her captain addressed the following manifesto (embracing, as will be shown, affirmations contrary to facts in several particulars, and where coincident with facts, in most particulars justifiable on the part of the Sandwich Islands government) to the king of these islands, on the same day of his anchoring.

MANIFESTO,

Addressed to the King of the Sandwich Islands, by Capt. La Place, commanding the French frigate l'Artemise, in the name of his Government.

"His majesty, the king of the French, having commanded me to come to Honolulu in order to put an end, either by force or persuasion, to the ill treatment to which the French have been victims at the Sandwich Islands, I hasten, first, to employ this last means as the most conformable to the political, noble, and liberal system pursued by France against the powerless, hoping thereby that I shall make the principal chiefs of these islands understand how fatal the conduct which they pursue towards her will be to their interests, and perhaps cause disasters to them and to their country, should they be obstinate in their perseverance. Misled by perfidious counsellors; deceived by the excessive indulgence which the French government has extended towards them for several years, they are un-

doubtedly ignorant how potent it is, and that in the world there is not a power which is capable of preventing it from punishing its enemies; otherwise they would have endeavored to merit its favor, or, not to incur its displeasure, as they have done in ill-treating the French. They would have faithfully put into execution the treaties, in place of violating them as soon as the fear disappeared, as well as the ships of war which had caused it, whereby bad intentions had been constrained. In fine, they will comprehend that to persecute the Catholic religion, to tarnish it with the name of idolatry, and to expel, under this absurd pretext, the French from this archipelago, was to offer an insult to France and to its sovereign.

"It is, without doubt, the formal intention of France that the king of the Sandwich Islands be powerful, independent of every foreign power which he considers his ally; but she also demands that he conform to the usages of civilized nations. Now, amongst the latter there is not even one which does not permit in its territory the free toleration of all religions; and yet, at the Sandwich Islands, the French are not allowed publicly the exercise of theirs, while Protestants enjoy therein the most extensive privileges; for these all favors, for those the most cruel persecutions. Such a state of affairs being contrary to the laws of nations, insulting to those of Catholics, can no longer continue, and I am sent o put an end to it. Consequently I demand in the name of my government,

"1st. That the Catholic worship be declared free throughout all the dominions subject to the king of the Sandwich Islands; that the members of this religious faith shall enjoy in them all the privileges granted to Protestants.

"2d. That a site for a Catholic church be given by the government at Honolulu, a port frequented by the French, and that this church be ministered by priests of their nation.

"3d. That all Catholics imprisoned on account of religion since the last persecution extended to the French missionaries, be immediately set at liberty.

"4th. That the king of the Sandwich Islands deposit in the hands of the Captain of the l'Artemise the sum of twenty thousand dollars, as a guarantee of his future conduct towards France, which sum the government wil

restore to him when it shall consider that the accompanying treaty will be faithfully complied with.

"5th. That the treaty signed by the king of the Sandwich Islands, as well as the sum above mentioned, be conveyed on board the frigate l'Artemise by one of the principal chiefs of the country; and also that the batteries of Honolulu do salute the French flag with twenty-one guns, which will be returned by the frigate.

"These are the equitable conditions, at the price of which, the king of the Sandwich Islands shall conserve friendship with France. I am induced to hope, that, understanding better how necessary it is for the prosperity of his people and the preservation of his power, he will remain in peace with the whole world, and hasten to subscribe to them, and thus imitate the laudable example which the queen of Tahiti has given in permitting the free toleration of the Catholic religion in her dominions; but, if contrary to my expectations, it should be otherwise, and the king and the principal chiefs of the Sandwich Islands, led on by bad counsellors, refuse to sign the treaty which I present, war will immediately commence, and all the devastations, all the calamities, which may be the unhappy but necessary results, will be imputed to themselves alone, and they must also pay the losses which the aggrieved foreigners, in these circumstances, shall have a right to reclaim.

"The 10th July, (9th according to date here,) 1839. Captain of the French frigate l'Artemise.

"C. La Place."

At the same time, communications were sent to the American and to the British consul. The following is a translation of the note to the British consul:

Official letter from Captain La Place of the French frigate to the British Consul.

TRANSLATION.

"Monsieur Le Consul,—

"Having been sent by my government to put an end to the ill treatment to which, under the false pretexts of Ca-

tholicity, the French have been subjected for several years in this archipelago, my intention is to commence hostilities the 13th July, (which is the twelfth of your date,) at 12 A. M., against the king of the Sandwich Islands, should he refuse to accede immediately to the just conditions of the treaty presented by me, the clauses of which I explain in the Manifesto of which I have the honor of sending you a copy. Should this chief, contrary to my expectation, persist in his blindness, or to express myself more plainly, to follow the advice of interested counsellors to deceive himself, I will be constrained, in this case, to employ the strong means of force, which I have at my disposition. I consider it my duty to inform you, Monsieur le Consul, that I offer asylum and protection on board the frigate l'Artemise to those of your compatriots who may apprehend danger, under these circumstances, on the part of the natives, either for their persons or property.

"Receive, Monsieur le Consul, the assurance of the very distinguished considerations of your devoted servant,

"Post-captain commanding the ship l'Artemise,

"C. La Place."

If Captain La Place had paused here, however the Americans might have called in question his courtesy, they would not legitimately have complained. But it was not so. He sent a letter similar to the last to the *American* Consul, offering him and some of his fellow citizens protection, with the following additional clause, *excluding others from the offer, and marking them out as the objects* on which his vengeance and arms were to fall, in the event of an attack upon the town.

"I do not, however, include in this class the individuals who, although born, it is said, in the United States, make a part of the Protestant clergy of the chief of this archipelago, direct his councils, influence his conduct, and are the true authors of the insults given by him to France. FOR ME THEY COMPOSE A PART OF THE NATIVE POPULATION, AND MUST UNDERGO THE UNHAPPY CONSEQUENCES OF A WAR WHICH THEY SHALL HAVE BROUGHT ON THIS COUNTRY.'

What is the exhibition of things presented to us here? An armed French ship anchoring within cannon-shot distance of the town of Honolulu, with every means of communicating with a helpless and harmless government, but, without asking for any explanation, presenting ex parte accusations, and making peremptory demands of the surrender of the sovereign's prerogative, the cession of lands, and the deposit of twenty thousand dollars as security for the future obsequious obedience of his Hawaiian majesty, Kammahamaha III., to the king of the French people! Nor is this all—nor is it *one half*. Along those streets of Honolulu, and in full view and reach of the shotted guns of a French ship of war, are a number of interesting families, who, for their intelligence, urbanity, and generous self-devotion to the cause of philanthropy and the Christian religion, would do honor to any Christian and civilized nation, as they have abundantly honored, as *American citizens*, the people of the United States; but now they are denounced, expatriated, proscribed, and pointed out by a French post-captain, as the *specific mark*, in case of hostilities, for the "devastations," "calamities," insults and horrors, threatened by cannonading, and by the landing of a lawless crew from a French man-of-war. *Vive le roi! Vive la belle nation! Vive la France chevaleresque!* Here were *women* and *children* of inoffensive families, comprising the greater part of the female population of the foreign residents, to whom it was the part of a gallant and brave officer to have hastened to offer his *protection*, rather than to commit them to the merciless fortunes of war not only, but, by a written manifesto, to mark them out as the particular objects of displeasure, who are to await the massacre and rapine of an attack which, it is said, the French commander affirmed should be carried "to the knife."

But, it was *American citizens* who were thus denounced, expatriated, proscribed, and threatened. Here, then, the French commander and his consulate adviser have trod on ground that will burn them before they are over it. And what American citizen, looking upon such an insult to the broad seal affixed to the protections of his fellow-citizens abroad, does not rise indignant, and de-

mand that a proper investigation and reparation be made for an indignity done to the citizenship of his nation? And who, without a blush, can read the insulting paragraph, addressed to the American consul by Captain La Place, offering *him* and *some* of his "compatriots" a protection which was withheld from others of his fellow-citizens? The insulting note should have been hurled back with the proud declaration, that he accepted not, and needed not, any protection which was withheld from other American citizens; and that neither they nor himself wished for any other shield than they would find beneath the known folds of their own nation's flag.

It requires that persons should be placed in similar circumstances of the American missionaries, rightly to estimate their feelings, when suddenly appears in the harbor a foreign man-of-war, threatening war to the nation, and offering protection to all *other* foreign residents excepting themselves; and *not only so*, but particularly pointing them out as criminally associated with the government, and the legitimate authors of the insults which the foreign ship came to redress; and declaring that THEY *would be to the invading force as a part of the native population.* The missionaries feared nothing from the native populace—it was the bayonets, the rapine, and the insult of a French crew, with themselves already pointed out as the game to be hunted down, from which they wished protection. And in the hour of their distress, they gathered with their families—wives and children—to the rooms of the repository, and with fasting and prayer asked the protection of heaven for themselves, and the helpless mother and her offspring. Agitated and distressed, away from the strong arm of the nation whose protection, although they bore the scroll of their citizenship with them, they could not now seek—proscribed *in a written document*, and pointed out as the particular objects of vengeance—they offered up their devotion and reassured themselves in the protection of their God. Behold them, citizens of the United States! Has 't come to this, that the sealed protection of your country avails you nothing? Behold the gathered band, who have left far behind them privileges, and friends, and refinement, for a life of benevolent action among a benighted

people, who have learned to appreciate their action, but are a small nation, with their inexperience and lively imaginations depicting to themselves the terrors that may soon await them. The mother looks upon her offspring with the trembling heart of female dependence, and sheds her tears over them as she thinks of the possibility of being left to the mercies of an attacking enemy that has *declared* them to be his foes. See it, American citizens! your fellow compatriots not only, but women and children of families, than whom, in the connections of some of them, America boasts not prouder in antiquity and influence, marked out as objects of insult and massacre for a French crew. Is this to be endured—this to be passed over? No! there is not one of you, in whose bosom the pure blood of American freemen courses, *untainted* in sentiment and alliance with a foreign and popish hierarch, but will kindle at the insult, and ask due reparation for such measures in high disregard of the rights of American citizenship. Let a few examples like this pass unnoticed, and your government parchment and your national bunting shall both become, the one a useless scroll save only to mortify and to disgrace, the other a floating emblem on the breeze, for the taunt rather than for the respect and considerate deference of other nations.

The visit of the French frigate l'Artemise to the Sandwich Islands was an incident of deep interest, in its bearing on the rights of *American* missionaries abroad; and it merits, in connection with the action of Captain La Place and the principles and affirmations embraced in his manifesto, an extended consideration. I have therefore treated at length the high-handed measures enacted at the islands, which, at least, involve in disgrace the French consul, if it touches not the honor of the post-captain. But it will be impossible to condense my manuscript so as to introduce it into these volumes. I shall therefore reserve it for a volume by itself, to follow as a sequel to the Flag Ship It will contain various official papers of the island government, correspondence of Commodore Read, the American consul, and others, and an exposure of the facts in the case—all going to show the false positions assumed in the manifesto, the unjustifiable measures of the French, and a

defence of the missionaries, and an assertion of tneir rights, which will, or which should, exhibit these late transactions to the disgrace of the opposers of the missionary action at the islands, and show that, instead of exposure to the force of a foreign power, to defamation, and to insult, the missionaries merit the protection of their own government, and the approbation and the admiration of all the good, and the world.

"For me," says the post-captain "the missionaries compose a part of the native population." "FOR ME!" Here is proscription, with a vengeance! A French post-captain taking upon himself to identify *American citizens abroad* with the nation towards which he threatens immediate hostilities; and declaring that they are the particular persons who have brought disaster on the people, and shall be given up to the common ravages of a hostile attack. *"For me, they compose a part of the native population!"* Let it be known, to the honor of American female character, at home and abroad, that when hostilities had ceased, and the French commander had signified that he would pay his compliments to the ladies of the mission, if invited, they deemed it beneath the propriety of an American matron to open their society to an officer who had used the language contained in the letter to the American consul. It is said that an English officer boasted to Franklin, at the commencement of the revolution, that, with a thousand men, he would march from Massachusetts Bay to Georgia. "*The women of America would whip you with their broomsticks*," was Franklin's reply. The daughters are not unworthy of their mothers.

But I shall pass from this subject, so far as these volumes are concerned, by simply introducing a document signed by the ward-room officers of our squadron, expressing their sentiments towards the American missionaries, their unlimited confidence in their sincerity, and their admiration of their success. They felt a becoming displeasure towards the parties concerned in furthering the measures of the French consul, and of their own accord gave the missionaries the accompanying paper. It was to head a pamphlet containing other documents, which, together, exhibit in their true light the action of the French at the islands; the

severe and cruel necessity of submission to which the native government was reduced; the entire innocence of the missionaries of the charges brought against them in the manifesto; and the hate and inveteracy of a miserable clique, who have long been the persecutors of these worthy and devoted men and women, whose praise is written in their self-sacrificing, benevolent, and successful action.

"We, the undersigned, officers of the United States East India squadron, having, upon our arrival at this place, heard various rumors in relation and derogatory to the American mission at these islands, feel it to be due, not only to the missionaries themselves, but to the cause of truth and justice, that the most unqualified testimony should be given in the case; and do, therefore, order one thousand copies of the annexed article and correspondence to be printed for gratuitous distribution, as being the most effectual mode of settling this agitated question in the minds of an intelligent and liberal public.

"Being most decidedly of opinion that the persons composing the Protestant mission of these islands are American citizens, and, as such, entitled to the protection which our government has never withheld; and with unwavering confidence in the justice which has ever characterized it, we rest assured that any insult offered to this unoffending class will be promptly redressed.

"It is readily admitted that there may be in the operation of this, as in all other systems in which feeble man has any agency, some objectionable peculiarities; still, as a system, it is deemed comparatively unexceptionable, and believed to have been pursued in strict accordance with the professed principles of the society which it represents; and it would seem that the salutary influence exerted by the mission on the native population, ought to commend it to the confidence and kind feelings of all interested in the dissemination of good principles.

George A. Magruder, Lieutenant.
Andrew H. Foot, Lieutenant.
John W. Turk, Lieutenant.
Thomas Turner, Lieutenant.
James S. Palmer, Lieutenant.

EDWARD R. THOMPSON, Lieutenant.
AUGUSTUS H. KELTY, Lieutenant.
GEORGE B. MINOR, Lieutenant.
JOHN HASLETT, Surgeon of the Feet.
JOHN A. LOCKWOOD, Surgeon.
DANGERFIELD FAUNTLEROY, Purser.
FITCH W. TAYLOR, Chaplain.
ROBERT P. PEGRAM, Master.
JOSEPH BEALE, Assistant Surgeon.
J. HENSHAW BELCHER, Prof. of Mathematics.
ALEXANDER G. PENDLETON, Prof of Math.

"Honolulu, Oahu November 1st, 1839."

The order that all officers should be on board Saturday evening, the second of November, thirty days after our reaching Honolulu Roads, gave to all the assurance that our ships were again to move on their way to our next stopping-place; and that in a few hours more we were to leave the island where we had paused for health, for friendly intercourse, and reciprocated civilities. I had taken leave of a number of friends during the day, and notes of farewell went to others, who will very long be remembered in the many and agreeable associations connected with Honolulu. On Monday morning early, the John Adams was standing out from the inner harbor, with our own ship leading the way from the outer roads, to sea. A few hours more, and the island of Oahu was lost in the distance.

We are assured the visit of the East India squadron will not soon be forgotten at Honolulu, nor throughout the Sandwich Islands; and are happy in the declaration of the missionaries, in a kind farewell note sent to the Commodore, that the ships will bear with them more than the kind wishes of those we are leaving, while they shall be sailing on their course as the receding but remembered objects of their prayers.

SECTION IX

SOCIETY ISLANDS.

Island of Tahiti. Papeéte Bay. Queen Pomare. Captain Cook. Poin Venus. Ride to Mattavai Bay. Tea at Mr. Pritchard's. Sunday ashore Two Sundays come together. The Author addresses the Natives, and the Chiefs respond. The Frigate l'Artemise at the Society Islands. Letter from the English Consul to the Author. Coral Forest. Ships leave the Society Islands.

After a passage of thirty-one days, we reached the harbor of Papeéte, island of Tahiti, without incident of sufficient interest for record, save the crossing, for the third time, the equator. It was a fair night, November the twenty-seventh, and in longitude 141° W. We had been previously beating to the windward, to make our easting, and experienced much rainy weather. But this was all now left behind us, as our ship was standing south with a fine breeze and clear sky, and the band giving forth its mellow strains as the beautiful Columbia was waltzing, in grace and symmetry, across the line. Still getting easting, in a few days we made one of the Marquesan islands, and thence took our departure southwesterly for Tahiti. The last three days was a fine run, and the "Queen of the Pacific," as this green isle of the ocean has been called, rose to our view, when we were still leagues at sea. We approached it from the northeast, passing Point Venus; and gaining a pilot at the report of our gun off the Bay of Papeéte, stood in through the narrow and fearful pass, for a frigate, to the coral in-hemmed basin, on whose still bosom the Columbia is now peacefully lying.

The ship having passed through the narrow break in the reef, which forms the pass to the harbor, now rests at her anchor near in to the shore, in deep water, with numbers of coral islets rising in different parts of the basin so as to appear on the surface at low water; while the outer reef, with the exception of the narrow break, sweeps its

circular wall of protection, over which the foam breaks in its beautiful line of white, like a bead of nature's fillagree work, inlaying its narrow silver line either way, on the blue field of the deep.

The present queen, Pomare, sovereign of the Society Islands, is residing some twenty or thirty miles from Papeéte. The late visit of the French frigate l'Artemise has made her alarmed at the approach of men-of-war, and it is said that those in authority of our own nation—the present and the ex-consul—have used language to her majesty that has made her apprehend danger from the visit of our squadron. But whatever may have been the representations of these functionaries to the department at home, the United States government has not thought it fit to specify any grievances to be redressed by the arm of power. The particular and the only object that called our squadron to these islands, was, besides the showing of a naval force in these seas, to inquire into the assault made upon the persons of the late American consul and his wife, with the intent to murder and of robbery, by ruffians, who were to be dealt with as the circumstances of the case in evidence should require.

The name of the lamented and gifted Cook will always be associated with the islands of these seas, and most particularly with the Sandwich and the Society Islands, the first as being their discoverer, and the spot where his life was so abruptly terminated; and the Society Islands, as the point of his visits and scientific observations. It was at Point Venus, seven miles from our anchorage, where Captain Cook fixed his tent on shore for the purpose of making his observations on the transit of Venus in 1769. The point derives its name from this circumstance. A beautiful ride and the residence of a missionary family at the spot, with its many associations of interest, induced me to accept the proffer of a horse from the English consul and the company of Mr. Johnson for a visit to this point. The road is an embowered way nearly its length, save where it leads directly along the beach in view of the tumbling surf, which curls its lip along every identation of the several bays, and gives forth a voice of thunder as it rolls upon the beach. This magnificent display of

the high surf where it comes in from the sea uninterrupted by the reefs, and first breaks upon the beach, is of itself a grand phenomenon that can never cease to interest the eye and the ear, for its mingled beauty and grandeur.

The bread-fruit tree was everywhere abundant on our way, and the yellow limes lay thick beneath many a luxuriant tree, like the apples of the north that have strewed the orchard where they have ripened with the later days of summer and the earliest sear of autumn. The green orange-trees were clustered with bunches of the magnificent fruit in endless quantities; and the guavas, in their wild and rapid spread, are taking possession of the island; all presenting a supply of food for these islands, with their native cocoa-nut, that will always keep them an indolent people. They have but to raise their hands and pick their food from the trees that wave above their heads, and live and be happy, so long as life has no further charm to them than eating and drinking, and sleeping, and sleeping again and waking and eating and drinking.

Point Venus forms one horn of Mattavai bay, into which many vessels enter instead of Papeéte bay, where our ship is anchored. The U. S. exploring squadron were anchored there but a few months since, on their first reaching the island, and Commodore Wilks (for so the young commander is styled, and with a pennant at his main is rightly so addressed) pitched his tent for observation on the same spot where Cook seventy years ago raised his. And here lay the Bounty, whose story is one of romance, and originating the poem of the "Island," from Byron's pen. The visit of the exploring squadron to this island is spoken favorably of by the missionary families. Commodore Wilks, Captain Hudson and officers inspected the schools, and presents were distributed to the children and native teachers. The ships, after spending a short time at Mattavai bay, anchored where our own ships are moored, as the more convenient and safe harbor.

We dined with the Rev. Mr. Wilson and family.

Our ride back from Point Venus, was alike pleasant along the embowered road of the ever resounding beach, passing the mausoleum of the ruling family, containing the bodies of the Pomares; and amused at times by witnessing

the young Tahitians, whose element is the water, diving beneath the surf as it rolled its immense swell above their heads, and broke in foam and thunder on the shore.

I took tea with the Rev. Mr. Pritchard, who has the appointment of British consul at these islands, and has been long situated at Tahiti. Mrs. P. and Mrs. Joseph the wife of the lately arrived missionary who is to occupy the field at this place, are the only two European ladies resident at Papeéte whom I have met. There is no society here; and but little of interest, save the luxuriant display of nature in the vegetable productions of the island. And these are not numerous, so far as the trees of the plain are concerned. The bread-fruit tree, the guava, lime, orange, and banana, and a Chilian plum, a magnificent tree with the grandeur of a forest mammoth, are nearly all the variety that meets the eye. These are all the natives need, with the assistance of the taro and an indifferent sweet potato and a mountain plantain. These trees bearing the year around, serve to yield the necessaries of life to the indolent population.

The natives are of a fairer complexion than the Sandwich Islanders, and some of them have interest of expression in their features. But they have generally (the women) the high cheek bone and the flat nose and moon face of the American Indian.

TWO SUNDAYS COME TOGETHER.

On Saturday the 13th I went ashore, to attend the religious services in the native church, and also, at a later hour, at the seamen's chapel. It was the Sabbath at the islands, their time differing from ours by one day, in consequence of the missionaries not changing their reckoning, as they should have done, on crossing the meridian of 180°, having made their passage to these islands by the way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Indies, like ourselves.

The usual services on board the Columbia, the succeeding day, exhibited this dissonance more strikingly than it would otherwise have struck us. On their Sunday, the preceding day, I addressed the natives, through the Rev.

Mr. Pritchard, as interpreter. When I had finished my talk, a chief arose in his place and begged Mr. P. to interpret his reply. My address, he said, he would wish me to know was entirely understood, although I had spoken in English, as it had been interpreted, sentence by sentence. One illustration only (which was afterwards explained) he had not fully comprehended. He had come down to the church this morning not with the expectation of hearing this speech, but he was glad that it had so happened. They were glad to learn, as they had now been told, that the religion which they had embraced was the same as that of the English and the American people, and which the American missionaries had borne to the Sandwich Islands, as the English missionaries did to Tahiti. He knew not, the chief continued, how it was with the rest, or rather he could not answer for them in connection with one part of my speech, where I urged them to "hold on to the religion they professed;" but for one he would say that it was his determination to do so. He believed in the sincerity of our friendly visit, so different from some they had lately received.

The manner of this chief was very easy, and his appearance, dressed in European style, was not different from that of a Spaniard or Portuguese, in his summer dress of thin white.

Another chief rose, with assurances that all feelings of kindness for their religious welfare were reciprocated to the stranger, and that their prayers would be given for me. Indeed they prayed for all *clergymen*, he said, that they may be prospered in their labors, except Romish priests—they could not pray that *their* labors might be prospered. This was said with great gravity, in connection with the action of the Catholic priests and the French man-of-war at these islands. No particular reference had been made to Romanism in the address that had been delivered by myself.

Others spoke; and the scene was entirely unique and unexpected, not only to myself, but I believe to Mr. P. also, as he seemed to have been taken by surprise. But the greater interest was added to the meeting from this spontaneous burst of feeling from the chiefs, in which the

other natives of the congregation sympathized, to the occasional audible expression of their interest, as the speaking proceeded, in their rejoinders.

It is not within my purpose to extend my descriptions in connection with the Society Islands, or reflections upon measures lately pursued here. The islanders have been forced, as at the Sandwich Islands, into a treaty with the French, in connection with the Roman Catholic religion, which was made in view of threatened war and conflagration, giving the natives no alternative but to accept the conditions proposed. There is one particular, however, that must strike the *American*. No public exception was made, so far as I know, to the action of the *English* missionaries here, notwithstanding it is known, and not pretended to be concealed, that the *English* missionaries have advised the native government, and accepted judicial appointments under it. Why is this? Did France feel that it was a more delicate subject for her to meddle with Englishmen than with Americans; and when, too, there was positive and acknowledged proof in the action of the English, and none, either acknowledged or in fact existing, in the case of the American missionaries? The course of the two missions, in their policy, has been different—the American missionaries carefully abstaining from interfering with the acts of the native government, according to their orders from the Board of missions at home—and the English missionaries, on the contrary, making it a point openly to use their influence with the powers that are. We leave the American citizen and the American government to draw their conclusions on this subject, and content ourselves by quoting the following communication of H. B. M. Consul Mr. Pritchard, already several times mentioned, and well known for his long residence at Tahiti, and for the energetic action in his Christian efforts in behalf of these people.

"Tahiti, December 20, 1839.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—

"I hereby send you a copy of the letter sent by Du Petit Thours, Commodore of the French frigate Venus, to Pomare, Queen of Tahiti. Also a copy of the treaty

formed between A. Du Petit Thours, on the part of the French government, and Queen Pomare. The requisitions contained in the letter were fulfilled. As the natives were not able to raise the money demanded, a few of us foreigners united, and paid the sum of $2000.

"At the time the treaty was formed a public meeting was held in the large church. At this meeting the native authorities stated that they were willing to receive Frenchmen, and to treat them well; but suppose French priests should come—were they, the authorities, obliged to allow them to teach the Roman Catholic religion? The Commodore, A. Du Petit Thours, replied, No; if they did not wish the Roman Catholic religion to be taught in Queen Pomare's dominions, they might enact a law to that effect. Some little time after, when the Legislature met, they enacted a law, prohibiting all except the Protestant religion being taught in Queen Pomare's dominions.

"In a few months after this, the Artemise, Captain La Place, came. I was from home at this time, but since my return I have been informed that the frigate struck upon a rock on the north side of Tahiti, when, had it not been for the timely assistance of the natives, the vessel would have been lost. She was thoroughly repaired at Tahiti. The Frenchmen were allowed to cut down timber whereever they pleased, by paying the owner of the land a certain sum for each tree. About four hundred natives were employed for some weeks, pumping, who received *twenty-five cents for twenty-four hours' labor.*

"After the Artemise had been repaired, and was all ready for sea, the Frenchmen put themselves in a most hostile position. The first thing demanded was, that the law in reference to the Roman Catholic religion be abrogated. If the Tahitian government would not agree to this, two hundred and fifty men, armed, were to be landed, who would first set fire to the Protestant church, then the queen's house, afterwards the houses of the chiefs and common people, and thus destroy the town. The poor Tahitians were frightened into a compliance. The law was abrogated. They then insisted upon having a Roman Catholic chapel built at this station, professedly for the benefit of French seamen calling at this port. This

demand was accompanied with the same threats. At length it was agreed that they should have a chapel, but that service should be performed in the French language only. This being settled, they then insisted upon having a Roman Catholic chapel at every station wherever there was a Protestant one, and the service performed in the Tahitian language. Their threats were such as led the natives to believe that there was no alternative; that they must agree to all demands made by Captain La Place, or commence hostilities with a powerful nation, against which they are not able to stand. Thus the French obtained all they desired, and went away exulting in what they had accomplished among the poor helpless natives.

"We are now daily expecting Roman Catholic priests to enter in among us and sow the seeds of discord in this field of missionary labor, which probably may terminate in a civil war.

"I cannot now enlarge. Wishing you the best of blessings,

"I remain, very affectionately yours,

"G. PRITCHARD.

"To the Rev. Fitch W. Taylor, Chaplain U. S. Frigate Columbia."

CORAL FORESTS.

I know not that Mrs. Stickney, in her Poetry of Nature, or Mr. Montgomery, in his descriptions of things which are poetical, has made mention of the coral forests of the sea. There is not in nature a grouping of forms and blending of colors more beautiful and gorgeous than is presented in the fantastic variety of a coral field in the deep. These islands of the Pacific are hemmed around by one line of coral reef, broken here and there so as to form inlets into the quiet basins, which constitute the harbors of the islands.

The sheet of water on which we are moored being perfectly calm, I jumped into a canoe paddled by a single native, and told him to shoot the fragile thing towards the outer reef, over which the breakers were tumbling so as to leave their beautiful line of white, ever seen, dividing the waters of the blue deep without from the deep waters

of the basin within. We came to the shoaling water of one of the coral islets, whose submarine formation had neared the surface of the basin. It was a beautiful sight as I looked down to the submerged forests below, over which the canoe rested without rippling the surface of the still water, through which the eye gazed to the coral groves below. And you might fancy them whatever you chose—forests, grottoes—castle halls, with red rooms and green rooms—and all a gorgeous scene of beautiful grouping and coloring. Here were fields of branching ferns in all their beautiful regularity of frond—and here, the matted folia of more irregular shrub—and here, the mushroom, with its radia converging to their common centre, and bounded at their diverging extremes by a common curved line, and laying their oval and circular forms among the shrub, or vine, or stem, or leaf, wherever there seemed a vacancy, like a rose in the filling up of a piece of carved fret-work, in ornamental architecture. And here again branched off, in heavier proportions, the resemblances of the cactus or prickly pear; and then, still higher, rise the antlers of leafless but spotless alabaster boughs of a wider forest, overtopping the ferns and lower shrubbery. And then, the colors and the grouping! Here was the delicate pink, that seemed to blush at its own consciousness of loveliness; and there the circular group fringed with purple; and again, a deep hall of azure; and the cactus arrayed in green, with its edges lightening to a brilliant fringe of gold. Beautiful residences and forest-rambles for the Peri of the deep! My Tahitian, without remorse of conscience, committed sacrilege upon these golden, and azure, and sapphire halls, as he invaded the submarine forests and replenished the canoe with specimens of the different-colored sea gems for my pleasure.

We glided over to the Queen's Island, the little islet studding the coral flat; and securing from its solitary resident a variety of curious shells, were again returning to the shore before the bay became sufficiently disturbed to roll its mimic billows over the side of the canoe.

The wind being fair on the 19th of December, and deemed sufficiently fresh to take the ships from the harbor through the narrow opening in the reef, to sea, a signal to

the Adams was made for her to get under way—the pilot being on board of her, and directed to return for the frigate after the Adams had been taken through the reef. The beautiful corvette let fall her sails and was away, fearlessly standing out through the pass, with the breakers foaming on either bow, and apparently nearly tumbling into her fore-chains, so closely do the ships stand to the edge of the abruptly broken reef, whose extreme points nearly meeting leave their position distinctly marked by the cessation of the white line of the breakers, which loses itself in the deep water of the narrow pass. The topsails of the Adams were soon aback, awaiting for our own movements; but before the pilot was aboard the frigate, the wind had fallen again, and as our sails, which had been loosened, were furled, the Adams filled away and stood to sea for the night. The next morning a sail was seen in the distance, and ere long the full outline of our consort was made out, as she stood on and off until another day passed; and the wind still failing to offer an opportunity for our getting to sea, the Adams again sought her safety from a coral-bound shore for the night, in the far offing.

The day had been mild, and hardly a handful of wind had been poured over the unrippled bay on which we were lying; and all expectation of putting to sea during the afternoon had again ceased. But the still day had been favorable for Pomare, the queen, to make her passage along within the reef, from the direction of Point Venus, where it was supposed she might have spent the preceding night; and at four o'clock a line of whale-boats were seen standing from that direction, and soon passed near the stern of the Columbia. They bore her majesty, with her train.

The experience we already had of the last two days, showed the possibility of a longer detention than was desired, and the propriety of securing the first wind that should offer for getting to sea. The Commodore, therefore, made a call upon her majesty, the same afternoon of her arrival, and repeated, in person, the substance of communications which had been left for her.

The next morning a breeze from the land, before the sun had looked over the hills of Tahiti, called forth the

summons of "all hands to get under way;" and in safety, and with a welcome that spoke still stronger than ever of our nearing our yet distant home, we were again at sea. A few hours more of light and of sailing from this Island-Queen of the South Seas, and the Adams had come down to us. Together we are now standing on our course, to the west coast of South America.

SECTION X.

SOUTH AMERICA.

VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO.

Land Ho! South American coast. The sick at sea. Harbor of Valparaiso. Letters from home. Dine with the American Consul. Christening of his babe. Meet Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey and others. Preach at the private chapel, where the Protestants worship. An analogy. Santiago. Great altar in the cathedral. The Señora Carmen Bargas de Alexandri. Tertulia. Mass at the cathedral. Calls on different persons at Santiago. The President, Joaquin Priéto. American Charge d'Affaires. Return to Valparaiso. Dine with Admiral Ross. Farewell leave of the American families. Getting under way, and—away.

"Land Ho!" was cried from the top yesterday, January 21, 1840; and we are to-day standing along the coast of South America, having made our run from the Society Islands in the unusually short passage of twenty-nine days from land to land. We only wait a breeze to put us into the harbor of Valparaiso, being a few miles south of the city. The outline of the coast lies distinctly before us, high land elevating itself in the interior, but less abrupt in its distant appearance than the islands among which we had been sailing in the Pacific. And this is the long expected west coast of South America. And how many, how full, how thrilling are the more than ten thousand associations which rush to the mind! How one re-lives over the first days of his existence, as he gazes for the first time on lands and on seas, about which he has read but before

has never seen! He calls back all the feelings of romance and adventurous longing with which he read, in his young days, the stories of travel, heroism, chivalry, war, bloodshed, tyranny, benevolence, adventurers singly and in armies, the establishment and the overthrow of empires. It makes one's life more than a double one. Pizarro, Montezuma, mines of silver and gold and other ores, and Indian toils, and Mexican and Peruvian wealth, are all words which have originated ideas in our young days, and served in their future combinations of the mind, in its imaginings and analyses, to form the thinking and feeling being that constitutes one's particular self.

THE SICK AND THE CHAPLAIN.

One of the sick men I visited this morning I found yet more unwell. I had marked him often on the upper-deck, and was always struck by the soft and subdued tone of his voice. He was in the sick-bay this morning, and I supposed he was improving. "How are you, Mathews?" I asked kindly, as I had often before spoken to him. "Your cot being moved, I supposed you had gone to take a walk."

"I am very unwell, sir," he replied, in a plaintive tone, as he placed his hand upon his side, indicating the point of his pain. "I cannot move, sir. I wish God would be pleased to take me out of this world, sir; but I have been so sinful, sir." And here the young sailor put the back of his hand to his face, to wipe away the tears that flowed successively down his cheek.

I could hardly restrain my own tears as I marked his sunken spirits, and his tone of voice so mild and suppressed, while I sat beside him and continued my conversation.

The Saviour, I assured him, came to save sinners, not those who deemed themselves righteous. It was the broken heart he asked. He showed his love towards us, in this, that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. He willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that all should come to repentance. I doubted not but that he had been very sinful; but it was well if he so felt it, and a consciousness of it had brought him to feel that he had nothing to recommend him to the favor of his God, and that he need-

ed his pardon. I endeavored to guide his mind, while he continued to weep. And as I asked of his education, I learned, as is usually the case where these feelings are found, that his "mother used to read good books and had talked to him of religion." And that mother, I thought—whatever might be her situation in life—was yet a mother with a mother's feelings; and what would be the swellings of her bosom could she look upon her dying son!

I returned to my room and wept over the scene of the sadness and stricken spirit of this young man, so humble, so mild, so indescribably gentle in the expression of his voice, and penitent in the appreciation of his own character and unworthiness. How unlike another to whom I had spoken but a moment before, who said he had long been suffering, and wished he was out of the world! I asked what he considered would be his situation were he at once removed, according to his expressed wish? "It could not be much worse, sir, anyhow," he replied, with as much grumness of voice as the technical deference of the ship service would allow. But, I continued, if your suffering here for so short a time is so distressing, how painful would it be if that suffering were to continue for ever! And if you would wish to be relieved from your present suffering, should you not strive, by a proper preparation to leave this life, to be for ever free from that which will pain and render unhappy?

The scenes often presented to the chaplain on board a man-of-war are peculiar, and frequently they are feeling beyond description. It must be so, where there are congregated among the crew so many whose lives have been reckless and immoral, and yet in their early days instructed in the principles of a Christian education. I have been sent for by one who had declared himself an atheist, and endeavored to spread his opinions among his messmates, but on his dying cot desired to make a public declaration of his folly. His forced convictions would not serve him, he said, to die by, and he renounced them, and warned others against a like folly of his own. It is to the chaplain many a poor tar confides his last words, and tells, as a relief to his own spirit, the incidents that led him from the parental roof. "My father once struck me," said a young

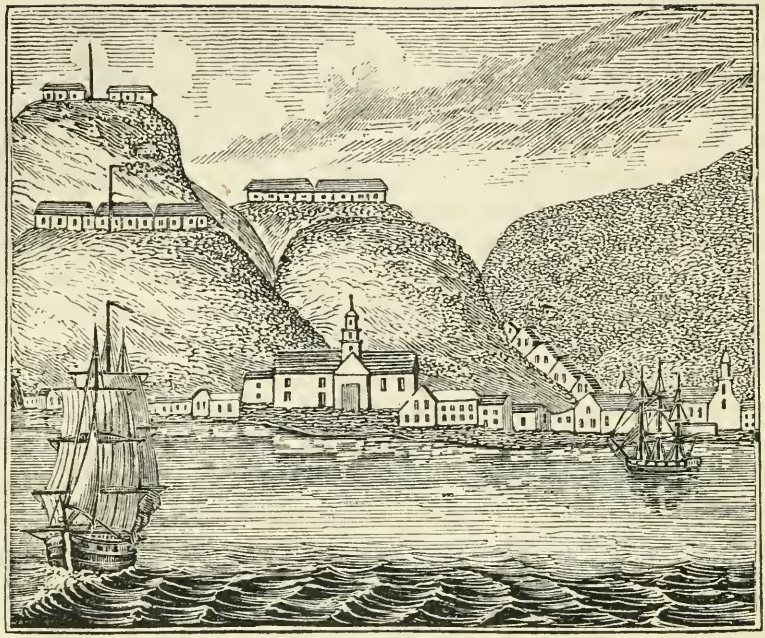
man who first opened his feelings to me, as the tears involuntarily traced their way down his cheeks, after I had expressed my sympathy for his situation; "I could not brook it—my spirit was too haughty—and I left home for ever. But I would desire that they might hear from me." I assured him that I would write, as he gave me their address, a family in creditable circumstances of connection and property. "I must die," he continued, after he had made known all his wishes to me, and confided in my promise to communicate with his family; "but now I can die more willingly." He was a sensible man, and I trust possessed at this hour the proper frame of mind for a being hourly expecting to leave this for another world.

These are but a few of the many cases which have presented themselves in the sad mortality, which, at one time, attended our crew. "I have sinned with an uplifted hand and an outstretched arm," said another, "but it is too late to remedy the past, and I can only supplicate my God to forgive." I may never forget the prayers that this man offered as I stood beside his dying hammock. His personal appearance, when in health, had attracted my interest for his fine proportions and enviable figure. He died, leaving a message for his wife, who constituted all his family.

I have reason to believe that the presence of a chaplain is always appreciated by the crew of a man-of-war. They feel that they can speak to him as they cannot to a watch-officer. And his Christian sympathies are often appealed to in his rounds among the sick, and other intercourse with the men, when it can be known only to himself; and the longest sea-going tar, whatever may have been his course, feels it to be a consolation in his last hours to know, that the service shall be performed, in decency and solemnity, by the chaplain over his remains, at their interment, on land or in the deep.

HARBOR OF VALPARAISO.

The frigate's eight o'clock gun has been fired, and we are at anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso. The music from different ships of war, from three of the most power-



VALPARAISO.

ful nations of the globe, is now hushed, and the bay sleeps again in its stillness. A long bank of dark hills throw their deep shade upon the water, as they sweep their crescent battlement around the bay; and here and there the lights of the shore and from the inner shipping gleam sparklingly, while the stars in the heavens twinkle from a pure and deep sky, as the moon yet lingers behind the high Cordilleras. The whole scene emblems forth much of the varied feelings which swell different hearts on board our ship to-night, after the perusal of the hundreds of letters which were awaiting us at this port. Joy, grief, delight, sadness, affectionate solicitudes answered, and fearful apprehensions confirmed, bright hopes realized, dreams of happy intelligence more than insured, all vary the mingled emotions, which to-night hold many hearts in alternate happiness and sorrow. Some have heard of the death of fathers—one, of a child—some, of brothers—others, of other kindred and friends. Marriages, joyous incidents, and happy intelligence crowd the letters of others. Here are things that

wake music mingled of the heart, as it breathes forth from the line of joyous narrative, or swells in the Æolian strain of plaintive intelligence, or lingers in the slow elegiac over the memory of departed friends. A year has passed since our last intelligence from home. My own letters contain the mention of thirteen deaths of acquaintances and friends. What a world of change is this! But we would learn even the worst, and end our suspense. And there will ever be mingled, in all the circumstances of this existence, the shade with the sunshine; and the aching heart is never far away from the outgushings of the most unalloyed enjoyment.

The day succeeding our arrival at Valparaiso, I dined with our consul, George G. Hobson, Esq., and his estimable family. Their residence, with the other American families, is delightfully situated on one of the hills immediately overlooking the town, and commanding a full view of the bay and its shipping, with the wide ocean extending further out and bounding the distant horizon. The promenade in front of the low cottage-formed houses is like a quarter-deck, extending in length some two or three hundred rods and three or four wide. The houses are constructed with reference to earthquakes, not unfrequently occurring here, though of late years unattended by the catastrophes of earlier times. There are ruins of buildings yet to be seen in the town, which have crumbled beneath the unrest of these trembling regions.

Mrs. H. is an interesting lady from Maryland, and blessed with a charming little group of daughters and one sweet babe, who is their only and cherished boy. I record his name in full here, and with interest, as a lovely child, whom I baptized on the succeeding Sunday. May kind blessings always attend the path of this same smiling little George Hobson. I met at Mr. Hobson's, at the christening of his infant son, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey, who occupy an adjacent building of the same cluster of houses. Mrs. C. was a Miss A., of Middletown, Connecticut, and claims for the young ladies of her native town a pre-eminence in beauty, a particular, from which I was far from dissenting, having had an opportunity, from personal observation, to confirm the correctness of her estimate and taste. Two English

young ladies were present, and several American and English gentlemen.

I had preached in the Protestant chapel in the morning, which is fitted up in very good style, and, by sufferance, allowed to exist *as a private building* in outward appearance, being joined to a private dwelling as a part of it. The government of the city say that they will not interfere, so long as there shall exist no appearance externally of a Protestant house of worship, though I have been informed that an order from the ecclesiastical authority at Santiago has been received at Valparaiso to have the doors of this building closed, and the congregation suppressed. The reply of the governor was, that *he* should not put the order into execution; if required, however, to do it, he should hand in his resignation. That every precaution on the part of the Protestant community is adopted to enable them to retain their little place of worship, may be inferred from the circumstance of my proposing to wear my gown from the consulate to the room fitted up as the chapel; and it was suggested, for the reasons already alluded to, that it might be as well for the servant to take it, though a short distance, to the chapel. What a pity that the Protestant frigate now in the harbor of Valparaiso should not send ashore a manifesto to this Catholic community, demanding a site for the building of a Protestant chapel and the free and open worship of the Protestant faith, or else, as the alternative, to fire upon their town. And more—suppose the American frigate should proscribe the Catholic *Frenchmen* in Valparaiso as identified with the religion of the government, and without proof affirm that they sanctioned the Catholic illiberality towards the Protestants, and in case of hostilities, assure them that they should receive no quarters, but meet the fate intended for the enemies of Protestant America. We run not further the parallel for the reader of the action of the l'Artemise at the Sandwich Islands. But we do call upon the sensitive and sensible Frenchmen *to disown the conduct of Captain La Place and the French consul at the Sandwich Islands.* And we do further call upon the government of the United States to look at the transactions of the l'Artemise at the Sandwich Islands, in the light in which the present state of things in this Catholic

republic presents them, and to express its feelings in all charity and justice for a Protestant cause, and rights of American citizens abroad.

SANTIAGO.

Santiago, the capital of the republic of Chili, is some nnety miles in the interior from Valparaiso. A visit to the capital we were assured would more than repay for the necessary exertion which it would cost us to reach it—the scenery on the way presenting some of the grandest mountain views, and Santiago itself possessing the best Chilian society. We therefore determined to take the earliest moment for making the excursion ; and on the Tuesday after our arrival at Valparaiso were on our way over the Cordilleras to the elevated city, in a something of an I-don't-know-what-d'ye-call-it, mostly resembling a stout country gig, accommodating two passengers in its ample proportions of width, having one horse in its shafts, and two others, one on each side with his postillion, attached by hide ropes, leading from the cross-piece of the gig to the girth of the rider. Thus, with three horses abreast, and twice three ahead ready to be lassoed for a like convenience when the others were tired, we advanced on our course from Valparaiso of the sea-coast to the city of Santiago on the elevated plains in the interior.

We accomplished half the journey after twelve o'clock the first day, and reached Santiago in time for dinner the next. We crossed two ranges of mountains, or spurs of the Andes, by ascending a mountain road which would be deemed almost impracticable in a land where horse-flesh is of much value; but here, where a very respectable draw-horse may be purchased for a doubloon, we accomplished the zig-zag pathway, if not like a streak of lightning, which the track would resemble if delineated on canvass, we yet made the ascent every way comfortably to ourselves, save the dust that enveloped us in a cloud ; and descended again to the speed of a full spring, to the great excitement of weak nerves, lest the suddenness of the turns should prove our destruction, by our being precipitated, volante, horses, horsemen and all, down a thousand feet, before the

horses could be checked, and bent to the winding path. But the Spanish bit, that terrible thing for a horse's mouth, enabled the postillion always to check the animals on the brink of the precipice, and to guide them at his pleasure, rendering our descent of the Cordilleras at full speed as safe, while the harness proved true, as our passage over the plains. Santiago is said to be more than a thousand feet above the level of the ocean; and beyond it rise the snow-capped Andes, which, at the last pass of the Cordilleras, burst in full view upon the gaze of the traveller, before he descends to the extensive plain between the two on which the capital is situated. To us, who have been so long cruising within the tropics, and looking at the ever green hill-side, and mountains covered with fadeless foliage, the view of our old acquaintance in those piles of snow had nothing in it to chill, but every thing to delight. It carried us back immediately, in our home associations, to the winter-scenes of our own northern land, and made us think how gladly we would once again welcome the sight of a northeast snow-storm.

We entered the city through a double range of mud houses, low and apparently crammed with many occupants, presenting, as the suburbs of all cities do, little of interest and much one would choose to avoid. Among the many faces, however, which gazed at the caballéros as they passed, a beautiful young woman, with her neck and arms naked, seemed luxuriating in the zephyrs that had just begun to move at this early hour after the greater heat of the day. Our postillion guided our establishment by some creditable ranges of buildings into the Plaza, and in a few moments more we were at halt, in front of the Fonda Inglésa. The spurs of the postillion upon the pebbled pavements of the court of the hotel, as he dismounted, sounded like the clanking of some yards of iron chain-cable, while the elongated proportions of his spurs resembled the arms of two capacious wind-mills. Mine host of the Fonda soon accommodated us with comfortable rooms; and an equally comfortable warm-bath, after our dusty but interesting ride, made us in good humor with all the world again.

Four o'clock was the time for dining, and we had hit

upon the hour quite apropos with a spare interim of forty-five minutes for bathing and the toilet.

Two officers of the squadron (Dr. Hazlett and Lieut. Turner) had preceded us; and as we entered the dining hall we found them with fork, *con carnéro balanceandò*, which they readily dropped to give us welcome for old acquaintance' sake.

The next morning we called on the American chargé d'affaires, Richard Pollard, Esq., to whom our considerate friend, the American consul at Valparaiso, gave us letters, and we at once found in Mr. P. a friend, ready in every way in his power to contribute to the pleasure of our stay at Santiago.

In the morning we promenaded, marked the localities of the city, gazed, as strangers without impoliteness may gaze, on the passing citizens, señores, señoras, señoritas, padres in white, and padres in black. One of these padres, in his white robes, at a point where the inside of the walk by accident had become disputed and the wall side was tendered to him, declined it with so much native politeness and grace, as he raised his broad-brimmed hat and added, "No Señor, pase usted," that it caused me to feel kindly towards all his fraternity, during my whole stay at Santiago. At sunset we walked on the Alameda, a beautiful promenade, bordered on either side with a double row of poplars, and extending a half mile or more in length, with stone settees occupying either side of the main walk nearly its whole length, as an acceptable lounge to those who prefer sitting and chatting to chatting and walking. Here the elite gather at the late hour of the day, and the mob or populace, soldiers, priests, merchants, lovers and the loved, and whomever it pleaseth. Children are sent out with their nurses, and friend expects to meet friend. It is an interesting spectacle, presented here. We have not seen it in its greatest interest, as many of the first families, we learn, are out of town, at their quintas, at this time of the year; others at Valparaiso and other points for sea bathing. But many families of interest are still in town; here we have seen several pretty native Chilenas passing, in dress for their evening walk, without bonnet, with their fine suits of hair arranged with care and tastefully.

At night, after nine o'clock, we were introduced to the family of General Lastra. His lady is la Señora Carmen Izquierdo, called, after the Spanish custom of the country, la Carmen Izquierdo de Lastra. The General is absent on duty. The pretty daughters whom we saw were the Señoritas Cardina, Carmen, and Rosa. The eldest reminded me of a young friend I had left in the United States. There was the same oval and white brow, long lashes and delicately pencilled eyebrow, and deeply speaking blue eye; with a nose not truly Grecian, but yet more expressive for its variation, and characteristic of its interesting possessor. It seemed amusement for the party to compare Spanish words with English; and though I professed not to speak the Spanish language, I yet could well admire a beautiful Spanish woman. So I assured the young Chilena, in great sincerity, as much perhaps on account of her resemblance to my North American friend, as for the personal attractions of my Chilian acquaintance herself. I am sure I shall not forget the peculiar intonations with which she pronounced "Si Señor," "No Señor." The Spanish language on the lip of a Chilian lady is indescribably sweet. But more of this elsewhere. La Señora Carmen Izquierdo de Lastra spoke of the North Americans who had visited Santiago, and thought the North American women very beautiful. She remembered Mrs. A. and sister. The evening was spent very agreeably, though none of the family spoke English. Las Señoritas Carmen and Rosa, sisters of Carolina, were sprightly, the one with ringlets in the neck, the other with a golden fillet, confining the hair, smoothly and plainly parted on the brow. We left at twelve o'clock, receiving the assurances of Mrs. Lastra, that as we had now formed the acquaintance, her house was always open to us, whenever it should be convenient for us to call.

THE CATHEDRAL AT SANTIAGO.

The next morning I rose early for matins, being desirous of visiting the cathedral, which is deemed the finest church edifice of Santiago.

Besides the twenty altars decorating the sides of this

extensive building, is the main altar located centrally, nearly at the further end of the building, and on an elevated platform, to which you ascend in front and on two sides by flights of steps. This central altar is the most gorgeous one in the building. The front is of massive silver; rather it is a heavy plate of chase-work with groups of figures in relievo, being some four feet in height by ten to fifteen in length. The massive candlesticks are of similar materials; and the different furniture, usual for the altar, is of the same costly and rich article. Above this, rises a doric canopy of eight columns, supporting a dome, the pillars being an imitation of marble, and the different parts of the canopy in proper proportion, exhibiting the beautiful harmony, though on a small scale, of Grecian architecture. Within this canopy rises the top of a central pillar, with its capital, so constructed as to rise or fall at pleasure; and on this capital rests a plated globe several feet in dimensions. Still behind it, on the same level, is the orchestra.

As I stood in front of this altar, on a succeeding day, when a polite priest had gone with me through the building, and showed me its inner rooms, the richly laced dresses, and silver and golden utensils for the altar and the procession, as well as its public halls, I could well imagine the effect capable of being produced upon the worshippers, whose imagination and devotion harmonized with the display of the scene before them. Imagine the full choir, chanting high mass—a hundred priests* in their rich and varied canonicals—the recitative of their sonorous and full voices, when, for a moment, the music ceases, and the cloud of incense rises and rolls in evolving perfume and fragrance from the silver censer—again the full chorus fills the cloister, rolling from arch to arch, from recess to recess, from dome to pavement, when all is stilled again in the hush of death, as the priest is about to elevate the host. The low tinkling of a single bell is now heard throughout the vast building, and all prostrate themselves upon their knees, while the pillar that supports the

* It is said there are fifteen hundred priests in Santiago, of three different orders.

plated globe is seen suddenly to settle, leaving the globe suspended apparently in mid-air; but now it is seen to begin to spread itself longitudinally; and now, the lower parts of the meridians curve outward and yet more expand, until the whole, opening, spreads itself as a spacious cerulean heaven, studded with stars, on which a row of lighted tapers throw their sparkling light. And there, upon this column, in a golden vase, stands the eucharist. All behold, bow, and worship!

I saw not this gilded globe open even on the succeeding Sunday, which was a feast of great interest in the church; but the priest, already alluded to, exhibited for my pleasure this holy phantasmagoria, which is opened only on occasions of great solemnity. It is a French piece of mechanism, connected with the silver altar, all a beautiful piece of workmanship, and said to be a present to the cathedral.

LA SENORA CARMEN BARGAS TURTULIAS.

An engagement was made for us for each evening of our stay in Santiago. At ten o'clock in the evening of the same day of my morning visit to the cathedral, our party entered the drawing-rooms of la Señora Carmen Bargas de Alexandri, which had already been well lighted up and filled with Chilians of both sexes, in anticipation of the visit of the Americanos del Norte. We were introduced to the Señora Carmen Bargas, the interesting lady of the Señor Alexandri, who rose from the sofa and received us with the grace of an accomplished woman. Among the company there were several interesting young ladies—some officers of the Chilian army; and an ease characterized the association of the different members of the party, which divested the company of every appearance of embarrassing formality. One of the young ladies gave us music, and sang with feeling that evinced the susceptibility of her nature; and though occasionally too loud in the strains of her voice for the rooms, at times her intonations sunk with most agreeable effect, to the pathos and thrill of the sentiment of the stanzas she sang.

The dance is a universal accomplishment in Chili, and

is a part of the education of every child, as much so as the learning of the letters; and excellence in the accomplishment receives rewards equally with superiority in the departments of drawing and lessons in reading and writing. "My eldest daughter," said the Señora, on a succeeding evening, "received the prize at her school for drawing, my youngest daughter, for dancing." She has two daughters, who are both young. The dance this evening was a matter of course, and is introduced informally and as pastime in the same way as music is, though, in the one case, politeness would induce the visiter to listen in silence to the music, while he is at liberty to observe the dance and continue or not his conversation, during its performance. The grace with which many of the little girls go through the dances peculiar to the Spanish country, called "bayles de galpe," is very engaging. After a few quadrilles, in which I marked the eye of la Señora Bargas follow her elder daughter with an interest that seemed to cause *the mother*, for a moment, to forget even herself and others, though she too was in the dance; her younger and charming little girl, about eight years of age, performed with a Chilian officer the native dances, very much to our gratification. The guitar, accompanied by the voices of lady and gentleman, afforded the music as they sung the love ditty, and the dance served as the graceful pantomime. The little girl was applauded for the grace with which she performed her part, and I am sure each one would willingly have given her a kiss additional, had it been admissible, for her own loveliness' sake.

The succeeding evening la Señora Bargas repeated the little party or tertulia, in compliment to ourselves, when the company was varied by the presence of others whom we had not seen. A Miss Cortez, however, a young lady of much grace in her manners and in the dance, and la Señorita Mariquita, a diminutive endearment for Maria, and whose family name I am unfortunate not to possess, were present from among our acquaintances of the preceding evening—the one walking like a queen, the other smiling as if the soul, which lighted up the sweet expression of her countenance, had never dreamed that the dark wing of sorrow could once throw its shadow

within the circle of her consciousness. May it never reach a countenance so purely expressive of a happy and innocent heart.

La Señora Carmen Bargas de Alexandri is an interesting specimen of a Spanish lady. Her husband is said to be rich and in high standing with the government, to which he has afforded at different times *the essential*, which is necessary to add efficiency to the executive. Youth still favors this lady with most expressive features, an elasticity of step, and a personal appearance which would forbid a North American from supposing her the mother of the elder of the two daughters, as together the child and the mother moved in the same waltz. Her step pressed gently on the down of the flowered Wilton that carpeted the hall, as one would think of that mental abstraction, *the muse of music*, treading the golden edge of a sunset cloud. There was indeed music in all this graceful woman did, and more than English music in all she said, in the inimitable intonations of her voice while speaking in that combination of all harmonies, the Spanish language, when articulated from a Spanish lady's lip.

"The Americans are very amiable," she said, and looked the sincerity of her sentiment, as I occupied a privileged seat upon the sofa during the evening.

"Si Señora, they should be so; and it is certain they give the Chilians their best wishes for their political happiness; and when they form their acquaintance here, it is said they are never less willing to return to their northern home than from Chili."

La Señora Bargas joined not in the dance this evening; and I thought seemed a little curious to know the reason why I should not have partaken of the amusement, so much the matter of course in these and European countries.

"Porque no baila ustéd, Señor?" she asked in a tone so soft, and a cadence sufficiently deferential to indicate that she almost feared she had put a question I might choose should have been left unasked.

I had presumed, and rightly, that my profession was known to this interesting lady, which would have been a sufficient reply to the question why I did not dance, to one

in our own country. But here, I am told, it is the usual habit of the Catholic clergy to dance at the parties they may attend, and to play at cards, without a supposition on the part of the community that either is contrary to the highest propriety of the order.

I assured the Señora that the sentiment was different in our own country, and that I myself deemed the dignity of the clerical profession to be such, as to render it an undesirable exhibition for a clergyman to join in the dance.

"Y-e-s," said this beautiful woman, smiling at her own pronunciation of this one English word, which she seemed delighted to have learned during the evening.

"*Very well*," I repeated, as one other English expression, which she had seized upon for their "muy buéno," and for the meaning of which, together with "good-night," I had the pleasure to learn previous to my leaving she considered she was indebted to myself; while they constituted the amount of her knowledge of the English language.

"And will you be with us to-morrow evening, Señor?" she asked, as if she could not be denied.

"No, Señora," I replied, without immediately giving a reason.

"What! not to-morrow evening, a feast day, Señor!"

It would be Sunday, which is the greatest holiday in Chili, and on which their largest parties are generally given; and the Señora had been anticipating a greater display of elegance, and a larger entertainment, on Sunday evening, for the pleasure of her North American friends. After the services of the morning on Sunday, the day is deemed to be especially a day for visiting, promenade, inspection of the troops; and the evening universally regarded as the period of the week for their parties. This is the habit of the country, and probably no suspicion, even in the mind of the best Catholic here, ever awakes, that this can be infringing upon the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath. And such must be the sentiment of the Catholic priesthood. The astonishment of la Señora Bargas, therefore, was undisguised, at my hesitation, and probably the first time in her life did this question, as one of Christian propriety, present itself to her

mind, if indeed it was entertained long enough to gain a definite shape.

The evening had already advanced, and I had assured our interesting hostess that it was probable I should not be able again to call, and would therefore have to take my final leave of her to-night. She was polite and kind enough to dissuade, and hoped that another call, at least, would be given; with particular inquiries when again should I visit Chili.

My regrets were sincere as I answered these expressions of good will, so gently expressed.

The lady rose from the sofa, and entered an interior room, and had been gone but a short time when she reappeared. Her delicate hand bore a beautiful flower—that richest of all nature's sweet perfumers, the white jessamine. She tastefully arranged the leaf and blossoms, and extended it to me, with a silent smile, that said more than words speak of woman's compliment; and then added a sweet lemon, an equally choice gift from a lady in Chili to a gentleman. She had gathered them from her own shrubs. I took them as I added, that "they were greatly valued on account of their own sweetness, but gained their greatest interest to me from the hand that presented them."

The compliment was to a Chilian lady, and perhaps expected. In this instance it was most sincerely paid. The lady bowed in acknowledgment.

The presentation of flowers to a gentleman by a lady in Chili, is a token of marked respect. The gift of a sweet lemon, an additional expression of kindness; the presentation of the hand, a familiar assurance of regard. I was happy, while aware of the custom of the Chilian society, to receive these evidences that my acquaintance had not proved unacceptable.

As my purpose in relation to visiting on the succeeding evening might not be changed, I took my final leave of my brief acquaintances, at this time. And having made my parting compliments to some others of the company, I added, as I received the extended hand of the graceful and beautiful woman who had entertained us, "Adios, Señora."

It was rumored during the week, that a company of French singers, who had arrived at Santiago, would be present at the cathedral on Sunday, and join in the orchestra during the performance of mass. It was the festival of "La Purificacion de Maria Sanctissima."* The occasion, it was presumed, would gather a large number of the people to the cathedral.

We had expected that some of the friends whom we had met would be present, and were interested, in the novelty of the scene presented to us, to mark them in their worshipping attire.

We had not long been in the seat we occupied, while the area before us had been filled, when I observed a graceful figure walking up the distant space, between us and the entrances of the cathedral, attended by a female friend and a maid bearing behind them a beautiful rug. She approached by the central division of the building. Her mantilla consisted of a dark lace veil, thrown over her tastefully plaited hair and clasped with a gold brooch on the left side of her head. It was the air and the person of la Señora Carmen Bargas. The maid had spread her mat, and the Señora knelt. Her ungloved hands reposed across each other, upon the bosom of her dark dress, as she prayed.

There are no sympathies of the human bosom more sacred and deeply felt, than those which awake in connection with religion. Its associations relate to all that is most dear in the long welfare of one's self, and one's friend.

Not long where she worshipped, the Señora knelt, but in another moment she rose, and, attended by her friend, and followed by her maid, passed along the side altars, to gain a more convenient and nearer position to the main altar than she possessed in front. Her eye had not seen us; and as she moved lightly by the side altar opposite to us, she presented to me my last view of the graceful Señora of Santiago.

* In the Chilian Almanac for 1840, the following note is attached to the notice of this feast, opposite Feb. 2d: "Idulgencia plenoria en Santo Domingo y la catedral."

I have already alluded to the circumstance that quite a number of the best families of Santiago were out of town, at their country residences. It is usual for them to retire from the city in the summer season, more or less, to these situations, many of which are said to be very pleasantly located. They are called quintas, chácras, haciéndas, respectively, as they may be larger or smaller farms or estates. Our short stay at Santiago prevented us from accepting proffered courtesies, which would have gratified us much, could we have availed ourselves of them, to visit some of these country residences. We however visited the quinta of one of the principal families of the capital, situated on the borders of the city. The family's name is Alcade. The estate of this family is said to be entailed, and its possessions to be very large, if not the richest of any family in Chili. These entails have ceased to exist in all cases in Chili, except where the elder sons were born before the year when the law of primogeniture was abrogated by the Chilian congress. The family name of la Señora Alcade is Velasco. We had the plea sure of seeing this lady, and her two daughters, las Se ñoritas Carmen and Carolina.

We were introduced to several other families, of some of which, as evidence of acceptable memories of our calls, I here make mention.

La Señora Gamera was at home, who is a lady of com manding appearance. She has a son in the Chilian navy which led her to express an interest she felt towards offi cers of the same profession of other nations, and particu larly the American. Her two daughters were out, but it we could in our short stay at Santiago (on account of which she politely expressed regrets) find it convenient to call, her daughters would give us music. As we rose to take our leave, she said, with an air of great kindness, and after the custom which characterizes the polite manners of the Chilians, "Mi casa esta á su disposicion," equivalent to our English, "You may be assured that you will always be welcomed at my house;" literally, "my house is at your disposition." A similar assurance was given us by the lady of each family, on which we had been privileged to call during our brief stay at the capital.

At Mrs. Castilla's we were favored with music from the eldest of the daughters, la Señorita Carmen; and the youngest sister, Amadora, presented us a beautiful bouquet from their garden. The names of the other two sisters are Transita and Juana. The family has some French blood in its lineage; and the Castilian and the Gallic presented, in the exhibition of the four daughters, a combination of vivacity and sentiment that seemed the union of the characteristics of the two nations. The floating eye of la Señorita Carmen spoke not more sensitively than the delicate flush of the cheek, which came and went like mimic floods and ebbs over her fine brunette features, to tell the changing passage of her thoughts and sentiments. The complexions of the other sisters were lighter, one with lily cheeks, the other two with cheeks of roseate.

We also had the pleasure of making our compliments to the family of Mr. Ochagania, resident at the mint, who is himself its superintendent. Mr. O. was once in the United States as an attaché to a Chilian legation, and seems a very worthy gentleman. His wife and two daughters struck us as most worthy, and more intellectual than others whom we had met. They served for us a great variety of fruit; and there seemed an air of domestic kindness in the family that I greatly admired. The younger of the daughters, la Señorita Manuela, spoke French, and possessed some knowledge of the Italian; and the elder, la Señorita Rosa, I should deem a pattern of goodness. We left this family, impressed with a high consideration for their worth.

THE PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

The name of the President of Chili is Joaquin Priéto. Our attentive Chargé accompanied us to the President's house, which fronts the public plaza. There are always more or less of the guards seen at the portal that opens to the court through which one passes to the President's apartments. In the same pile of buildings with the President's residence, forming nearly one complete side of the plaza, are the Senate Chamber, the House of Representatives, and the public prison. We were received by the

President's Aid, and soon the President presented himself. His manners are courteous and dignified, though easy; and his personal appearance the finest of any Chilian gentleman I have met. He has served nearly two terms; and according to the constitution of Chili is ineligible to another election. His second term expires in a few months. Rumor says the office of President here is regarded too much as a post for making money, rather than a position that excites in its occupant a laudable ambition to promote his country's best welfare. The government of Chili, however, it is supposed, has become more settled and permanent in stability, both as to its measures and political tranquillity, under the administration of the present occupant of the presidency, than has characterized its former existence. The party now in power and the priesthood are united; and while they remain so, public tranquillity is to be expected. The interests of the church are so great, that any measures against its privileges will continue to agitate the internal peace of the state. The Chilians are high in the estimate of their own prowess at the present moment, in consequence of their late successes in their expedition against Lima.

The time for our leaving the agreeable capital of Chili had come. And though we had spent but a few days at Santiago, I had occasion to make many notes of interest, to myself at least, in connection with my visit. But the necessity of closing this volume with the addition of but a few more pages, will prevent me from extending my notices of the capital of Chili. The same will be true of Valparaiso and Lima, to which a volume should be devoted to do justice to the interest which these places, at a time beyond the moment of which I am now writing, secured in my own feelings, and gratified curiosity, and experience. I therefore of necessity shall delay, for another place, more extended notices of these cities, and incidents connected with them, on the west coast of South America. I proceed, however, to occupy the brief space yet remaining to me, in completing the pages of these two volumes.

RETURN FROM SANTIAGO.

Having taken leave of our attentive Chargé d'Affaires, to whom we were greatly indebted for much of the pleasure which attended our visit to the capital of Chili, we left Santiago on Monday evening, the third of February, and were in fair prospect of making half way of our distance in very good humor with ourselves, when, by some spite of our postillion, and the injured sensibilities of the spirited steed within the shafts, said steed took it into his head that, with the assistance of his heels, he would clear himself from all further connection with the establishment. He therefore commenced his alto relievo gesticulation of the hind feet, to the great endangerment of the heads of the passengers, and to the demolishment of the washboard of the gig, and the fracturing of the first bow of the calash-top, an inch and a half square, as if it had been a stick of bamboo. I took counsel with myself to throw myself out of the gig at one of the intervals when his feet and the calash-top were furthest apart from each other; and with concern cast back a look the moment I had landed upon the ground, for my friend, the professor of mathematics. To my considerable alarm I found, that instead of throwing himself out the opposite side from myself, he had preferred my own, and by some means of delay was tripped as the horses began to wheel in the road; and though the professor performed several evolutions by rolling in the dust, the tramp of the horses' feet neared him faster than the circles and quadrants he performed distanced their proximity. Fortunately the shaft-horse, at this instant, cleared himself from all encumbrances of the establishment, and the two riders snapped the hide-cords which attached their horses to the same vehicle. The frightened animal of the shafts was in full speed on the road, while his harness served to goad him on. One of the riders in an instant put off in chase, as he swung the lasso around his head. In another moment the curls of the swinging coil elongated themselves as the rope straightened, and the noose, true to the cast, dropped over the neck of the runaway. The animal was soon brought to a halt, and

returned to the vehicle. The irritated Chilian belabored the trembling beast until I bespoke mercy for him. when he was again affixed to the shafts; and the two riders, with horses on either side, advanced again on our way. We soon reached the foot of the first mountain, and were at the top of the pass of the Cuésta del Prado a short time after, from which we descended with a fearful rapidity, as the night had already come upon us, while the bright stars, in the absence of the moon, looked still benignantly from their deep blue above us.

We reached Valparaiso the succeeding evening, in time for tea.

DINNER AT THE ENGLISH ADMIRAL'S.

The English Admiral, on the Pacific station, is Charles Ross, Rear-Admiral of the white. Mrs. Ross and her two sisters, the Misses Ball, are the ladies of his family. They have a house on the Almendral, surrounded by a considerable collection of flowers and shrubs. The residence is fitted up under the directions and taste of Mrs. Ross, and called "The Admiralty House." Here Mrs. Ross gives her soireés, once a fortnight. The day succeeding my return from Santiago I dined at the Admiral's. Commodore Read was too unwell, with a cold taken in his ride from Santiago, to comply with the invitation of the Admiral. The officers of the Admiral's fleet, at dinner, were Captain Mainwaring of the Electra, the Admiral's Secretary, and Captain Shepherd, of the Sparrowhawk, whom I had previously had the pleasure of meeting at Rio de Janeiro.

Miss Price was one of the pretty ladies at the table, possessed of a face that interests for its expression, and one that leaves its memory traced in the mind for future days, without an effort on the part of another to place it there, as a treasure among the interesting visions one would wish to retain.

The Admiral's lady is as worthy of admiration for her fine personal appearance as the Admiral himself evidently believes her to be. Mrs. Ross was dressed in a rich black velvet, with its bosom cut low and edged with wide lace.

She reminded me of our fair countrywoman, who has awakened interest at home and admiration abroad, and formed a beautiful subject for the imitative and successful chisel of Greenough, in Florence.

Mrs. R. gave us music, and executes with taste, and sung with a voice of much sweetness. "But I would much rather paint well," she said, "than excel in music, for I could give a friend a drawing that would long serve to recall me in memory, when the song that is sung is soon forgotten." This was a very pretty but unintentional introduction to the display of a valued scrap-book, which Mrs. R. opened for me, containing several pretty sketches. But I have forgotten them all, while I yet retain the memory of the air she gave us:

"O sing not to me thy song, sweet bird."

The two sisters performed a duet; and, at my request, added,

"The minute-gun at sea."

Mrs. C. and two daughters, residents of Santiago, joined the party in the evening. I talked of Wales with Miss B., a country of no little interest, for its picturesque in scenery and other associations. Miss B. admired the land of her young associations; and it is worthy of all admiration for the truth of its people, when it gives birth to such a character as Miss Clarendon, of romantic association.

The stars were bright this evening, as I attended Miss Price from the Admiral's, while the party, together, were moving along the Almendral.

"I often read the beautiful skies with my father at night," she said, "when we were coming from England here." She had been to England for her education. Her mother was a Spanish woman of Santiago. "And the Southern Cross, do you say that is it?" she asked, as it was pointed out to her. "I wish I could have had confidence enough to insist that it was there, when a gentleman assured me a few days since, that it was not seen in this latitude. But I could not pretend to be so much of the astronomer as himself, though I thought I knew it;" and

the pretty and modest young lady at the same moment dropped her diamond ear-rings and bracelet, which glittered like the night brilliants above us, into my hand, while she adjusted the shawl over her dress of short sleeves, heavily laced. We were soon at the residence which they occupy during the warm season, when many of the Santiago families visit the coast for sea beathing, of which they are extravagantly fond.

The captains, whom I now accompanied to the dock, politely offered me a passage to the frigate in their boat, which was waiting for them, but I excused myself for a room on shore, already engaged for the night.

TAKING LEAVE OF VALPARAISO.

The following day it was expected we would sail. I therefore made my last calls upon the American families to whose courtesies I had been indebted during my occasional visits to the shore at Valparaiso. These families were ever free in the proffers of their politeness, in my own case at least, beyond the power of my accepting it.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey are about to return to America, with the reputation of having secured a handsome amount of the *sine qui non* for living comfortably and genteelly after the estimates of modern times, which have strangely varied in many particulars from the days of our plainer forefathers.

He who rightly reads the human mind, will at once detect that *gentleness* of character which constitutes, in woman, one of the greatest charms of female excellence. It matters not where it is found, among the highest and most refined, or the humbler and impoverished. We give it our deference in respect, and affection in association. So I thought as I said adieu to Mrs. W., a lady of piety and worth.

The family of our consul was the last I called upon, to say adieu. We had learned to esteem them, and felt regret that we should so soon be deprived of their amiable society. I had on a previous occasion casually remarked, that I had omitted to secure some curiosities which I intended to purchase at the nunneries in Santiago. As I

was now about to leave the consul's, Mrs. H. called my attention to the pier-table, on the marble slab of which were a collection of the particular articles I desired. "Take these, Mr. T.; you hurried away so soon the other day that I had no opportunity to offer them to you." I saw my dilemma, in which the unintentional notice of my omission while at Santiago and Mrs. H.'s generous benevolence placed me, for I have always felt a delicacy in accepting what I know to have been secured by others as curiosities for themselves. I therefore availed myself of two or three of these *handiwork oddities* of the Santiago nuns. "Take them all, Mr. T., we can get any quantity of them we wish." The command was repeated, and could not be avoided when coming with so much sincerity and generous good feeling, which had often displayed itself from the same amiable source, connected with that lady-like delicacy of manner which so certainly secures one's deferential consideration and kindness of feeling in the social intercourse. Mrs. Hobson has a tasteful collection of a variety of curiosities, arranged, as they should be, in small private collections, for the purpose of giving pleasure to the curious rather than for the instruction of the scientific, —shells, and minerals, and vases, et cætera. While I was yet lingering over the pier-table, delaying the final adieu to this amiable family, the sun had thrown the broad shadow of the hill-side far out on the bay, as his rays still fell, in their slant, on the inner side of the frigate. The shipping, with their hulls, like the houses of the city, lay in the shadows of the Altos de Valparaiso, while the tops of their highest spars were yet gilded by his beams. The pennant of the frigate still waved; showing that the sundown hour had not yet come, though the sun himself was lost to the citizens below. The frigate's boat was seen pulling for the shore, and in another moment, was at the pier. I said adieu to my friends, and wound down the hill on which the American residences are seen overlooking the city and the harbor, and in a moment more was in the boat. "Shove off," was the order of the officer. "Let fall together," was his second command. The oars fell into their places, and the dip of their blades soon sent the cutter clear from the dock. As I cast back a look to the city, which now

I cared not again to see, my eye rested on the most prominent and the most pleasant site of the American dwellings. Our friends were on their charming promenade, full in view, and in front of their elevated houses. Their eyes were a moment upon us; and we fancied they gave us a second and final farewell, as the boat to the regular dip of the oars now rapidly glided over the waters of the bay to the frigate, lying at her moorings without the shipping of the inner harbor.

SECTION XI.

CALLAO AND LIMA.

The Carnival. Ride to Lima. The city deserted. Ride to Chorillos. Limanian lady on horseback. A man beguiled of his rest. A wet midshipman. Ash-Wednesday in Lima. Saya y manto. The beautiful Señorita receiving the dark cross on her brow. Descriptions of Lima necessarily brief. Cathedral vault containing Pizarro's remains. Evening walk. Host for the Infirmo. The cry of the night-watch.

A PASSAGE of eleven days found us in the harbor of Callao, where we anchored at midnight on February 27th, 1840. The succeeding morning I took a ramble on shore to inspect the town of Callao, but found nothing there of interest save the castles. Of these, and their thrilling associations, I defer my descriptions.

The carnival, the bacchanalia before Lent in Catholic countries, occurs here during the next three days of Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday; and all advised that our intended excursion to Lima should be postponed beyond the latter day, as we might be subjected to the inconvenience of frequently changing our dresses, as all persons, strangers, priest, president, and every passer-by, are deemed just objects for a shower-bath, whenever a boy from the street or mischief-making girl from the balcony, or playful friends or ill-disposed enemies choose to throw water upon

the wanderer in the street. But we chose to witness the manners of the people, even at the expense of a few wet jackets.

RIDE FROM CALLAO TO LIMA.

On Monday morning, therefore, in company with Commodore Read, Captain Bigelow of the Shark, and Prof. Belcher, I started for Lima. Once it was deemed prudent for the passenger between Callao and Lima, though a distance of only seven or nine miles, to bear his arms for self-defence, if he would save his purse-strings from being drawn by the Salteadores, a certain class of necessitous gentlemen, dwellers on the road, who deem themselves at liberty to take from the peaceable traveller not only his money but his clothes also, if he should happen to have the presumption to make any complaint of the manner of their salutation.

The topics of olden thieves, robbers, and murderers, and the olden carnival, afforded subjects of conversation as our coach rolled on, and each one adjusted himself in preparation for the sudden appearance in the atmosphere of any gathering water-spouts; while it was conceded, if an unexpected attack from the Salteadores should make opposition to our advance, our protection would devolve upon the Commodore, who alone wore a weapon of defence. We wheeled up to the half-way house, where, formerly, in consequence of these lawless brigands frequenting the road, a guard was stationed by the government. A church is its only neighboring building. The Lima coach having anticipated us a few moments, was already at the stand, filled with passengers on their holiday ride to Callao. Another three quarters of an hour's ride brought us to the entrance of the city, the road leading to the gate being lined without the walls with willows, on either side, presenting a welcome and beautiful relief to the eye in contrast to the parched and dusty road, which we had passed over from Callao. From this avenue, called the Alaméda de la Portada, we passed beneath a heavy arched gateway into the storied city of Pizarro, "the city of kings," with its "thousand towers and hundred

gates." And this is Lima, "the city of the free," the field of Pizarro's dreams and proud success, and the spot of his assassination and burial. Story, as delineated on the historic page, has thrown much that is romantic, tragic, and poetic about this olden city of the new world. Its superstitions and manners have continued to perpetuate the mystic interest of other days, while the grandeur of its silver and golden age has passed away, and the powers of a once unquestioned priesthood waned, in the levelling process of revolutions and the introduction of the privilege of freer thought.

We found the city like a deserted hall, where the throng have been threading their way and the buzz of many voices heard, but when the muffled step and the mingled accents of the crowd have passed away. All the shops were closed—scarcely an individual was seen moving through the streets—the "saya y manto" was nowhere moving abroad—the cowled priest retained his cell—the curvetting steed gnawed in his stall, and his rich laced rider lounged in the sala upon settee, enjoying his cigarros, while the Señorita forgot herself in the dreams of the siesta or rambled in the private grounds of the garden—all alike unwilling to venture beyond the puertecalle of their houses; while the boys, now sole heirs and exclusive possessors of the streets of the city, were gathered here and there in groups, and carrying on a warfare of water. Occasionally a group of figures might be seen in some balcony raising a shout of glee, as they poured the shower of water upon the head of some solitary and unwary wight who had ventured beyond discretion in his rambles on this, one of the days of the carnival.

Our rooms having been secured, I ventured forth on a stroll through the city, notwithstanding the caution received, and the assurance that neither stranger nor intimate could rely on any favors or deference. But I wandered unmolested, though I passed by many a suspicious balcony, window, and portal, and saw others, the occasionally few that were moving, deriving all the benefits of the season.

I reached the Plaza de la Independencia, or principal public square of Lima. On the north side is the palace of

Pizarro; on the east, the spacious cathedral; on the south and west, two portáles, or covered walks, their arches and colonnades supporting irregular balconies, where are several public offices, the house of the municipality, the prison, and some private residences; while the centre of the plaza contains a brazen fountain, forty feet high, crowned with the goddess of fame, with the trumpet in her hand, and the tube to her lip for the blast. The streams of water are pouring from many mouths of masked faces, falling from two capacious and elevated basins into the general reservoir, seventy-two feet in circumference, whose upper rim is ornamented with lions and lizards. The whole is a cast of bell-metal; and, from an inscription upon the pedestal, was placed in its present position one hundred and ninety years ago. As I entered the plaza there were no sounds of the busy multitude, here usually heard in mingled hum—the shops were closed—the traders' stands removed, and only one group of moving beings before the portal of the palace seen, while the dripping of the fountain, and the purling of its many running spouts, gave forth their refreshing sound as they mingled together in the common reservoir beneath. It was like the still reign of a Sabbath at home—not like a Sabbath abroad. At this moment, however, a blast from French horns at a point diagonally from the corner of the plaza where I had entered and still stood, came across the square, and the bugle and clarion joined in the strain, as the blast swelled louder and louder, when, immediately opposite me a coach and four, preceded by a herald and two lancers, and followed by a dozen other mounted lancers, entered the plaza. The heel of the lance of the out-riders rested on the right stirrup of each, as the right hand clasped the perpendicular shaft, to which was attached a red streamer, that quivered in the breeze as they passed on. It was the coach of the President of Peru, the Gamara, whose position and story I envy not. Like many of the citizens who had preceded him to the country, the President was on his way to Miraflores, a neighboring village, to escape the town during the remaining days of the carnival. Again the strain from the bugles came over the plaza on the still and hushed air, as the noble steeds

passed on in their measured trot, when all was still again, and the buglers dispersed to the palace.

DRIVE TO CHORILLOS.

All Lima, or the genteeler part of it, having vacated the capital, (so we were told,) and a great proportion of the Lima society being at Chorillos, a bathing-place seven or eight miles from the city, we were willing to take a ride to this watering-place, to spend the succeeding and last day of the carnival. It was supposed a favorable opportunity for seeing the Limanians, in the short time we should have to spend, and we started sufficiently early to take breakfast at the hotel in Chorillos, which is kept by the same individual at whose house we were stopping in Lima.

The morning was delightful. We had passed by some rich meadows in the neighborhood of Lima, reminding us, in the similarity of their grasses, of our own meadows at home; and a short distance without the gate of the city, a genteel calésa, which had preceded us with a young Limanian lady returning from mass, turned into the premises of one of the largest but now litigated estates of Peru. The birds, along the early part of our drive, were up and regaling the early passenger on the road with their songs, more than ever sweet to one who has so long been listening only to the sea-moan and the storm-dirge, as it wails through the cordage of the ship. We soon found ourselves not the only persons abroad, while we were pleased with ourselves for having taken the early ride, and came up with a party on horseback, on the same course with ourselves. The principal object of interest in the group was a young Limanian lady, mounted upon a spirited and well-groomed steed, which she managed with perfect ease and confidence, while her maid was riding near her, and her father and others of the company some rods in the rear. Her light straw hat, with its brim free, sat lightly upon her head, as her hair, in a long and auburn braid, fell over her white poncho, which hung like a shawl over her shoulders low to the saddle, and prettily edged with a border of worked flowers. She sat easily in her

pillioned saddle, as the toe of her satin slipper, which graced a small foot, occupied a morocco stirrup, displaying an ankle encased in a silk stocking and half concealed in the ruffles of a pantalette. The bridle of her horse was heavily silvered, with a crescent ornament of the same material floating freely beneath the throat of her noble animal. A light and ornamented collar and breeching, à la Española, was attached to the saddle, preserving it steadily in front and behind; and the reins of the bridle terminated in a braided lash that swept to the ground. She rode sideways, unlike most of the Limanian belles, who, like their brunette sisters of the Sandwich Islands, mostly ride *à califourchons*. We paused a moment, after having slowly passed this party in our calésa, and had come up to a little chacra on the road-side. The young lady curvetted by us, but, as the voice of her father reached her, she changed the direction of her horse, as he caracalled, and with the rest of the party, gracefully came up to the stand. The father dismounted and passed refreshments to the party.

"Strangers in Lima, Señores, we presume," said the easy Spaniard, addressing ourselves. "Will you join us in Italia de Pisco," filling the small glasses, from which the mother and daughter had but slightly moistened their lips, and which, in comparison with our larger wine glasses, in size, were like the tea-cups of our grandmothers, in contrast with our modern and larger proportioned dishes.

"Four days in Peru, Señor," we replied. "We came to see Lima yesterday, but found the city deserted. Learning that the better part of Lima had escaped to Chorillos, we are pursuing them to the baths."

Our postillion was again in his place, and the party bent with a smile of kindness, as we wheeled into the road again. An unexpected incident, hereafter to be narrated, made us acquainted with these interesting strangers.

We reached Chorillos (having passed Miraflores a half hour before on the right) just in time for breakfast, which was served at half-past nine o'clock. The rooms were all full, but the landlady showed us to her own apartment, just vacated by the ladies for breakfast; and we found a laving in cold water to be acceptable after our morning

ride. A vacant seat was reserved for us at the table, at which we placed ourselves in a few moments more. Some fifty persons were at the table as we took our seats.

Most of the families who resort here for bathing take up their residences among the families of the town or hire vacant houses for the season. The bank edging the plain on which the town, a miserable collection of low houses, is built, is high above the sea, which here makes a beautiful indentation constituting the bay. The sea rolls in with heavy breakers, and the surf tumbles in grandeur and beauty. The surface of the water seen from the high bluff is clear; and during the morning we saw a number of porpoises sporting beneath the extended sweep of the curve lines of the inrolling swell, which here beautifully bends in conformity to the curvature of the shore of the bay in its roll almost the whole width of the spacious basin. These fish were seen several feet beneath the surface, as distinctly as if they had been on the shore, as the rays of the sun sent down their perpendicular beams: and they glided along now in parallel lines, occasionally changing their horizontal and elevating their noses above the water, and again gliding on together, curvetting beneath the bosom of the bay in imitation of the magnificent surges that rolled in above them. A hundred eyes from the porticoes overlooking the bay were on those graceful sporters in the deep, as they glided at their pleasure across and around the bay.

The ladies mostly ride down the steep bluff to the beach, where the bathing houses are located, and again ascend the bluff on horseback. The bathing establishment consists of slight houses formed of cane and mats, where the women and men adjust their bathing dresses and reattire themselves after sporting in the surf. Both sexes bathe promiscuously together, and some of the Limanian women venture far out beyond the breakers, and are cradled in handsome style and on a grand scale upon the uncombing surge of the far-out rollers. To reach this position, however, it is essential to dive beneath the heavy crests of the same surges, which break in foam and cascades and overwhelming and whirling currents, as they reach nearer in to the beach.

We met here several Americans from Lima. The Commodore, with Mr. Provost, our consul, arrived soon after breakfast, also to spend the day. A gentlemanly young Englishman, Mr. R., offered us his attentions, with whom we afterwards dined in Lima.

After the morning bath we dressed for dinner; and I was much amused by the animated manner of a Limanian near me at the table, who was narrating to the landlady his luckless misfortunes of the preceding night, and the villanous manner in which he had been deprived of his cot, which with several others occupied the same room. The gentleman narrating had retired rather late, having calculated on the luxury of a bed in this crowded place; but on his reaching the chamber he perceived, to his surprise and displeasure, that his cot was already occupied. Not knowing but there had been some mistake, and that the interloper was blameless, "I found the maid," said the gentleman, "and desired that she should wake her mistress, and ascertain if she had allowed any one to occupy my cot. But she was unwilling to wake you (the narrator was addressing the landlady) as you were quite unwell; I therefore, as the only resort, took a blanket upon the floor, and made the best of the remaining part of the night."

In the morning, he continued, he awoke and found the stranger still soundly taking his rest. This he could not longer endure, in view of his own comfortless spent night.

"Up, Señor!" cried the Limanian; "up! the sun is on the bay, and men who have deprived others of their rest should be moving."

This however did not move the sleeper, but additionally irritated the gentleman who had been robbed of his cot. He therefore gathered all the shoes adrift in the room, and began by tossing one into the neighborhood of the sleeper's night-cap. The irritated Limanian had exhausted his quantity of shoes, and began to levy on the straggling canes in the room.

"I say, sleeper, arise!" cried the Limanian again, as he pitched his bundle of half a dozen sticks upon the cot, "an earthquake could have but little effect on such ears."

But, to the utter astonishment of the provoked Limanian, the dozer moved not; and he therefore walked up to the cot

to rouse the gentleman by rocking him with his own hands from his dreams; when he found, instead of the presumptuous stranger whom he supposed had occupied his bed, that some one had so arranged the pillows as to exhibit the appearance of a person in bed.

The clever landlady, who speaks several languages with fluency, enjoyed, with others, the joke, as she laughed quite interestingly in Spanish, French, and English.

Many of the Lima ladies I saw at Chorillos were interesting in their personal appearance, but few strikingly pretty. We were pressed to attend a party where all the belles were to be assembled, in the evening, but our arrangements had been made to return to Lima, and, with the Commodore, we left Chorillos at sunset.

We found at our hotel, on our reaching the city, that several of the officers of the squadron had arrived in Lima from Callao, and some of them had ventured to ride out on horseback. To the considerable inconvenience of one of them, his horse, after leaving town, was found too soon to have spent his vitality of muscle and sensitiveness of nerve, and, like a ship in distress, he was obliged to put back. In doing this he re-entered the city, and his sorry steed took his own time, as he measured his slow steps through the streets. Whip nor spur could get him out of a walk. What object so suitable for the water-spouts from the windows and balconies? It was not undiscovered, and the amiable young gentleman (he must have been amiable, even on the last day of the carnival, to have endured it) arrived at the Fonda as wet as he could have been, had he been two hours overboard at sea.

ASH-WEDNESDAY IN LIMA.

The early bells, on the morning succeeding our visit to Chorillos, were summoning, as usual, the Limanians to confession at matins. But this was the morning of Ash-Wednesday, and the first day of Lent—a season when there is more than usual attention to church duties, and frequenting of the confessional. I had risen early to take a walk to several of the churches, as they are kept open two or three hours in the morning—the great bell of the cathe-

dral, by its peal above all others, generally announcing the elevation of the Host in that church about nine o'clock in the morning. Already the city had put on a new appearance. The streets were alive with hundreds passing to and fro—the shops were open—the plaza exhibiting a scene of preparation for the sales and the business of the day—

LIMANIAN LADY IN HER SAYA Y MANTO.

and what more than aught else attracts the stranger's eye, the *saya y manto* was abroad, worn by the female worshippers, now hurrying to their early prayers. No one

longer cast an anxious glance at the balcony, or watched the suspicious group of sporting boys, or thought of the mischief-making multitude of the three days of the carnival. It was passed; and the season had come when it was expected by the church that all its members, small and great, would address themselves to the practice of the graver duties of the season of Lent.

As I stood a few moments in the puertecalle, or large doorway, that leads from the outer court of the hotel to the street, to mark the passers-by, several females moved along the walk in their sayas y mantos, presenting masked figures, whom no one could know while they kept the manto over their faces, but whose graceful step all would admire. The saya y manto is the dress in which all females frequent the churches and promenade the streets. It is a dress peculiar to the city of Lima, being found, it is said, in no other part of the world. The present fashion in the cut of the saya differs from the older one, giving greater freedom to the step of the wearer, and not materially differing in appearance to many quilted silk winter-dresses worn as an over-garment by our own countrywomen. The olden saya, however, sat tighter to the person, developing more strikingly the contour of the figure.* Many of these are still worn, and the style of each is faithfully exhibited in the two accompanying prints. But it is the *manto* which effectually serves as the mask, and entirely disguises the wearer if she chooses, though the least imaginable slip of the finger will most accidentally discover the features of the face to a friend. The saya is no more nor less than a quilted silk petticoat, of any color, which ties about the waist. The manto is simply a plain piece of black silk, hemmed at either end. A cord passing through the hem of one end of it, and around the waist, confines it in a gather at the back, over which the saya is sufficiently elevated to conceal the cord. The loose end of the black silk veil, or manto, is then thrown up the back, over the head, and the two corners so gathered by the hand over the face as to conceal all the features but one eye, which contemplates at discretion the

* See the second cut, further on.

objects that may secure its interest, as the lady-masker passes on to the cathedral, or the shop, or promenades, on her errand of pleasure, or business, or devotion.

I first entered the cathedral, the finest building of the city, but the naves of this spacious church were still vacant as the eye extended through the long aisles, while in a lesser building immediately at its side, and constituting a part of the same pile, numbers were kneeling. I paused but a moment, as I saw several of the worshippers advance to the altar and receive upon their brow the mark of a cross, drawn by the finger of the priest, dipped in a jet-black fluid, as the emblem characteristic of the day; and which I afterwards saw on the foreheads of many who suffered their mantos to lie back from the brow as they were returning from their prayers, while I still pursued my way to several others of the church edifices. I was now at a third church; and though I had not then familiarized myself with the names of the buildings, I believe this was the *Compania de Jesus.* There was more shadow than usual in the mellowed light that held the side altars of this church in solemn and poetic effect; and, unlike the others, the priest stood near the door beside a table, on which rested the silver basin containing the dark fluid resembling a mixture of lampblack. Here the priest crossed the worshippers, as they knelt in the light of the door before him. I had entered, passing the priest, and a little surprised myself to step so suddenly upon the different arrangement met with at this church, and as I was advancing to ascend the side aisle, I surprised a beautiful young woman turning the corner of the buttress of a heavy arch with her manto thrown from her face, with the light from the door falling full upon her features, as she seemed on her way to depart. There were a few persons kneeling in the neighborhood, at the first altar near the door. I paused as she passed, and stood uncovered, with an irresistible curiosity to see if this beautiful Señorita would kneel at the table and receive the cross upon her pure brow. She evidently herself was a little surprised at first by recognising a stranger, and next at the memory that her manto discovered fully her features; and the first impulse seemed to be to gather her manto over her face, but she as suddenly smiled and recovered

herself as she stepped with a foot of air, inimitably light, to the confessional at which an elderly woman was sitting, and whispered a few words, with her manto still discovering a face more beautiful than I had before met, either in Lima or at Chorillos. Her hair was a blond, her eye a

dark blue, and her complexion that of a lily. She knew that she was beautiful. No woman with such a face and with such a smile could be ignorant of such possessions. She paused but a moment—already a piece of mingled surprise and a slight affectation—when she stepped from the confessional towards the door. That step was purely Limanian, though more airy than others, as her form was

more sylph-like than most of her sisters. She paused—turned with the precision and the ease of a double step in the waltz, and knelt with her face towards myself. A sunbeam fell upon her brow so purely white—her eyes were turned gently upward—the smile of complacency had not yet left her slightly curled lip—and the man of God put the emblem of the cross upon a brow, than which nothing could be more fair, blending in with features, than which nothing could be more innocent and sweet, if aught could ever be more beautifully classic than was there. She rose, gathered the manto with a beautiful hand over her face, turned towards the door, and was gone.

I stepped forward a few paces and leaned, in the shadow, against the heavy base of the arch, and for a moment listened to another priest who was repeating the mass at the only lighted altar, by the door. Another moment, and I left this for another church in the neighborhood, where I found a large number collected before different side altars with officiating priests at each, while a body of clerigos and canonigos were celebrating high mass in the central nave of the church. There were apparently forty or fifty of these tonsured personages whose full voices filled the surrounding arches of the spacious house. But every now and then the full-toned organ would join in the chant, or swell alone in strains of worship. I moved up the central nave near the balustrade of the chancel at the further end, on the right of which a temporary figure of the Saviour was elevated upon a square altar, representing him in sadness and sorrow. Before his bent figure a carpet had been spread of a few feet square, where the worshippers had knelt singly or in groups. I occupied a seat at this position during the continuance of the service; at the close of which the priests advanced in double file to the chancel from the further end of the church. They knelt according to their standing in precedence of office, and were crossed, as I had seen others, with a black cross. But the cross, instead of being placed upon their brow, was traced upon the crown of their head, or the small circular and bare spot which all Catholic priests abroad have shaven on the top of the head, called the tonsure. When the priests had received

the emblem, the crowd promiscuously advanced to the chancel, and the crossing continued until the dark sign had been imprinted on many brows. I advanced to one side of the chancel and witnessed the scene, as the women threw back their mantos—now discovering the face of a matron, who received the emblem with gravity—now a younger and smiling countenance and greater gentility of mien and person—and now a brunette—a bronze or black—the last apparently constituting the vast majority, while many crowded here, and not a few smiled there as they were huddling together around the chancel, exhibiting a peculiar scene as four or five of the priests continued their services in drawing the dark emblem upon the advancing and receding mass. It seemed rather a holiday scene than one of particular solemnity connected with a day of mourning. Some children also received the cross, but scarcely a male adult besides the priests was there. I know not the intention of the ceremony, but suppose it emblematic of the "ashes and sackcloth" of other times; and as I marked the multitude here, and the passers-by in the streets as I returned to the hotel, I was forcibly carried back to the Hindoo, the Bramin, the Banyan, and the Gentoo, who draw their various marks of various colors upon the brow, when they pay their visits to the temples.

CATHEDRAL VAULT, AND BONES OF PIZARRO.

But I must abruptly close the account of my visit to Lima, where so many scenes of other days have occurred; and about which, associations of the deepest interest cluster; and where my own wanderings have been through the palace of Pizarro—through the hundred and more monasteries and churches and nunneries, all buildings of interest for the space they cover, and many for the style of their architecture, though now crumbling in their solitude and dust; and the plaza—the alameda—the arena for the bull-fights—the ruins of the inquisition—the views from the high steeples of St. Domingo and the Franciscan Convent and garden walks—and some pleasant acquaintances formed—*and the cathedral*—all, here, must be omitted, save a single scene in the spacious buildings of the last

named pile, whose corner-stone was placed by Pizarro, the founder of the empire and the conqueror of Peru. I had several times entered this noble building, the fit mausoleum of its founder, but now sought it for the purpose of entering the vault where the bones of Pizarro repose, in their slumber of years. I found the doors of the cathedral closed, but soon a person whom I had not before seen presented himself, who had been directed to attend me, should I finally make my appearance. I was later than the hour of my appointment with one of the priests, owing to my delay at the palace. We advanced to the great altar, from which my attendant took a key. The doors of the immense building were closed. The sombre of mellow light threw its solemn effect over the more than twenty altars that lined the sides of the spacious building, rendered still more shaded by the heavy bars of the doors that shut in these altars, forming for each a side chapel with a space of many feet square. And in this solemn house, three hundred and twenty feet deep and a hundred and eighty-six feet in width, there stood, in their shaded recesses and sacred niches, upon their altars, a thousand images of saints of every age, the apostles, cherubs, angels, the Saviour, the holy family and canonized santas—some arrayed in gaudy tinsel, some in sorrow and sackcloth—some exhibiting the Saviour crowned with thorns and pierced by spear; but here they were, at this moment, in their silence and shade and solemnity. The lightest step upon the tiled pavement could be heard throughout the massive pile, and a whisper would find its way in distinctness to the furthest corner of the walls and the highest curve of the ceiling. We walked down from the great altar, along the middle nave of the building, which is elevated several feet above the floor of the side aisles, and beneath which is the vault said to contain, with others of the great in church and state of olden times, the relics of Pizarro.

We descended from the spacious platform or central terrace, where the high mass is chanted; and as we came upon the floor of the side nave, my guide placed his heavy key in the door that opened beneath the platform which we had left. The iron hinges grated as the door opened

inward to the vault; and the rays of a lighted taper, that the guide bore in his hand, struggled to overcome the thick darkness that here seemed to have reigned so long, that the shades had condensed to a materiality of blackness that could be felt, as we entered among them. We descended slowly several steps that brought us to the ground floor of a room, on the left side of which were closed vaults, comparatively of modern construction, sealed with mortar; and the rubbish of useless lumber, such as broken column and capital of olden altars, and their various ornaments and accompaniments, filled the space with their heaps. We turned to the right through a low and short passage which ended in an inner room, lined with two tiers of boxes, three high, on three sides. The outer edges of some of them had fallen in, discovering their enclosed skeletons crumbling to slow but final decay. Having examined several on the right, the guide directed me to pass to the opposite side, pointing out to me several loose boards in the centre of the floor, which he cautioned me to avoid. I did not inquire the secret of the dark well they covered, as I well knew that it was the charnel house for the bones of hundreds, for whose souls the masses—how many masses!—have been offered up from the altars that were above us, that their spirits might ascend from purgatory to a happier region. The guide now followed me, and holding low down his taper to a box occupying the further side of the wall, he added, "Este, Señor, es el cuérpo de Pizarro."—"This, sir, is the body of Pizarro." The edge of the box was broken, and the top gone, showing the dusty and crumbling skeleton, said to be the remaining bones of the conqueror of Peru. The flesh had gone. The skull was naked, showing that it was once the inhabited of a spirit of many years tarry upon earth, as only a few teeth remained in the jaw, while the alveola process, save in two or three spots, had been absorbed. His hands lay crossed upon his breast exhibiting the skeleton of a remarkably small hand—and his feet corresponding in size. Quicklime, that covered parts of the body, had hardened into white lumps, and was dry. Such is the arid property of the atmosphere here, that all fluids are soon evaporated, and no moisture remains in the

deepest cells. And to this circumstance is attributed the long preservation of the relics of the departed. For now, it is three centuries, wanting less than a year, since Pizarro fell. Parts of a dingy linen shroud still wrapped portions of the relics, and a knotted button clasped a worked thread-lace wristband around the ulna bone of the skeleton. It was a dark place, that depository of the olden dead; and the unlabelled boxes bore the dust of centuries upon their crumbling slabs. I now held in my hand a small relic from the shroud of Pizarro, which lay loose in the skeleton box, and was returning over the planks that covered the well in the centre of the low and narrow room. The guide following my steps, trod upon a rolling block, which canted him against the wall. The taper affixed to the end of a wooden handle which he carried in his hand, brushed against the buttress that supports the terrace of the altar above, and was extinguished, and we were left in darkness. Not a ray from a crevice or crack penetrated the shades of the vault; but we were already in the narrow passage that formed the only outlet into the first room of the lumbered vault. My guide was too familiar with the dead to become alarmed at our situation, and we carefully and safely groped our way to the door. We passed from the silent vault, by the flight of six or seven steps, to the side nave of the church. The guide closed again the grating door, and turned the key upon that dark and silent repository of the dead!

NIGHT-WALK TO THE RIMAC.

In the evening I was again passing through the plaza, having proposed a walk with a friend over the bridge, spanning the Rimac. We had reached the plaza, the centre of interest, whatever may be going on by day or by night intended to attract public attention, when a procession of a long train of lanterns was seen advancing from the direction of the cathedral towards us, headed by a bareheaded priest in his canonicals, while the plaintive voices of three females broke on the still air in the strains of a most affecting dirge. A crowd followed with waxen tapers and painted lanterns, all uncovered; and

as they advanced, the gazers-on fell upon their knees, as the melancholy procession in slow and solemn step went on their course. It was a striking scene. The night was dark. Not a whisper was heard around the plaza as the procession moved on, and every head was bare, while many crossed themselves, and others told their beads as they knelt on the pavement. It was the Host, moving to the house of the *Infirmo*. The procession moved on, the plaintive dirge dying away in the distance, as the lanterns became more and more dim; and the hushed crowd, that had paused on their steps till the procession had passed, now moved again upon their separate ways.

We walked on to the bridge and listened to the murmur of the waters, that, at this season, roar in their rapid course beneath the arches of this fine structure. We thought that we could fancy the scene before us, when Rolla, with the rescued child of Alonzo and his once affianced Cora, rushed across the wooden bridge, with Pizarro's emissaries full in pursuit. And there, in the dim shade, were the rocks by which the retreating hero passed and evaded his pursuers, though a shot had pierced his noble heart. My friend seemed in like musing mood with myself, as we together leaned over the side parapet of the bridge, practically illustrating the sentiment of the dramatist, that

"They only babble who practise not reflection."

But my friend soon discovered the drift of his thoughts, by asking if I believed Elvira, in Pizarro, to have been a real character.

"I believe, at least, *the truth of her language*," was the reply. "To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the few privileges poor women have;" which recalls to my mind an expression of a lady more interesting than Elvira was, when asked for the reason of a sentiment she had advanced. "Ladies," she said, are not required to give their reasons,"—all a very convenient response.

My friend, I concluded, had not followed me quite to the end of my answer, exhibiting my preferences in characters, as he now soliloquized, in the language of Elvira,

"O men! men! ungrateful and perverse,
O women, still affectionate, though wronged."

When we had reached the lower side of the plaza, on our return, the procession which had been to bear the Host to the house of the sick woman, said to be at the point of death, was just entering the square again. They advanced along the cathedral, to the smaller chapel at its side, as the plaintive dirge or chanted mass for the Infirmo came again to us over the plaza, in its soft and affecting wail. The lights streamed in the distance through the painted lanterns or from tapers that were borne over the heads of the female singers, the cross, and the priest. We passed into the chapel while the last strain from the female voices was ending; and the priest added his Dominus Vobiscum et finem. The lights were extinguished, and the crowd dispersed.

LAST NIGHT IN LIMA.

I sat until a late hour, this night, in the balcony that jutted slightly out from the windows of my room over the side-walk of the street. The city was wrapped in silence; and the tapers that but dimly lighted the city in the early part of the night had gone out. The moisture of the night-fall rendered more distinct the step of the watchman, the shrill sound of whose thrice-blowed whistle, and salutation to the Virgin, recurred at every hour. Nowhere have I heard the watch-cry of the hour so sweetly sung as here, succeeding the shrill pipe, which comes to the ear, with its pauses, as a prelude to the sonorous and clear voice, waking after it, in the words of

> "Ave Maria Sanctissima—las doce handado,
> Viva Peru—y sereno."
>
> Hail Maria, virgin most pure,
> By the night-watch twelve is the hour;
> Long live Peru, home of the free,
> The night is serene, peace be with thee.

To our fathers of the revolution, the cry of the old watchman at Philadelphia on one occasion, as he passed upon his midnight round, may have been yet more sweet, if not equally sonorous. The town clock struck twelve; and the old watchman regained his youth as his cry repeated the time, and the welcome news,

"Twelve o'clock—all's well—*and Cornwallis is taken.*"

As we entered Callao, on our return from Lima, we passed our amiable First Lieutenant and two or three other officers, who were taking a stroll on shore. They soon came up to the neighborhood of our landing, and Lieutenant P. introduced to me the Rev. Mr. Small, chaplain of H. B. M. ship President, who had left his card on board the Columbia during my absence to Lima. He waived his invitation to me to dine with him on board the President the succeeding day, and did me the pleasure of taking dinner with myself and the ward-room mess, on board the Columbia.

"But you have not seen the first beauty of Lima, Mr. T.," said an officer very partial in his estimate of Miss Vivéro, as the interest of my visit at the capital was discussed at the mess-table, in the morning. "I have found an old acquaintance on shore, and you must see her."

I had a high opinion of the fine taste of my friend, and consented to make my compliments to the family. Mrs. Vivéro received us with the ease of one of the old Spanish ladies of the country; and in a few moments more, her interesting daughter, la Señorita Gertrudes, made her appearance, with a step that recalled to me the vision of the Lady of the Lake, in whose path

> "Even the light hair-bell raised its head
> Elastic from her airy tread;"

and yet, with a becoming reserve that greatly added to her lady-like manner. Her dark eye floated in its clearness and light, correspondent in its shade with the tresses of a suit of fine hair, which since the morning bath had been gathered, *à l'abandon*, in rolls upon the head. The perfect mouth, and fine teeth, and brow so purely fair and womanly, constituted, in their blended features, a face that delayed not to interest, and left its image distinctly traced in the memory. She was in her morning dress and silk slippers, so purely Limanian; and few beautiful women lose interest to their charms in their dishabille of the morning, when adjusted with a negligent air of neatness and taste. La Señorita Gertrudes is an interesting specimen of a Limanian beauty. She preferred Chorillos, she said, to Callao as a bathing-place, to which I assented, as all would that love the beauty of the inrolling

surf in its finest magnificence, and the grander view there, than at Callao, of the majestic sea. And the North American cities, she thought, she would like to visit, but from the descriptions she had received, would prefer Philadelphia to New-York; to which I demurred, presuming that some interested Philadelphian had prepossessed the young lady by the colorings of partiality he had used, in his graphic delineations of these rival emporiums. I left this family, with regret that our immediate sailing would prevent me from renewing my calls upon them, agreeably to the very polite invitation of Mrs. Vivéro, as we made them our adieus.

The religious services of the succeeding day were over. The breeze came in, and our two ships got under way together; and under a press of canvass stood out to sea. More than ever before, do we now feel, that we are on our way to blessed home.

SECTION XII.

DOUBLING CAPE HORN.—RIO DE JANEIRO.—HOME.

The two ships part company. Gale off Cape Horn. Piece of a wreck. Arrival at Rio de Janeiro, the point of our last departure from the West for the Eastern world. Rest. Story of the second visit to Rio delayed. Leaving the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Difficulty in regaining the impression that we are nearing home, after a long voyage abroad. Off Cape Hatteras. Reflections. Things seen in the cruise. Anticipated welcome. Lines—The Traveller's return to his own dear Home.

The Columbia parted company with her consort, the John Adams, when but two or three days out of Callao, and the two ships stood separately on their track, to double Cape Horn.

The Cape is ever regarded as a disagreeable necessity to be encountered, in making the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and the return, though less dreaded, is still formidable in the apprehensions of seamen. For ourselves, after a voyage of near two years in the tropics, we

anticipated some suffering from cold; with some severe weather, though the season of the year was favorable for doubling a point, which had been more appropriately called by the early appellative of the sister promontory of the Eastern hemisphere, the "Cape of all Terrors."

The winds continued to freshen as we made our southing, until a gale and snow-storm and hail greeted us as boon companions, on our course. But our ship, under close-reefed topsail and reefed foresail drove before it, and with the exception of laying to for some five hours, continued on our course, with a traverse of ten or eleven knots the hour. On the seventh of April, we reached our southernmost point—the winds blowing, at times the preceding night, a hurricane, and on one occasion during the mid-watch a sea was shipped, in which the men, for a moment, were swimming as if overboard; and though the officer of the deck thought the quarter-boats, for the instant, must have gone, no injury was sustained. The gale continued during the day, the sea running higher than we had before seen it, and the snow drifting in its dark sheets, as seen at sea, before the driving tempest. The hour had reached near the meridian, and a sight of the sun was desirable in view of his absence for the few preceding days; and it was a fortunate, as it was a beautiful coincidence of the hour, that precisely at twelve o'clock, the clouds, as if conscious of our necessities, and in kindness for our solicitudes, gathered up their dark folds. The sun, for one moment, came forth. The next, he was again shut in, and the clouds, in their wild drift again through the heavens, were on their dark and fleet wing. We see how utterly impossible it would be to make headway against such a sea as was this day prevailing, with the winds ahead. But our lively bark drives on before it, buoyant in her own element on the surge, as is the albatros on his wing as he strikes with his pinion his own native air. How terrible would be a wreck in these tumultuous waters, amid the tempest and the cold and the wild rage of the ocean! No hope could long be cherished. We thought of the schooner, belonging to the exploring expedition, which we supposed must have been swamped somewhere near our present position. And in the height

of the storm of this day a piece of a wreck drove by us. The first view gave the appearance of three persons, upon a few spars. The First Lieutenant sprang into the rigging, but the drift, in a moment more, was out of sight, though a second glance at it had been sufficient to assure us that no living person was upon it.

The succeeding day we were standing on our course with studdingsails set, and our passage continued to be favorable. In forty-six days from the time of our weighing anchor in Callao Roads, we were moored, once more, in the beautiful and romantic harbor of Rio de Janeiro. We passed through the narrow entrance of the bay, as a figure upon the ramparts of the fortress hailed us through his trumpet; and having learned the port we last left and the number of days out, he waved his trumpet, adding, "Thank you, sir; good luck to you."

RE-ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR OF RIO.

And now we felt, and with a strangely mingling emotion, that we could say, we had made the circuit of the globe. From this point we weighed our anchors nearly two years since, for our long traverse around the world. We have accomplished it; and our noble ship, that has proved us kindly and true, rests again in the waters of this sleeping and lovely bay, after having cut with her keel, almost every sea and ocean of the globe. And there has been much which we have marked, thought, felt, hoped, feared, and realized, which, at this hour, calls for a remembrance of the Power which has presided over us—directed the winds—stilled the tempest—arrested disease—and preserved the lives of those, who again re-greet the point from which we took our last departure from the western hemisphere, for the eastern world. And it is grateful to the eye, and a cordial to the heart, again to look upon these well-known views, the picturesque bay and surrounding mountains, organ peaks, and abrupt precipices, and mellowing of the granite mountains by the evergreen of the luxurious tropics. And Rio de Janeiro itself, with its white walls and tiled roofs of houses, occupying the hills and plains and ravines and the beach, di-

minutive in their distant proportions in contrast with the giant elevations of nature around them, yet presents a beautiful whole, which has retained its outline of loveliness in our vision the wide world around. And here we rest, for a moment at least. The English and French men-of-war are numerous in the harbor. And what is worth a thousand men-of-war, *letters* from those we love have been awaiting us, which we devour with weeping eyes and heaving hearts.

We delayed a number of days at Rio, and the time spent there was agreeably occupied—many objects of interest presenting themselves—new acquaintances formed —rides and walks taken—conversations enjoyed—and reflections made; but all these and the story of our second call at Rio de Janeiro, must be elsewhere told, if told at all.

Thursday morning, May the 6th, was the time fixed for our sailing. I had taken leave of my friends. The land breeze came early over the bay, and all hands, to get under way, were in their stations at daybreak. The ship was cast from her moorings, and fell off gracefully from our nearest neighbor, H. B. M. ship Stag, and with the John Adams already following our motions, we glided towards the mouth of the harbor, passing the two U. S. sloops, the Falmouth and the Decatur, as yet but just awake as we moved near them. The breeze was favorable; but just before we had entered the narrow pass of the harbor the fog fell heavily upon our decks, and the two ships, now abeam, were no longer seen by each other. But the boats were on each side of us, and a hail from one of them soon cried, "The fort is directly ahead, sir." "Ay, ay," was the response, and "Port the helm," was an accompanying order, which, with a knowledge of the bearings, carried the frigate safely through the narrow passage. The fog lifted, and the John Adams was seen at the windward of us, having, unperceived, crossed our bows; and, together, once more we are at sea, *on the sixth morning of May*, it being the anniversary morning of our leaving the United States, for our cruise of the world, two years ago.

Our track was now to be a direct one for the homes which we had left so many months before, and after having accomplished so long a traverse around the world

It seemed, however, a difficulty to realize the fact that our next anchorage-ground would be within the waters of the United States—so long and so often had we left foreign ports for still other foreign ports. But the frequent congratulations that were passing—the daily reckoning up of the distance from the port we anticipated to make—and the frequent sound of "Home, sweet, sweet home," on the band, and flute, and in vocal solo from ward-room, state-room, and steerage, began to make their impression, until incredulity itself was forced to yield to the conviction, that it was even so—our next port would be Boston or New-York—Boston, if winds favored—New-York, if they opposed.

THE REVIEW.

And now, while I am writing this page, on the ninth of June, we are off Cape Hatteras, some hundred miles east of it. The passage from Rio de Janeiro has been favorable thus far, with the exception of the first ten days out; and it has been a time for leisurely reviewing some of the incidents of the cruise. Many of them have been pleasant. Great varieties of the human species have been seen. Greater variety of incident, perhaps, has also been attendant on the cruise, than is usual for a peace-ship to witness. The olden East has been seen—the thousand casts that go to make up the medley mass of the brown, and bronzed, and ebony faces of Africa, Arabia, and Hindoostan, the lighter-complexioned millions of the Tartars and the Chinese, and the yellow and copper-featured islanders of the north and southern oceans. The beautiful lands of the tropics delight, for a season at least, the gaze of the voyager, as they spread out to his view the luxuriousness of their foliage, and delight his taste with the varieties and deliciousness of their fruits. The adventurous Europeans and Americans abroad, have also been seen. The Englishman, in his wide rule, ambition, wealth and taste, beautifying whatever his nation touches, and possessing whatever his nation can frame apology for securing and holding. The Portuguese, those first voyagers on the seas, have left their traces everywhere, but all now with

them is decay, evidencing the wreck of superstitious institutions, and the passing away of the intolerance and the arbitrary rule of the earliest possessors of the East, of which we read in the goings and in the actions of their first viceroys; but their impressions, their language, and their descendants, still remain as monuments, though in decay, of early enterprise, dominion, and power. And the indolent and not unchivalric Spaniard has left, on the western shore of Southern America, a race that has covered the many and beautiful provinces on the coasts washed by the Pacific, whose gold and silver and superstitions have been their ruin, but who are beginning to exhibit the evidences of more than recovering their downfall, and elevating themselves to dignity and worth among the independent nations of the world. And France, though her foreign possessions are few, her citizens are everywhere abroad, and amalgamate, with all their native flexibility and frugality, with the descendants of their European neighbors. And Americans, those everywhere enterprising and adventurous people, have been seen in every corner of the globe, careless alike what revolutions take place, or tumults in morals, politics, or physics occur, provided they all contribute, as they often do, to fill their treasures with the precious materials from the mines of the earth. And yet money-making as they are, they show themselves to be a race capable of feeling and acting for the advancement of their species universally, in all that is intellectual and moral, as evidenced by the numbers of American missionaries abroad, on every foreign strand of the main in each hemisphere, and almost on every island of every sea —men and women too, who do credit to American intellect, and American Christianity. And the superstitions of heathen nations, in their thousand-formed variety, cruelty, deformity, and absurdity, have passed before our observation, in contrast with the benevolent, and lovely, and elevating, and fit system of the religion of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

And we trust, in the review, that the movements of the squadron have been attended by the acquisition of some addition of honorable consideration, for the nation, whose flag it has borne, in courtesy and dignity, around the

world. The ships have everywhere done themselves credit, as fine models of their class—for the order and neatness in which they have invariably been kept—and the courteous and honorable bearing they have preserved, wherever they have been. Their civilities have been reciprocated with apparent cordiality and sincerity of feeling. And while foreign nations have spoken kind things of the good ships and the nation whose courtesies they have borne, they have also served, as one of the chief purposes for which they went, to re-assure the American abroad, that he has a protecting government at home, which feels a care for the interests of its citizens in other lands.

But on this cruise, many of those who commenced it have been left, in their different places, to their long repose of mortality. Of the frigate's crew more than seventy have died—mostly with diseases attendant on the climates of the East.

But it is known that the crew of a man-of-war is often and most generally made up of men whose constitutions have been broken by previous dissipation, which renders them ready victims of the diseases of tropical climates. The scenes which have been presented to myself, on my rounds among the ill and the dying, have often been affecting. The complaint with which most have died, left the mind clear to the last; and the approaches to the last hour were generally known to the patients themselves. The tear of regret, I have often seen to line the emaciated cheek of the departing sailor, as he confessed his wanderings and lamented his delay of repentance till so late an hour. Again, I have witnessed the trace of despair on the gravely settled features, as a hopelessness possessed the sunken bosom. And again, I have, sometimes, marked the relieving light of hope throwing its brightness on the confiding features, as the spirit left the body for ever.

The cruise of the world will have afforded the lover of the natural sciences many opportunities for gratifying his curiosity, and for illustrating and confirming his theories of the phenomena of the earth and the universe. He has seen the sun and the moon on his south and on his north; and the northern and the southern constellations alternately to go down and come up, as he receded from or neared

the equator. The earth he has measured *by his own track.* Ours, on reaching Boston, will have been *nearly fifty thousand miles*, on our traverse from port to port, as we have accomplished the circuit of the globe.

And to regain a view of the north star, an old familiar friend, whom we have several times lost on our winding way around the world—having five times crossed the equator, on our cruise—is indeed a welcome incident. And now, to read again the stars of the northern hemisphere is most acceptable, many of them having been for so long a time lost on our southern course. They awaken their thousand associations of other days, and look down from their blue halls upon one again, with smiles, that seem to re-assure him of a welcome that shall be sincere, to the climes on which they for ever shine. And we will trust these bright omens, as we continue to near the land of our homes. We know that warm hearts await us, if the life-stream is still coursing them. Solicitudes awake, however, in the changes every epistle bears to us, that others yet nearer of our kindred and choicest friends may have gone, before we shall re-greet them. But the Providence which has been so favorably directing, towards us, so far, is worthy of our trust; and whatever may be its metings-out, of good or ill for this life, we will confide in the assurance that "God doeth all things well."

THE LINER.

So had I written, a few days since. Our ship has urged on her way, until to-day, the 11th, she lies on the parallel of New-York, distant some two hundred miles; and this evening, while the sea was as smooth as a lake—the sun mild—and a gentle breeze filling the sails, a large ship, supposed to be one of the "liners" out of New-York, was seen to be standing on, with her studdingsails set; while close-hauled ourselves, we were laying across her track.

The "liner" coming on, with the fair breeze filling her canvass under an easy pressure, was anticipated by the courteous frigate, as the men, already at their stations, furled the royals, run up the courses, and hauled down and stowed the flying-jib. Another moment the yards of the

main were braced aback, and the frigate slept on the waters, as if she were a fairy ship, that, like some bird of passage, had, for one moment, so bent its pinions as to rest over some object, which attracted the gaze of its peering eye.

Every eye from the "liner" was on the man-of-war. Long ranges of passengers were gazing—ladies in their bonnets and gentlemen in their hats—as if some phantom-ship, by some magic, and in her beauty, had suddenly woke to their sight—for not a head aboard the frigate was seen above the bulwarks, and the distant eye, as it gazed on the war-ship, could find no living being among her rigging, while she was yet held in her place obedient to the will, and every movement seemed but the volition of her own unread and quiet bosom. Not a whisper was heard aboard the frigate, as the "liner" was gliding by, and stillness deep as a death-sleep possessed her decks. No hail was given as the vessels were now abeam—nor on board the frigate could a being have been seen, to answer the hail. Not even the ripple beneath the bows of the frigate was heard, as the two ships glided so stilly by, on their slow and opposite and even way, until they now began to recede from each other, while the flag of the Columbia floated, as her only recognition, in its gentle waves on the breeze.

I know not why, but the scene had in it, to me, the height of the melancholy. There were ranges of faces on the decks of the passing ship which I felt I would gladly have recognised and spoken with. And yet no word was heard, and they passed on—and not by uneven steps and varied motion that destroys the spell of enchantment; but as a cloud sails through the deep blue of heaven, on its soft and monotonous passage, which causes the tide of sadness to flow uninterruptedly out from the bosom of him who gazes upon its even course, with a broken heart. The ship had borne home my own thoughts, as her name and hull were known to me. And in the combinations of the magic scene, I almost fancied that I had reached my home, and found it all as a deserted hall—or, rather, that I dreamed that I was there, and my friends that loved and whom I loved came and gazed kindly on me, but spoke

not, and passed on and away for ever. I gazed upon the slowly receding ship, with emotions that each moment continued to deepen, until I leaned my head upon the nettings as I stood upon the arm-chest of the quarter-deck, and, burying my face in my handkerchief, gave freedom to the strangely mingling emotions of my heart. Surely, man's bosom is a strange thing, in the ebb and flow of its tides of joyous and melancholy emotions:

> No scale hath measure for its bounding joy,
> No number tells its bitterest alloy;
> And light and shade no quicker come and go,
> Than are the changes which our bosoms know.

Our boat had been lowered as the "liner" approached; and with the First Lieutenant in her, she pulled across the bows of the nearing ship, and boarded her for the news. The Lieutenant brought us back papers almost wet from the press, and reported the delight which our frigate had created on board the packet-ship. In the language of her captain, "his ship's company were all crazed, even to his own steward," most of them never having before met an American man-of-war at sea.

The breeze freshened, after we had parted with the "liner," and our ship stood on her course during the night and the succeeding day, our excitement increasing each league our good frigate reached on towards our port of destination, until, this morning, the thirteenth of June, twenty-eight days from Rio de Janeiro, the sandy shore of Cape Cod is seen to stretch along its golden rim—golden to us, however barren to those who till it, for it is the long hoped-for strand of our native land, that was destined to give us welcome again to the shores of our western homes. Nor could those same banks, with here and there the fields of turf and distant hamlet and church, in contrast with their sandy sides, have been more grateful to the sight of the weather-beaten pilgrims of the May-Flower, than to the vision of ourselves, on our return to end our pilgrimage around the world. And it has now been accomplished. The ship still stood in—the Boston light loomed on the view—a hundred sails were seen gliding along the coast—the pilot received on board—and, while I write, the nine o'clock music is heard, as the

tattoo rolls through the ship, now lying at her rest and anchors, off the lighthouse of Boston harbor.*

The boat has gone with our letters, telling our friends that we are again in the waters of the United States, and that we soon will present *ourselves* for their cordial welcome and affectionate embrace.

And it is to this re-greeting of friends and kindred, that the returning voyager gives his thoughts, with concentrating feelings, as the anchors of his ship drop again in the waters of his own beloved country. The memories of enjoyed scenes among those friends, now fill his fancies with visions more dear than any foreign recollections can awaken. And with his friends again he will rest, after a succession of changes which have begun to tire, however interesting they may have been, in the variety they have presented. And it will be a welcome rest, amid welcome circumstances. Such, at least, are the emotions of my own bosom,—such the combinations of my own fancies. And I wait but the coming of the orders from the department, which will bear the leaves of absence to the officers of the ship, to realize all that fancy dreams and bosoms feel, on the return of one with warm attachments to kindred, than whom none can be more endeared; and to a home, than which none can be more beloved. At such a moment and with such feelings, it is fit to terminate this manuscript. And though all the associations of the following lines may not be exclusively connected with the descriptions of these volumes, now ending, they yet emblem forth the present feelings of the writer, as

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN TO HIS OWN DEAR HOME.

I've wandered 'mid palaces where pleasures are known,
And I've traversed the ocean where the blue waves foam;
I've mingled with great ones, seen the gay earth,
But found nought so dear as my own native hearth:
Home, home, yes, I come,
Oh welcome me back again, my own dear home.

I've strolled on the sea-shores, 'neath suns ever mild;
And I've trailed with the Indian his dark wooded wild;
I've wandered on mountain tops, in valleys below,
But the warm-gush of home-love dearer would flow.

* The corvette arrived in safety a day or two after us

I've breathed with the Zenian* in his own inner land,
The aroma of his teas, and the flowers from his hand;
But the cup and the flower have a richness more dear
Round the board and the mantel where my kindred are near.

I've read the bright night-lights that fairer have shown
From a deeper blue vault than smiles o'er my home;
But longest I've gazed on a pale northern star,
That pointed to the land where my home lay afar.

I've gazed on the disk of the pale beaming moon,
As she rode in her cloud-car high in her noon;
But her wake on the wave as she waned to her rest,
Bore on my sad thoughts to my home in the West.

I've sat by the gifted, as the fair one hath swept
The strings of the lyre while the pæan slept;
But the spell of the lyre that thrilled the fond breast,
Hath served but to bear me to my home in the West.

At far distant altars in worship I've bowed,
But not as a stranger I prayed with the crowd;
For the same hallowed prayers,† my heart oft would melt
In the ever-loved temple, at home, as I knelt.

And on my lone cot when my pulses ran low,
And the fever's wild beat hath throbbed my pale brow,
I've heard, in my dream, the death-plunge to the deep,
But I prayed, with my kindred, at last, I might sleep.

However kind strangers in splendor have come
To proffer the traveller their friendship and home,
The smile of the wise, the caress of the gay,
Withheld not his thoughts from the dearer than they.

In shadows of evening when day melts away,
And memories of home o'er the heart hold their sway,
Affection's fond tears their barriers o'ercome,
And the spell that is on me cries back to my home.

No more then I'll roam from the land of my birth
To gaze on the world in its splendor or mirth;
'Twill more than suffice that I've learned its false glare,
As the days of my future with loved ones I share:
Home, home, ay, I come,
And ever I'll cling to thee, my own dear home.

* Zenia is the ancient name of China. † Service of the Episcopal Church.

THE END.

A FEW NOTICES OF THE WORK,

NSERTED AS SPECIMENS OF THE OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, FROM THE FOLLOWING POPULAR AND ABLY CONDUCTED PERIODICALS.

From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review.

The work covers a wide ground. Treating, as it does, of the various nations along the track of this expedition, it presents us a bird's-eye view of their various characters, as they would naturally impress a single mind. The distinctions in character presented by the various nations here described, must convince us that one of the most interesting objects of contemplation, is man in the various phases which he assumes from the difference in climate, constitution, and laws. We know of no work better calculated to furnish matter for this sort of contemplation than the present. It presents us, in a single picture, the manners, habits, and appearances of races as widely separated in character as if they belonged to different species; and, moreover, they appear so accurately drawn and well colored, that the figures seem to stand out and breathe upon the page. The work is illustrated with appropriate embellishments, and we doubt not will have a wide circulation.

From the New York Evangelist—Presbyterian paper.

If in consequence of our late notice of this work, it shall afford to any reader the very great pleasure and profit which its perusal has given us, we are sure he will think it better late than never. The records of a voyage around the world, made by a man, who, in mingling with the various and wonderful scenes it must present, has had his eyes open, could not fail to be interesting. Facts and real occurrences are things of which we never grow weary. Its literary character is certainly very respectable, and the benevolent spirit and Christian interest with which the varied incidents of a visit to almost every nation on the globe were regarded, give the book an unwonted value. We wish it might have an extensive circulation.

From the Baptist Advocate, New York.

The book will undoubtedly be very popular from the attractiveness of the narrative, and the freespoken simplicity with which the author has, according to Stephens' mode, interested us in himself, as if by a personal acquaintance. His intercourse especially with our Baptist nissionaries at Macao, appears to have been intimately friendly.

From the Brother Jonathan.

This work is contained in two beautifully printed volumes, emulating in their style of typographical execution, the best specimens of the art. The author has given us a very pleasant journal, enlivened by that sure guarantee of interest, the egotism of the writer. As a traveller should, he makes his personal adventure and experience the connecting thread of his book: and has succeeded in producing an exceedingly interesting work.

From the New Yorker.

We have before noticed this work as in press. It is a journal kept by the author on board the U. S. ship Columbia, Commodore Read, on her voyage round the world; and the known abilities of Mr. Taylor warrant the belief that it will prove a most interesting and instructive work.

From the Episcopal Witness, Boston.

We have read this work with much pleasure. We are glad to learn that large editions of it have been issued. Did our limits permit, we should make extracts from both the volumes, and give a more extensive notice of them. The work is highly spoken of in the leading journals in different parts of the country, and cannot fail, we think, to repay the attention of the reader.

From the Methodist Christian Advocate, New York.

Those who have read Anson's and Cook's Voyages, must call to mind the all-absorbing interest with which they accompanied these navigators in their perilous adventures, in order to form a just conception of the gratification they will enjoy in the perusal of this book. Indeed, they will hardly make a just estimate then, for this voyage was performed by Americans, in American ships of war; and withal so recently as to portray the present condition of the many nations and countries they visited. The writer has a very felicitous way of describing what he sees, and preserves the attention of his reader as much by his vivacity of manner, as by the nature of the adventures he describes.

It contains several cuts and a handsomely executed likeness of the Emperor of China, from an original Chinese painting obtained by the late and lamented Dr. Morrison. We know of no recent publication better calculated to beguile a long winter evening; while it imparts as much useful information, as it gives pleasure to the reader.

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